PICTORIAL REVIEW

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IN THIS ISSUE

Beginning a Three-Part Novel

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Showing Every Wo
How to Manage a M

By

CORRA HARR

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A "HUSBAN

A Problem for Wives Dis
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BY

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SEPTEMBER 191

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Contributors in The October Number

FOR several years past Edward J. O'Brien, the noted Boston literary critic, has given pride of place to PICTORIAL REVIEW for the quality and quantity of its stories. Among progressive women everywhere, PICTORIAL REVIEW is regarded as the one magazine for women that leads the way in matters concerning social, civic, and political betterment. Month after month the best writers in their respective fields contribute to PICTORIAL REVIEW. As an example of this fact here is our list of contributors in the October issue:

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The October Issue Also Contains a Special Fashion Section Illustrating the Newest Autumn Styles

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WOMAN suffrage is with us and PICTORIAL REVIEW glories in the fact that it was the first woman's magazine to champion the cause.

But the work is not all done when the suffrage amendment is passed. Every woman is now a potential voter. It remains to be seen how many will be actual voters.

What percentage of the voters in your ward vote? Does the best or the least desirable element of your town carry the elections?

The politics of your State will not be purified, the bill you favor will not be passed, your town will not be cleaned up because you have the ballot, but because you use the ballot.

There is just one way to counteract an ignorant or an unprincipled vote. Place against it an intelligent and conscientious one. If your vote is not there to be counted, the other side adds one to its score.

Recognition of Women

HON. NEWTON D. BAKER has presented the Distinguished Service Medal to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. Her personal services and the success of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense deserved this recognition, but it was indicative as well of the meritorious service rendered by all the women of the country during the war. Dr. Shaw expresses the belief that the time is at hand when every citizen of the United States will be esteemed a government asset because of loyalty and service rather than because of sex.

With twelve million women's votes at stake in the 1920 presidential election, both the Republican and Democratic parties have welcomed women to the meetings of their national committees.

Mrs. Medill McCormick is chairman of the Women's National Executive Committee of the Republican Party. Upon her organization and methods depends Republican success or failure in 1920. Commenting favorably on her long experience as a suffragist and on her marked political intuition, the newspapers never fail to state hopefully that she is the daughter of Mark Hanna. They might state with equal truth and pertinency that she is the daughter of Mrs. Mark Hanna.

At the meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Chicago, women were for the first time summoned to the national councils of the party. A correspondent who was present writes to THE ALARM-CLOCK that the men were a bit shy at first, very polite, almost ceremonious. At least ninety-five per cent. of them even refrained from smoking, and there was felt a "What do these blessed women really want here?" air. But this air began to disappear at the first dinner and vanished after the morning session when Chairman Homer Cummings resolved the meeting into a free conference and called to the chair the chairman of the Women's National Democratic Committee, Mrs. George Bass, who carried out a program of women speakers with an effect which seemed equally surprizing and gratifying to the male listeners.

It is quite evident that to sway the mass of women voters it will be necessary to present vital issues that will grip their moral sense. When this is done they will not be tied down by party lines, party leaders, or inherited tendencies.

Speaking of political recognition of women, how many of us know that New Jersey was the first State in the Union to try the experiment of woman suffrage? Two days before the Declaration of Independence was signed, this State adopted a constitution which made all adults voters regardless of sex or color. And in 1844 they restricted suffrage to males on the grounds that women did not care to vote!

When You Are Sixty-five

COMPARING the woman of to-day with the woman of grandmother's day it is quite evident that the modern woman has learned two things which grandmother knew little about.

She has learned to earn a good deal of money.

She has learned to spend a good deal of money.

She spends it generously and joyously, and who shall blame her? She is reveling in her independence, swinging herself as far as possible from the woman who was asked by husband or brother or father, "what did you do with the dollar I gave you last week?"

It seems a shame to dim the exuberance of her delight with a wet blanket of cold facts, but if she is not to revert to the dependent female class she must be induced now, in the hey-day of her earning capacity, to consider the years after she is sixty.

So THE ALARM-CLOCK will live up to its name by startling her with a cold fact for which the eminent and reliable American Banker's Association is authority.

CONDUCTED
By MONTANYE PERRY

Ninety per cent. of the women over sixty of this country end their days dependent upon relatives and friends!

Now, Miss Earner-and-Spender, what are you going to do about *that?*

Save some of the money you earn? Good, as far as it goes. But do you realize how much money it takes to produce what you would call a living income?

Five thousand dollars, well invested, will yield three hundred dollars a year. Can you live on twenty-five dollars a month? You must save twenty thousand dollars in order to have an income of one hundred dollars a month and it's more likely to be seventy-five than a hundred dollars a month. That's a great deal of money to save in these days of high prices!

There is a form of life insurance which guarantees to the woman of sixty an income of seventy-five dollars a month for as long as she lives thereafter. The woman of thirty-five may have this insurance for $232 a year. If she is forty years old it will cost her $460 yearly. The girl who begins young may pay a proportionately smaller sum.

This is a particularly good form of investment for the woman who knows little of financial matters. First, because nothing is more safe and sane than a well-known, established insurance company. Second, because she can pay definite sums at regular intervals. Third, and not the least important, her return comes in the form of a monthly income, the safest and easiest way for her to handle money.

What Is a Community Council?

SIMPLY the voice of the neighborhood. Every one pulling together to get things done. Our grandfathers had town meetings. Our grandmothers settled the problems of the neighborhood at their sewing-circles, or tea-parties. To-day neighborhoods and problems are larger and more complex. Better organization is needed. Hence the Community Council.

The Council may take up such matters as public markets, amusement parks or playgrounds, street-railways or lighting, employment for returned soldiers, free kindergartens—any public questions where the voice of the whole people needs to speak.

Through your Community Council all clubs, churches, schools, or other organized groups can combine for the common good without losing their identities. Your government will listen to the voice of the community when it speaks as one man.

Write to the Field Division Council of National Defense, Washington, D. C., for Community Council Circular No 4. It tells you how to organize your Council.

Hear the Alarm-Clock

IT WAKES you up, suddenly, peremptorily, effectively, with a startled thrill. But the thrill isn't its whole mission. The most blasé person in the world wouldn't think of buying an alarm-clock just to get a thrill. You use it because you have something to do and its insistent clatter is the first step toward getting it done.

Wake up is not all the alarm-clock says. Wake up *and get at your task* is what its relentless clamor really demands.

So this new department which we have decided to call "The Alarm-Clock" is not intended to be simply an awakener. The woman of to-day is, generally speaking, already a very wide-awake person. She also is a very busy person. A woman's chief interest may be politics, or raising violets for the market, or stockbroking, or housekeeping, but that is no reason why she should let all the rest of the world's machinery revolve without her help.

Which explains why we offer to the progressive woman a new page, entitled "The Alarm-Clock."

"Whir-r-r-r! Attention!" It says to the busy woman. "Here's an important subject. And here in a few, straight-to-the-point paragraphs is what you should *know* about it. And now that you've made its acquaintance, here's a suggestion of what you should *do* about it."

Compelling attention. Inciting action. Stopping when its object is accomplished. That's our idea for "The Alarm-Clock."

Mrs. Perry will be glad to receive suggestions and to answer questions regarding topics discussed on this page. Address, "THE ALARM-CLOCK," Editorial Department, Pictorial Review, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York.

We Hope It's True

THE National Industrial Conference Board has shown by a survey that the cost of living is on the downward grade. In the four months following the signing of the armistice the average cost of living decreased three per cent.

Even an average decrease of three per cent. is something to be thankful for. At least, it shows a hopeful trend. But at this rate a period of twenty years will be required to bring prices back to a pre-war basis, and wages are not so slow about finding their former level. Naturally, the consumer seeks a way to hurry the lowering process.

Here and there throughout the United States communities are beginning to try out the co-operative system which Great Britain has found so successful. By this plan families in a community band together to open a store. Each family contributes to the working capital and the buyers share in the profits. The managing committee is elected by vote of the Association and a manager is hired. Four million British families are now using this system.

San Francisco has recently organized a Consumers' Co-operative League with the Secretary of the State Federation of Labor behind it. Seattle has a bevy of co-operative enterprises, the chief of which is their city market doing business now at a rate of one-half million dollars a year. Fitchburg, Massachusetts, has a very successful chain of co-operative stores which include groceries, men's furnishing and shoe stores, and bakeries. Western Pennsylvania has a federation of about seventy local co-operative societies. The Central States Co-operative Society, operating in southern Illinois and adjoining States, does a yearly business of more than $3,000,000. The farmers of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana are lowering their cost of living by co-operative societies, one of which in four years has raised its capital from $7,000 to $700,000.

The co-operative movement in our country shows a close kinship with the labor movement, which is a fine thing for both sides. When consumer and producer join hands in genuine effort for the common good, results are bound to come with reasonable rapidity.

Teachers' Salaries Improving

FOR some time the country has been swept by an agitation of the subject of Teachers' Salaries. It is gratifying to note from reports coming in through many different channels that this much-needed campaign of publicity has already brought some results. New York City has, after a long and hard-fought battle, granted her teachers an increase of salary which, while it comes far from putting teaching in a class with other dignified professions, is at least a step in the right direction.

Chicago, which formerly paid a minimum salary of $600, advancing a successful teacher to $1,000 at the end of seventeen years, has now a minimum salary of $775 with possible advancement of $1,100 in seven years and to $1,500 in five years more. This advance was effective before the publication of the article in the June PICTORIAL REVIEW, but was not yet on record with the National Education Commission in Washington.

Encouraging reports of activity in this direction come from points in New England and the Middle West.

Six Worth-While Books

New Schools for Old—by Evelyn Dewey (Dutton).

Co-operation, the Hope of the Consumer—by Emerson P. Harris (MacMillan).

Women and the Labor Party—A series of brief essays on Housing, Nurseries, Women's Wage, etc., written by Women of the Labor Party (Huebsch).

Fear God in Your Own Village (Community Service)—by Richard Morse (Holt).

American Labor Unions, by a Woman—by Helen Marot (Holt).

The Great Change (*Reconstruction*)—by Charles Wood (Boni & Liveright).

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CARUSO	EAMES	HAMLIN	McCORMACK	RUFFO	WHITEHILL
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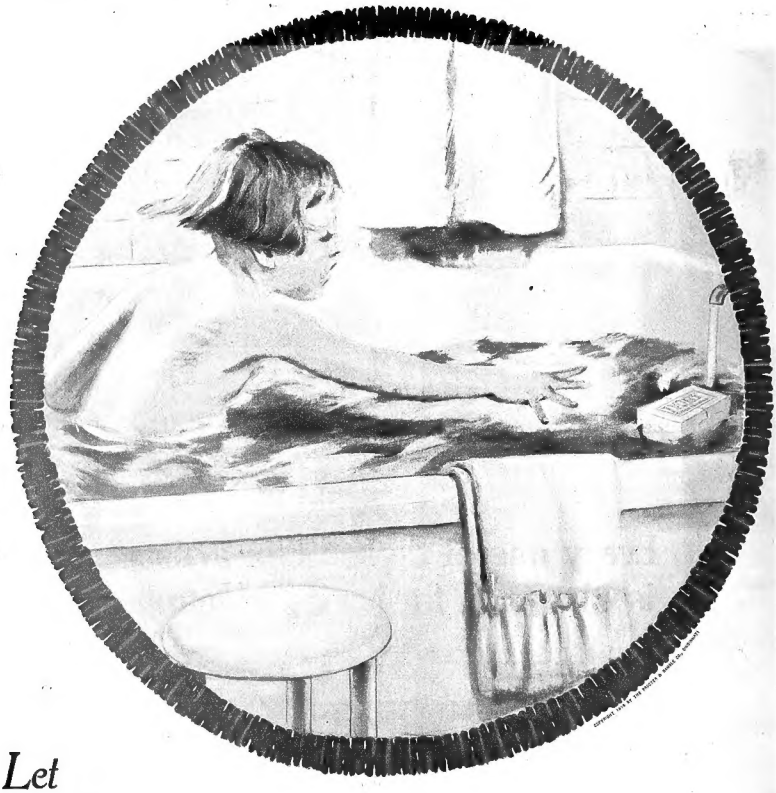

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Add to these qualities the fact that Ivory is white, as a skin soap should be. Also that it is as refined and dainty a soap as any one could want—unscented, but faintly fragrant with the pleasing natural odor of its high-grade ingredients. Ivory certainly offers *everything* to make *everybody's* bath a pleasure.

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Do You Know How to Manage Your Husband? This Story Will Tell You

HAPPILY MARRIED

In Three Instalments—Part One

By CORRA HARRIS

SULGRAVE is a Southern town entirely surrounded by the world as an island is surrounded by water, in it, but not of it; a kind old town with many voluminous mansions spreading themselves in wings and porticos over broad lawns, rich in ancient shrubbery and the best traditions, very wide at one end where all the streets reach out into the green land like sticks of a highly decorated fan, very narrow at the other end where the same streets draw together and fold into Washington Avenue. Here the mansions are larger, the lawns are wider, and the shade of the elm-trees is deeper, as if greenness and whiteness and cleanness had reached the very "I am" of gentility.

The people who lived in this place called it a city; those who did not live there called it a town. You understand. The former are citizens of an old romance with faded covers, which incorporates the past as part of the present. The latter are persons of no imagination, sticklers for facts and figures, the envious majority born and bred in that wide place which surrounds Sulgrave, merely human digits who belong to the national census rather than to the nation's history, to which most of the people in Sulgrave did belong, at least by ties of blood.

Washington Avenue ceases to be Washington Avenue at the top of a gentle elevation three blocks beyond the Episcopal church, and becomes "The Bow," a broad street, so named because it sweeps in a graceful curve from the end of the avenue to the river. This river divides Sulgrave proper from a very large factory and industrial district, the congested, begrimed, hollow-eyed part of the town.

The Madden National Bank stands at the end of this street nearest Washington Avenue like a temple on the Acropolis.

The front of the bank is supported by Corinthian columns, the back of it is a vault and a warehouse for stocks and deeds and bonds. The shops begin by being elegant, and end near the river very low down with three gold balls for signs of their dinginess. The Court House opposite Madden's National Bank looks as if it had been built when Justice was a Southern Colonel, a sort of architectural exaggeration with a gilded dome and a hectoring front. The post-office is magnificent, far beyond the means or even the needs of the town. It is an offering made by the congressman of that district from the Government's coffers to insure the support of Sulgrave citizens in future elections.

The remainder of The Bow consists of office buildings, banks, warehouses, and all the little rag-tag enterprises of a commercial center. For this street, conveniently located between the spending class and the producing class of her population, is the business section of Sulgrave. Here her capitalists and merchants ordain the markets for the surrounding country and contend for that dross which so many people still believe is essential to the progress and welfare of mankind. All this they do assiduously until four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the Washington Avenue crowd comes out still fresh from the fray. They leave the remainder of the day to their clerks and stenographers, step into their cars and are driven leisurely to the Golf and Country Club which may be called the Western Front of social life in Sulgrave.

IT WAS four o'clock on a day in May, 1918. One of those fragrant afternoons that come in from the country on little breezes that flirt around street corners, through windows, across adding machines, into stores above counters, and into the faces of men and women, bringing the news that love is "carrying on" outside in the open. This is a very dangerous time of the year for all humans stirred by the courting instinct, and especially for that class who think they have settled the business of love once for all in marriage, because they did not get all of it, nor nearly all of it, but only one little woman of it, or one man's worth of it. The rest of love remains in the open, an enormous dividend in sentiment which you are forbidden to share, a very proper dispensation with society and the Scriptures back of it, but not always recognized by that clever devil in you which is your own heart. This circumstance no doubt accounted for what was going on in Sulgrave around four o'clock on this afternoon in May of the recently current year of 1918.

The Madden National Bank had been closed since three o'clock. It always took the impressive liberty of closing an hour earlier than other businesses in The Bow. But the side door remained open as usual for the accommodation of belated customers. Only the cashier, a little bald-headed man in a beetle-backed coat and shiny black trousers that fitted his thin legs snugly, could be seen in the long, gilded cage of the bank proper. He moved about noiselessly doing the last things with the quick motions of a futilely irritated man. From time to time he glanced at the closed door of the President's office, marked "Private," and then at the clock, implying that he was not alone, and that he was being detained beyond the usual hour. And he wanted to get out. He was a poor little cipher of a man far removed on the wrong side of love's decimal point in life, but he had a purely esthetic interest in that May breeze scented with lilacs and roses. Besides, he liked to step down into The Bow at four o'clock when the cars were thickest there, giving an air of opulence and elegance to business, and when the crowd on the pavement elbowed him and pushed him a bit. All this stir and hurry and confusion refreshed him. It was like picking up sensations that did not belong to him, an artificial animation that lasted the length of The Bow.

It was a quarter past four when a man swung swiftly in through the side door. He wore the working clothes of polite society, a golf suit, not fashionably designed, but serviceable and the worse for wear. He was tall, powerfully set up, but for some reason this garb, which usually enhances a man merely as a man, did not become him. He wore it as he might have worn a stubble beard, from neglect, indifference, pre-occupation. He had a large, motionless countenance, pale-gray eyes and a thin-lipped, reticent mouth, the face of a neutral, of a man who has not yet declared war. He was not a retired business man, he was a retired man, still young, who wore these careless clothes and played golf while he retreated. This was the impression he gave if you took the trouble to consider him with sufficient interest, which no one did in Sulgrave now, because the explanation was too well known, old stuff, no longer a matter of speculation, but accepted with decent silence.

THE man glanced casually at the vacant chair behind the desk in the cut-off space beside the front door of the bank as if he expected to find it vacant and made for the door at the other end, marked "Private."

"Ah, Mr. Skipwith!" the cashier called out hastily.

Skipwith nodded as he passed the wicket and went on.

"Mr. Madden left a message for you," the cashier exclaimed, hurrying out.

"Left a message?" the other repeated. "Where is Madden? We have a foursome on for this afternoon."

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"Yes, so he said," the cashier answered, "but I was to tell you when you came in that he could not possibly get out. Detained by an important business engagement. He thought you might pick up Mr. Murray at the Club. He ——"

Skipwith continued to stare at the door, marked "Private," during the whole of this explanation. Now he turned and went out without waiting for the end of it.

The cashier seized his hat, locked his cage, stepped into the lobby of the bank, paused before the door of the president's office, thrust it open an inch and said, "I am off, sir. Mr. Skipwith has been in. I delivered your message."

"All right, Kimble, leave the side door closed but not locked," a voice answered from within.

KIMBLE passed out into the street, carefully obeying these instructions. He had the air of a faithful servant long used to the ways of this house, who has just performed a distasteful duty conscientiously. The next moment, as he whisked around the corner into The Bow, he had the air of a brisk, decent old man who is hurrying home to sprinkle his lawn.

Meanwhile, Pelham Madden, vice-president of the Madden National Bank, leading business man of Sulgrave, and chairman of the Board of Governors of the Golf and Country Club, remained in his office waiting to keep that important business engagement.

It was a business engagement, and in his opinion important, or he would not have said so in his message to Skipwith, for, while he reserved a man's right to conceal the truth, he was too well experienced to prevaricate. But whatever business this was that detained him, it could not have been of the usual kind having to do with stocks and bonds, or the affairs of the bank. That is to say, he was not fuming at his desk, nor smoking with his lips snarled up, which is the manner of a man detained after business hours by an important appointment with another man. On the contrary he apparently needed this time to collect his thoughts, to prepare his mind for the approaching interview. Obviously it concerned him in some intimate, personal way.

He was stepping up and down the floor of his office with a splendidly measured tread as a man does only in strictest privacy when he parades before himself for inspection, favorable, you understand. He was well set up, slender, not tall, distinctly handsome in a brilliant, dark fashion, and knew it, as a rooster knows he has a tail. His gray homespun fitted him like a garment made to fit personal pride. He had a masculine nose, elegantly arched, a woman's mouth, not weak but engaging, wide and well turned, corners drawn in, a smooth brow, narrow, pale as a poet's, a big head behind, indicating force of some kind or of every kind, black hair thick and straight, long on top, cropped close above his neck and ears, black eyes, small, deeply set, very keen, the kind that never pass you by without adding you or subtracting you from the sum total, always estimating, acquiring, ready to flare if flaring would do any good, capable of challenging with a cool and steady gaze—in short the eyes of an intensely passionate and sincere man who could be sincere about anything, either way! An actor of his own emotions who never missed his cue, and a man who could perform any deed ruthlessly to his own profit; not a rascal, but a successful man with a well-trained, commercial conscience. At the present moment he had an air about him, shrill, triumphant as if he were about to succeed at something.

On the wide-topped desk near the window there was the photograph of a woman and a child in a silver frame, an old one, faded, made perhaps ten years before this time, because the woman who was young with a singularly placid face had dressed her hair in the curled and tortured fashion of that period which was as unbecoming to her as an elaborate coiffure would be to the Madonna. The child bore an infantile, idiotic resemblance to Madden after the manner of babies. The woman stared straight before her as if she had nothing to do with all this and never would have. Madden passed and re-passed through this long, impersonal stare. He did not feel it. Probably he had not really seen that photograph for years. It was one of those family pictures of his past which he had outlived. He was that kind of man. He could out-live anything, without taking the trouble to live it down.

Suddenly he halted, slapped his breast with one hand, not as a woman presses her throbbing heart in distress, but as a man does when he remembers something that should be in his pocket and is dismayed at the possibility of its not being there. Madden seized himself like a robber. He went hastily through all his pockets. The thing, no doubt a paper connected with his approaching business engagement, was not in any of them. He hurried to his golf coat hanging on a rack, and went through all the pockets, jerking out balls and scores, and a few papers, but not that one. He stood frowning, concentrating his thoughts.

"Gad!" he exclaimed, "I remember now. I changed before lunch, left it *at home* in the pocket of my other coat. What a fool thing to do!"

He was annoyed, but not uneasy. For some reason he felt a great deal of confidence in the kind of home he had, which only shows how little a man may know about that place as a safety vault, because nothing is safe there that does not strictly belong. Whatever it is it will turn up, even if some one does not turn it up. You may store it in your own desk, which no one is supposed to touch, or in your own private cabinet where you keep only the things personal to you, and it will get up and lie down beneath the handkerchiefs in your wife's dressing-table where you never would think of looking for it, or it will go out and let your children play with it—because you have no desk of your own, not at home, only the one you claim, which is often a great convenience to your family in your absence. And, who looks after the supply of those things personal to you in that cabinet? Your good and thoughtful wife, of course. It is the same thing with your pockets. She goes through them regularly, it is one of her duties to do so. Well, then, there you are. So surely as you bring anything into that house, which is sacred to her, she will find it. She can do that without looking for it, because subconsciously she is always looking for something. That Scripture, "For Thou, God, seest me," is nothing to the eyes of a wife, especially a good and faithful wife. And what she does not see she knows without seeing. She only waits for you to verify it, which you usually do by endeavoring to conceal it. You forget that she is one with you. That is not merely a Scripture, nor yet a theory. It is a fact, a psychic phenomenon produced by marriage. You may not be one with her, but she is one with you. And nothing on earth you can do will change that, neither carefully practised reserve nor separation. If it is a thousand years or a day she can look at you or not look at you and still know what you were capable of doing the night before or the day before, even if you did not do it. And she judges you accordingly, altho you may be as innocent as the angels in Heaven, because she knows *you*, and she is one with you, on the side, quiet about it, but vigilant, and nothing can change her omniscience. It is feminine and invincible.

But you can not teach a man these things. Pelham Madden having resolved to get whatever this was he had been looking for from the pocket of that other coat the moment he reached home, dismissed the whole matter from his mind. He consulted his watch, then he looked at the 'phone on his desk as if he expected it to speak to him.

But the 'phone remained silent.

He took another turn up and down the room, paused at the window, raked the upper end of Washington Avenue with a glance, as if Washington Avenue had better produce something quick. Then he took the watch out again, held it in his hand, meaning that he would give that 'phone so many minutes to ring, probably three, which is the regulation limit of a dramatic threat, measured in time.

Nothing happened. That settled it. He thrust the watch into his pocket, jammed his hat sulkily over his eyes and made for the door, using his strictly business stride. With his hand on the knob, he paused, probably he knew that he would, probably he was only trying to see if he could do it, get out and go. He missed it.

"Oh, well, I may as well stay and see it through," he growled, retracing his steps. Then he removed his hat and dropped irritably into his chair, implying that whatever it was had now become a disagreeable business, offensive to his dignity and unworthy, really unworthy of his attention.

BY THIS time the character of The Bow had changed. The banks and offices were closed. It was no longer the center of big business but of little business. Workers from the factories and machine-plants were coming across the river bridge in crowds, frowsy women, hectic girls, ragged children, begrimed men, all hurrying into grocery-stores and the shops, performing those hand-to-mouth errands by which such people live and refresh themselves. Washington Avenue was practically deserted. Society was out on the wing, taking tea, playing golf, attending to its war duties. Everything was very quiet. Only the trees remained rubbing boughs, shaking their leaves together like green palms, with an occasional elderly person walking beneath, taking his constitutional at this hour when the avenue belonged to him and his memories. The old mansions stood back white and cool in the long shadows of the day, looking very peaceful like good old houses who rarely ever went away from home, and who were for a time relieved from the wear and tear of human life within.

But you never can tell what is going on inside from the way a house looks on the outside. The doors may be closed and the shades drawn as if nobody were at home, and still it may be the scene of a tragedy or a farce. It is a sort of immobile countenance built by man to insure privacy. It is the weather-boarding he wears on his emotions and deeds. The instinct for concealment was the first architect of the human dwelling. No man, much less any woman, can live in the open, altho we all might have become animal kin to the weather long since but for this desire to protect ourselves from the inclemency of the public eye. Self-consciousness is that guilty modesty of the soul from which we all suffer more than we do from just the elements, because the curiosity of man concerning man surpasses the omniscience of the Almighty in its acquisitiveness. This accounts for the fascination of the stage. It is the place where the intimate secret place of our lives is abridged and interpreted to the ravenous satisfaction of the other fellow.

But the best dramatists never write these plays. The best dramatists are the ordinary men and women who actually live the comedies and tragedies that make the tremendous epic of our common existence. And the best actors are never seen on the stage. They are those same men and women, posing perfectly and naturally, reciting their lines, not from memory, but from emotion and experience, sometimes very dull people, but always starring in their own rôle with a convincing sincerity that the finest art can not successfully imitate.

JUST so, the age-old drama was going forward in Sulgrave this afternoon, the scenes scattered from one end of the town to the other, but each one perfectly laid and every character playing his part or her part with a finish and perfection that no manager could win from the best stars on the stage. The difference is that in living you do not act, you are always rehearsing for the next act. And a good deal of this rehearsing was going on within the quiet walls of these residences on Washington Avenue.

The Skipwith home faced the Episcopal church. It was not a mansion, but a modern residence, new, built of glazed yellow brick, very handsome, with no reserve about being an expensive house. It stood much nearer the street than the other homes on the avenue, as if it had just come to town, desired to be noticed and could afford the expense.

This was, in fact, exactly the case. The thing was an architectural *faux pas* committed by Barrie Skipwith shortly after his marriage.

Skipwith had been the beloved vagabond of Sulgrave society, a bachelor, who had a large fortune, a little wit, good manners, and a generous disposition, one of the most convenient men Sulgrave had ever produced. You could always get him to do what you did not want to do, but which should be done, and you could always get him to spend what you could not afford to spend, and which you would gladly spend if you only had it.

Some five years before this time Skipwith had gone off on a vacation. No one in Sulgrave doubted or ever had doubted that this was his sole purpose, to get a change of scene and to fish. He was very fond of this pastime. When he returned it appeared that he had been fished. That is to say, he brought a Mrs. Skipwith home with him. Men do this sometimes, especially bachelors who have reached and then passed the age of discretion. Skipwith was forty, a dangerous age for celibate men.

Sulgrave held its breath for a time, waiting for him to explain. Skipwith offered no explanation. He simply delivered the goods, Ellen Skipwith, a woman probably fifteen years younger than he was, and of an exaggerated prettiness that far surpassed any feminine good looks in Sulgrave. She was small, petite. She had red hair, a great deal of it, and the stuff was naturally curling. She wore it high on her head like a coiled torch. Her eyes were entrancingly blue, baby eyes, that stared into the coolly appraising face of Sulgrave with engaging candor. Her mouth was not a mouth at all except from necessity. Otherwise it was a tremulous, pink, sweet note in a fair countenance. And her nose was as perfect as if she had it in answer to prayer. Only a man could love such a woman. And there were a great many women in Sulgrave, silent, vigilant, thoughtful women.

Finally, however, Washington Avenue accepted Mrs. Skipwith for "poor Barrie's sake," much as an indignant family sometimes accepts an undesirable daughter-in-law for a dear son's sake, with the prayerful hope that they may make something of her.

Well, they could make nothing of Ellen. It appeared that she was already a finished and highly specialized product. For five years she had been a sort of vaudeville feature in Sulgrave society where the drama of living was a very fine piece of work, a trifle dull, but eminently respectable. Ellen was also respectable, but not eminently so. Only so by the skin of her even white teeth. She behaved very well, but she dressed too well, not at all like a married woman. She entertained a great deal and did that well, too. She was diligent in good works, and no one trusted her goodness. This may have been due to the ardent color of her hair. It is very difficult to believe in the piety of an excessively pretty, red-haired woman. But the silent antagonism she excited was probably due to the effect she had on men, quite unconsciously it seemed, but noticeable to every other woman who knew her in Sulgrave.

The men, all of them, from the eldest to the youngest, were interested in Mrs. Barrie Skipwith. Wherever she appeared, masculinity became electric. Heroics appeared as if by magic. The language of plain men took on the glamor of romance. And sober, elderly gentlemen became flippant, provocative. All these were bad signs. But you

Something New in House Plans

DURING the past year PICTORIAL REVIEW published a series of remarkable house plans designed by Mr. N. M. Woods, entitled "The Most House for the Least Money." They struck such an absolutely new note and filled such a long-felt want that, not only home-seekers, but architects, builders, and representatives from well-known land development companies flocked to our offices buying the plans in lots of one hundred or more.

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can not prove anything by signs. In a case like this they are only the circumstantial evidence of the invincible benature of man.

There had been talk, of course, but every time the brands of scandal began to smolder, Mrs. Skipwith stepped from the smoke in time to save herself from the flames.

She was at the present moment in one of the upper chambers of the Skipwith residence dressing herself, but not for the afternoon. When a woman does that, she performs her toilet in a general way for no particular effect. Ellen was making a rite of this business. She had a definite personal aim in view. She had recently added Red Cross work to her virtues. And she had an important engagement to keep with some one about that. She stood before her mirror, regarding her image carefully and gravely as if this toilet were a prayer she had made of herself which she hoped would be acceptable to the Red Cross. So much depended on the appeal when you were getting subscriptions. Well, she looked sufficiently appealing. There could be no doubt about that. Her gray crêpe figured with dimmest corn-flowers floated above the silk petticoat like mist above shining water. Her broad-brim hat had a song of wild flowers on it, maiden sweet. A very narrow blue ribbon was tied around her waist in a frivolous little bow behind. No ornaments, only a Red Cross button pinned in the folds of lace beneath her throat. She was already late for the appointment, she reflected, consulting her watch, but that made no difference. She must make sure of herself first. She did, going carefully over each detail, trying her hat at another angle, humming a little tune, carefully engaging a lock of her hair to droop over one ear. All these things she did over and over. No wonder the women of Sulgrave, maids and matrons, distrusted her! Then she seized her Red Cross list, folded it into her purse, and went leisurely down-stairs. She passed the 'phone and hesitated whether she should call some one or not. She decided not. Then she went out, glanced down the avenue, and started for The Bow.

THE Madden home is the handsomest house on the avenue. It spreads wider wings upon a wider lawn. The veranda in front is supported by columns which reach from the coronet roof to the floor, very large and round, fluted, with splendid capitals. Above, there is a portico which sticks out from the second story like an enlarged oval dish in shape with solid sides and a bottom that curves gracefully above the veranda below. The windows are gothic, fitted with old-fashioned green blinds. The lights above the front door are fan-shaped. The door itself is double, with a very old black lantern hanging on either side. The paint on this house is so white, so fresh, that it glistens. There is not a blade of grass on the lawn that stands above its fellows. There is not a dead bough on the two great elm-trees. The hedge that divides it from the Murray place is just so. The shrubbery is very old, groups of lilacs and syringa and crêpe myrtle, a little disheveled, branches warped and naked, except at the end where they supported green boughs and blooms. No art or care could make them vigorous or symmetrical.

They were kept as some very poorly painted portraits of former Maddens were, hung on the wall inside the house, merely to give the tone of time a certain air of eminence and permanence.

At four o'clock precisely a little girl came out and seated herself in one of the gray Windsor chairs on the veranda. She did it with an air of precision as if she always came out at this hour and sat in that chair, and did what she was about to do. She wore a short white frock that stuck out stiffly above her naked knees as she hoisted her feet and hooked the heels of her sandals over the top rung on the chair. She was very small, her face was round and very fair, with china-blue eyes and a prim mouth. Her hair was colorless, not yet golden. It was short but braided, turned up on either side and tied with smart little bows that stuck out behind her ears like blue butterflies. She sat in her chair like a flower planted in a pot sitting on a shelf, in the shade, not very hardy. She was knitting something, a muffler, no doubt for a soldier, and she was doing that with interest, to the exclusion of the whole world, as one performs a task.

A boy of nine years with stiff black hair and a narrow dark face lay, stomach downward, heels in the air, propped on his elbows upon a bench near the lilac-bushes and overlooking the avenue—one of those little outlaws clad in white blouse and breeches so often seen in the best families and the forward pews in churches and other proper places, a figure of enforced innocence, always biding his time with a sort of furtive attention to details. This youngster was apparently engaged in the obedience of studying his geography which lay open on the bench before him. He was in fact gazing with concentrated attention at a hose connected with the hydrant, which lay like a long black snake in the grass, very seductive and suggestive to the enterprising imagination of the young student. Presently he slipped from the bench, glanced slyly at the good little girl knitting on the veranda, seized the nozzle of the hose and disappeared in the lilac-bushes that covered the avenue. The instinct reducing high life to low comedy is often remarkably strong in boys of this age.

All this time the house was very quiet within, except for the gurgling, gleeful sounds a baby makes when it is being bathed. This was going on somewhere in the rear. Meanwhile a child, so young that only the cut of his clothes revealed his sex, sat on a rug outside the door of a front room up-stairs. His legs were stretched far apart, his back braced firmly against the door, supported on either side by his fat palms spread upon the floor. He was staring inanely straight in front of him with an upward gaze, due to the leverage of his head against the door, which thrust his forehead out and his chin in. At intervals, as regular as if he had a desire in him that tickled like a clock, he beat his heels upon the floor and made incoherent demands of some one inside the room behind him. Then he lapsed into silence until the paroxysms returned when he repeated the performance.

This child was the only evidence of withdrawn providence in the house. From one end to the other it denoted the presence of a strictly feminine providence, orderly and beneficent, of a wife who performed every duty with scrupulous care, and of a mother who did her duty the same way. The little girl knitting on the veranda was the daughter of such a mother, the boy who had been on the bench, but who had now disappeared, was the son of such a mother.

She Held It in Her Hand, a Small, Square Envelop. Faintly Perfumed. It Was not Addressed. Evidently Delivered Surreptitiously.

The infant kicking in his cart as the nurse propelled it through the back door was a scrupulous sort of an infant, weighing exactly what he should weigh at six months, clothed in talcum powder and fine linen, a human mollusk of maternal care. Even the little vagabond plastered against her chamber door up-stairs was delicately perfect in his appointments, as if he had just been laundered, starched, and ironed, and folded correctly against the door.

At this hour of the afternoon, Mrs. Pelham Madden was usually ready to go out, or she was getting ready to go somewhere, or she was expecting guests for dinner, or she was not expecting guests and was being normally at home with her children waiting for her husband. In short, she was the kind of woman who lived up to and even beyond her obligations as the mother of four children, the wife of a rich and prominent man who was a difficult and temperamental person to boot, and she held a sort of regency in Sulgrave society with a correctness which left nothing to be desired except a certain animation and elasticity of spirit which she did not have and so far had never counterfeited.

BUT on this day she was doing none of the usual things. She had not gone anywhere, and she was not ready to go. She was making a gift of herself to silence behind the closed door of her chamber. She sat beside her dressing-table, but with her back to the mirror. She belonged to that class of women who have no interest in mirrors beyond the practical use of doing her hair and putting on her hat. She never rouged or powdered her face, nor enhanced herself with the arts of the toilet. This was a distinction she enjoyed.

She was definitely not beautiful, nor even sufficiently homely to make her anxious to conceal the fact. She was tall, with a comfortable figure, straight, honest lines, strongly made but without elegance. Just a plain woman, you understand, with quantities of fine, straight, colorless hair and a Victorian countenance—Countenance spelled with a capital letter. You know what I mean, Empress of India expression, Queen of England features, large eyes, very grave, long face, naturally pale, line from chin to neck no line at all, but a sort of hypotenuse defining what would presently become a sagging double chin. A queen's crown would have been hideously becoming to her, but no milliner, however skilful, could have made a mere woman's hat suitable for such a head. Every one in Sulgrave knew that Mrs. Pelham Madden had a strangely frivolous taste in choosing her hats. What they did not comprehend was that you can not place a hat, any kind of hat, on the head of such a woman without caricaturing her. Mrs. Madden herself did not know this, and always wore what was correct that season, poke, or toque, or laving leghorns. She had no sense at all about such things, which was unfortunate considering how much sense and sensibility Pelham Madden had along this line. He was emotionally subject to the charms of feminine adornment as a poet is to curling mists and Spring skies. Therefore it had never ceased to be a matter of wonder and admiration among their friends that he had chosen wisely, exactly the opposite kind of woman for his wife. The fact is that at the age of eighteen Mrs. Madden, then Mary Darah, was quite a different type. She resembled Leonardo da Vinci's famous portrait of a certain Florentine lady then far more than she resembled the good old Queen of England now. She had then the serene unconscious fascination of mystery rather than beauty. She was thirty-eight years old now, and she had been married ten of these years to Pelham Madden. She was the mother of four children and everything else she ought to be, obvious, capable, dependable, but not mysterious. This was her trouble. No woman should seek perfection in the married relation. In the first place it reflects upon her husband. In the second place it defines her too accurately and leaves nothing to his imagination.

Some time during the afternoon, Mrs. Madden would never be able to recall the hour, Thomas, her third child, 'entered the room dragging by the sleeve his father's coat, much as one drags the skin of a slain animal. He held in the other hand a letter. He was willing to surrender the coat, tho he had meant to wear it, but not the letter. For some imitative, infantile reason he wished to have a letter of his own, to keep it and treasure it.

Mrs. Madden, who was revising her toilet with reference to attending a meeting of the Red Cross Executive Committee, retrieved the letter and rebuked Thomas. This was the last she remembered for some time. She did not recall turning Thomas out and closing the door on him as if she saved him from a terrible contamination. And she was deaf to the lamentations he made from time to time in the hall. She was alone with the contamination. She held it in her hand, a small, square envelop, pure white, thick, and faintly perfumed. It was not addressed, evidently delivered surreptitiously. The letter inside, however, was addressed to "Dear Pep." It referred in an interesting, intimate, and coquettish manner to an engagement the writer agreed to keep in "Dear Pep's" office after banking hours on this day in May, 1918. The object of the appointment was war work and imperative. There was no signature, but the chirography was feminine, excessively feminine. The taller letters seemed to lilt on the page and kick up their skirts and show their nice little "t's" as if t's were the lady ankles of literature.

Now "Pep" was a sort of disgraceful title acquired by Pelham Madden in his young days when he was sowing his Solomon oats, before he became a husband and father, and vice-president of the bank, and so forth. Mrs. Madden had never called him by this name. She regarded it as unsavory, not to be mentioned. She supposed he had outgrown it. Now here it was disclosed like a recent portrait of him in another woman's possession.

The test of a woman's quality is not how well she loves her husband. Almost any kind of wife can do that. But it is how she conducts herself when she discovers that he is still "Pep" to some one else who is evidently and offensively of her own sex and kind.

If she has her cry out, then springs like a tearful phoenix from her own ashes to adorn herself and make herself charming you may know that she has either resolved to pay him off with a flirtation of her own, or that she is planning to compete with that other woman in the open market for her husband. And she will fail, because in this case you concede too much to your adversary, an even chance. In any case you can not do it because what attracts a man to the other woman never attracts him to his wife. Each of them occupies a totally different area in his consciousness. There is no common ground between them.

If, on the other hand, she paces the floor, if her hair falls down in the very anguish of her wo; if she pauses now and then, dry-eyed, the perfect figure of tragedy, to consider this wreck of herself in the mirror, if she adds to the image there by wringing her hands and whispering lest the walls hear her, "Oh God! that I should endure this, the mother of his children!" then you may know that presently she will fling herself not on the bed but across it. She will dangle there by the heels and she will weep aloud, so loud that he is bound to hear her when he comes in and finds the door locked. She has made no plans for the scene between them, but she is working it up. And so soon as she is compelled to admit him lest he do violence to the door, she will have it out with him, not in words. She

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will by this time be past speech, ghostly pale, eyes closed, blinding headache. But there will be the unspeakable evidence of his perfidy, the letter, the glove, whatever it is, in plain sight, probably on the floor, but where he can not possibly miss it or evade it.

Every woman's instinct under these circumstances is to prove her sorrow by acting it. But it is better, far better not to do so. For, a man can explain any kind of letter to his wife, not so that she will believe him, but so that she is compelled to seem to believe him. As for a handkerchief or a glove, there are a thousand ways to come innocently by such articles, usually regarded as sentimental but not necessarily so when picked up on the street, or in a taxi for example. And who can help receiving letters? They come through the mail. They are thrust upon him. Why should he be blamed, suspected, insulted by his own wife because some woman is a fool? Does she think for one moment that he would have left the darn thing in his pocket, where she lived, moved, and had her being, if he wished to conceal it, anything from her? Good Lord! Well, that point about the pocket is convincing. She is relieved. She is comforted. She only wanted to understand. She is sorry to have wounded him. It was very foolish. And now everything is all right.

But everything is not all right. She has not recovered him. She has lost something very important to keep, a part of his respect. He will love and cherish her in the future with a certain faint contempt. Every man concedes merely as a matrimonial joke that his wife has the inalienable right to search his pockets. But woe betide the one who finds there what was not meant for her to see and faces him with it. He divorces her, tho she may live with him until death parts them.

He Would Take no More Chances. He Struck a Match and Held the Blaze to the Letter

Mrs. Madden was considering no such risk of her happiness. She had not made up her mind what she would do yet.

She had one of those large, cumbersome minds that moves slowly into action, but which stays there, never retreats, always advances, covering the situation thoroughly as it goes. She did know, however, what she would do with the letter, and presently she did it. She bent, lifted the coat from the floor at her feet, and slipped the letter into the pocket. Then she arose, passed through the door into her husband's room and hung it carefully adjusted on a hanger in the closet where he kept his clothes. She returned immediately to her own room and resumed thinking about what she was thinking about, seated as before beside the dressing-table, this time facing it, but still indifferent to the mirror. She was studying a picture in a silver frame on the table. It was a photograph of Pelham Madden taken at the same time the one on the desk in his office was made of her, shortly after his first child was born. But it resembled him now far more than that photograph resembled her. It was in fact a franker, less concealing likeness of her present husband.

IF MEN knew how their wives sometimes regard these photographs they leave to keep them company, there would be fewer pictures of living husbands in the home. Mrs. Madden was studying this image of Pelham, coolly, intelligently, as if it were the map of a country that had broken peace with her and over which she would pass if it were the last thing she ever did. She was thinking about it as a duty, not a vengeance. Presently she glanced at herself in the mirror, merely to see that she was still good, hair combed straight back and neatly coiled, brow smooth, face calm. It all was so. Then she pulled open the drawer of her dressing-table and thrust the picture under everything else, and went to the front window which overlooked the avenue, doubtless to watch for the return of her husband. During the whole of this time she had given no sign of deep emotion, such as women feel under similar circumstances. But now she sighed. She was no Cæsar, she dreaded the conflict before her. She wondered how long it would last. She wondered how she would feel and how Pelham would feel when it was over. For the moment she had forgotten her children, which she rarely did when she was in the house. She did not know that Tommy was asleep on the rug outside her door. She did not even notice that Pel was no longer on the bench beside the lilac-bushes where she had sent him to study his next day's lesson. But it is not given to any woman who has children to remain absorbed in her own deeper affairs for long at a time. Something always happens to recall her, usually with a shock, to her maternal vigilance.

It was half past five o'clock. People were beginning to return from the Club. She saw Mrs. Murray coming slowly down the avenue from the Red Cross meeting. She could see her head and shoulders framed in the black window-casing of the car like the portrait of a vain and elegant old lady. The wreath of pink-silk roses on her gray, round-brimmed hat showed dimly in the deepening shade. Her profile was splendid, not because she was handsome, but because she sat so perfectly erect giving you only one side of her face as if that were all you were entitled to if you were on this side or that side of the street, meaning that she gave strict attention to whatever she was doing, not to you, whether it was presiding as chairman of an executive committee or driving her electric.

For the last half hour, as the cars began to fill the avenue again, the hose in the grass on the Madden lawn frequently moved furtively like a snake stiffening to strike, waiting only for the right victim. At this moment a horrible thing happened. Mrs. Murray's electric rolled majestically past the lilac-bushes, rolled and stopped, held up by a jet of water that could be heard hissing a block distant. Mrs. Murray went to pieces. She was not there except as a sort of revolving blur of pink and gray literally sheathed in water. Then she appeared like a maniac at the window, full face, but merely clinging to the side of her drenched head by the strength of one hat-pin, arms waving frantically, speechless in the face of that ramrod of water that broke over her like a veil of pearls.

Mrs. Madden saw all this from her chamber window, astounded, lifted clear of her stronger, sadder self by the shock.

The stream of water ceased as suddenly as it began. At the same instant she saw a little white figure bent double running from the lilacs into the shadow of the hedge toward the rear of the house. She recognized her son. And she went down to attend to him. You can not have "one war at a time." They come in bunches. Here was her husband to be reclaimed from an insidious foreign influence. Here was Mrs. Murray, the titulary diety of Sulgrave society, to be placated with apologies just at the moment when she needed all her dieties. And here was her son, Young Pel, to be disciplined, and this was a sort of perpetual warfare that she carried on against the powers and principalities of darkness in that child. A horrible thought occurred to her as she descended the stairs. What if Pel was naturally incorrigible, another "Pep" in the making? Suppose it was bred in him to be brilliant, irresponsible, and dangerous like his father? It was an awful thing to become the mother of a man's children, like making yourself responsible for his faults and tendencies of which you were innocent.—All this while she was on her way to attend to Pel.—She met the nurse coming in with the baby. She felt of the baby's feet to discover if they were cold. She told the nurse to get Thomas who was asleep on the rug up-stairs in the hall. She wanted to know where Elsie was. Elsie answered from the veranda, and came running in to tell what had happened to Mrs. Murray and to confide her suspicions of Pel in a high shrill voice. She was told to hush and not to tell tales, which was her besetting sin and the only recreation the virtuous child had. Mrs. Madden passed out on the back porch. She stopped at the kitchen to warn the cook not to serve the roast rare because Mr. Madden would not touch meat prepared that way, also, dinner would probably be delayed. Mr. Madden had an important engagement down-town and she did not know when he would come in. Then she went on again to attend to Pel. She knew where to find him. He always retired behind the currant bushes in the garden when sin overtook him. He had the rudimentary Adam instinct for deep and concealing foliage at such times.

You observe that she was going on with her affairs as if nothing had or could interfere with the performance of her duties. It was a notable evidence of her quality and of the sense she had of her resources, all war expenses deducted.

AS PELHAM MADDEN entered the front door the tall clock in the hall looked at him, snarled, and struck seven times. He glared at the clock, then glanced quickly to the right and left. Nobody in the parlor, and no one in the library. But he heard nursery sounds from above, shrill and rebellious yells from Tommy, softer whimperings from a disturbed infant.

He had something on his mind. He wanted to go up-stairs, but he hated to ascend into that inferno. He was nervous. Suddenly the inferno ceased. He ascended, stepping noiselessly on the polished stairs. At the same moment Mrs. Madden issued from the nursery. She stood with her hand on the knob of the door, head slightly bent, eavesdropping her young after the manner of mothers.

"I was just coming down," she whispered as he passed her on the way to his room, implying that she was just coming down to meet him.

He nodded and went on frowning. This was the furtive hour in his home when peace hung on a hair-trigger and was controlled by infants. Not for nine years had he been able to speak in the ordinary human voice when he came in at the end of the day. He had to pussy-foot into the house like a robber. If he made a fuss changing for dinner, hummed a tune, dropped his shoes on the floor, Mrs. Madden appeared at once, thrust her noble head in through the door and admonished him.

"Be careful, Pelham, the baby is restless. He is just dropping off to sleep." Or "she" is just dropping off, owing to which child happened to be the household tyrant at the time. Sometimes a man liked to step noisily and naturally into his house, put his foot down, shout up-stairs or down-stairs to somebody. Well, he never could do that. He was tired of this, the repression. Why did not Mary have the children trained to sleep when it was time to sleep? Other mothers did. It was the way she puttered over them and humored them. His children were not neurotics! He had a mind to slam the door after him as he entered his room just to see what would happen.

He did it, jarring the whole house and causing the very windows to chatter and clash in horror. Then he stood still with his back to it waiting. If anybody, wife, mother, or the Angel of God, stuck a head in to warn him about making a noise in his own house, he would say a few things, and loud enough to be heard!

No head appeared, tho the nursery became a bedlam, and he heard Mary go back in there bearing soothing words.

He switched on the lights and proceeded at once to settle that thing which was on his mind. He went at once to the closet, yanked the coat from its hanger, thrust his hand into the breast pocket and drew forth the letter. He knew, of course, it would be there. Mary had her faults, but meddling with his affairs was not one of them. Still he was relieved. One could not tell what might happen. He would take no more chances. He struck a match and held the blaze to the letter, carefully depositing the ashes behind the logs in the fireplace.

It was half past seven before he went back down-stairs walking softly merely from force of habit.

MRS. MADDEN was seated in a large armchair beside the front window of the parlor. She looked like the full moon of a great lady. The folds of her pale blue gown languished about her as if they were attached to her by affection. Some thin white stuff, very stiff, stuck out around her bare shoulders like an inverted Elizabethan ruff. Her face, calm, ivory white, with the colorless hair smoothed back and coiled low on her neck, showed, above this singular adornment as the moon shows rimmed in mist on a clear night when the weather is about to change.

She was obviously engaged in reaching something out of a book to Elsie, who knelt beside her. It turned out to be the word "What" in her next day's lesson.

Madden was still in the querulous, domestic mood of the husband and father. There are times when a man longs to be just a man, and to be relieved of the intolerable honor of these limiting relationships. Doubtless kings and emperors feel this same way when they are surer of their thrones than they are of their pleasures.

He cast a sort of forked lightning glance at his wife. She might at least let up on the children in the evening, he thought. Why couldn't she be playing the piano, or doing something, anything restful and soothing. Always

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pegging away at the children as if she could not take her mind off them, not for a moment. It was mammalish, positively mammalish!

He strode across the room, seized the afternoon paper from the table, and flung himself into the chair beneath the reading-light.

He was imitating the way he felt and acted at home after a particularly hard day at the bank, irritable and tired. And he was doing it very well, Mary Madden thought, as she lifted her eyes to admit him when he entered, only to behold him recede in this fashion.

"FATHER," Elsie began at once, "Mrs. Murray was passing our house this afternoon in her electric and Pel——"

"Hush, my dear," Mrs. Madden interrupted, "You must not worry father now. Run and tell James to serve dinner."

Elsie went obediently, but with the suppressed expression of a small bomb that had not been allowed to explode.

Madden laid his paper aside. He supposed Mary was waiting for an opportunity to say, "You are late, my dear." She always told him that as if it were an item of interesting news if he came in after six o'clock. And she always "my dearest" him.

Well, he was in no mood to be accused of being late. Still let her fire away. He was prepared.

She did not fire. She remained stiflingly silent. He refused to glance in that direction, to see what she was doing, altho he could hear the rustling of her garments.

He fidgeted like a man who feels a thorn in his side. He wished she'd begin and have done with it. He wanted to tell her why he was late. He had nothing to conceal. Confound it, why didn't James announce dinner then!

"This has been such a perfect day," came his wife's voice, round and deep.

"Too warm," he returned after a perceptible pause. "I find Spring weather enervating."

"Yes, but so like it, especially toward evening, like an easy-chair among the stars," she said in a deeper, softer tone which implied that she had been sitting in that chair all day.

He flirted his head around and stared at her. She was merely gazing at him, not personally, too far off for that. He was astounded. Where did she get that flight of words? He could not recall ever having heard her use a poetic figure of speech before. And what did she mean by beginning with the weather, a day's worth of May weather, such topics were for strangers who had nothing else in common to discuss.

Besides, why didn't she mention his being late? She always asked him if he had been to the Club, if he had a good game of golf, who played, were many people out for tea, would there be a dance in the evening? Now she omitted that catechism of their common social life, and offered him the hem of a high day to kiss. He considered this a very suspicious circumstance. He wondered what she was driving at.

"Did you smell the lilacs as you came in? They are so fragrant, especially in the evening," she said turning her face toward the window.

"No. I'm too used to smell!" he exclaimed irritably. "Worked like a slave all day over our Federal tax returns. Then I was detained at the office until almost half past six by this Red Cross business. Missed my golf again, too."

Now she knew why he was so late, and looked at her to see how she stood toward this tenth.

She was regarding him mildly. No look on a woman's face can be so accusing, under certain circumstances. He could not be sure, however, whether she was accusing him of the Red Cross or of her own cross. He realized that he had overdone the thing in his effort to establish himself upon firmer ground. He had been the Pied Piper of War Activities in Sulgrave. No man had performed his patriotic duties with more energy and enthusiasm. The fact that Sulgrave had gone over the top in every kind of drive from Liberty Bonds to Thrift Stamps and was in a fair way to double its Red Cross subscription was due largely to his efforts and splendid executive ability. Still, in a moment of exhaustion, a man might use an expletive to express his feelings, not his convictions.

Meanwhile, his wife's mild gaze had another significance altogether. She was thinking what a pity it was that he had to lie, that while she had endeavored not to tempt him with any question he had felt obliged to prevaricate. She supposed that when a man committed a dishonorable act the thing itself produced a lie which he was compelled to speak. She hoped this state of affairs would not last long, but she reflected that it was better to allow her husband to perjure himself than permit him to see himself degraded in her eyes. Very wise woman. For a man can bear any punishment and keep his front except that of being humiliated in the estimation of his wife, no matter if she is the sorriest little creature who would not dare to reproach him. She is that part of his regard for himself, you understand, which must not be destroyed.

"By the way, what about dinner, or have we already dined?" Madden demanded, suddenly interrupting this highly creditable train of thought.

"We are a little late to-night," she admitted apologetically.

"Dinner is served, ma'am," James announced from the door.

They went in. Elsie seated herself hurriedly between her parents, opposite the vacant chair on the other side. She glanced appraisingly at her mother from time to time. She had something to tell and she wanted to tell it. But she had been taught not to speak when her elders were talking. They were saying very little to each other this evening.

But she felt instinctively that a lively, silent conversation was going on between them, merely punctuated by an exchange of remarks spoken aloud at regular intervals. Children are very psychic about their parents. These are the first texts they study, and they know them by heart long before they do the Lord's Prayer.

Finally, just before dessert was served, this indefatigable child had her opportunity. Mrs. Madden was telling her husband that she had not been able to get to the Executive Meeting of the Red Cross Committee that afternoon because she had been detained at the last minute.

"And Father," Elsie exploded, "when Mrs. Murray was coming back from the meeting by our house in her electric, Pel——"

"That will do, Elsie, you may go up-stairs to bed at once," her mother commanded sternly.

She slid from her chair and moved sadly crestfallen through the door and climbed the stairs. The thing was still in her, what Pel had done. And she wanted to tell it. Pel was a bad boy. What was the use of being a good girl if she could not shine in contrast. She was too young to think all this, but not too young to feel the injustice.

"WHERE is Pel, Mary?" demanded Madden with a sudden flare of interest He had been too absorbed in the wanderings of his own thoughts to notice the absence of his son until this minute.

"Pel is being punished," she answered briefly.

"I wish you could manage to have the children serve their sentences for misdemeanor during the day when I am not around! A man does not like to come home and find one of them in the stocks. It is depressing," he complained.

"Yes, I know," she admitted, "but it is so difficult to punish a child before he does his mischief. If I only knew what Pel would do next I could punish him for it between three and four o'clock in the afternoon and have it over with before you come home. But I never do know, until he does it, you see."

Madden shot a glance at her. Then he folded his napkin, leaned back, and studied her. Had she meant to be sarcastic, or was she speaking literally? That was what he wanted to know. At times she could be tediously literal. If he had been in a position to express an unbiased opinion he would have said that Mary was totally lacking in imagination. And never before had he remotely suspected her of sarcasm. Peevish, she could be, of course. She was a woman. And she certainly was dull in a grave and dignified way. But he had always regarded her as safely devoid of wit. Now this was the second time to-night that she had surprized him, recalling that luminous remark she had made about the declining day occupying an easy-chair among the stars. Well, he wagered himself whimsically, she could not do it three times hand running!

"What has Pel done now?" he asked after they returned to the parlor.

She told him. Her description of Mrs. Murray's frantic struggles, imprisoned in her car and deluged with that stream of water directed by Pel, was graphic. She was barely able to find words strong enough to convey the facts.

"Any news from the victim?" he asked, his face arched into a callous grin.

"I called over the 'phone at six o'clock, after I had attended to Pel. The maid answered. Mrs. Murray was in bed. The doctor was with her. She was in a very bad state, the maid said."

"She would be," he snickered, "but it served her right. She needs a ducking."

"I hope you do not approve of Pel's conduct," she objected.

"Oh no, I don't approve, but I envy him his courage. Used to have the same kind myself when I was a youngster."

SHE looked at him, his back, as he paced the parlor floor smoking his cigar, meaning that she thought so. Certainly Pel did not get such tendencies from her side of the house.

He came back, knocked the ash from his cigar, and defended himself against that charge she had just made to his back.

"If a boy is not a real boy when he is a boy, with some spirit and mischief in him, he will never be a man when he is a man with any initiative and force," he said impressively.

She allowed this to go unchallenged. They were getting on dangerous ground. They always did when it was a question of managing the children. And she wished to keep off dangerous ground to-night.

"As for Mrs. Murray, she is always insufferable," he went on irritably. "And since she had charge of the Red Cross work here she behaves as if she were the head of the War Department!"

She let that go, too. She forbore to remind him of how frequently he had expressed admiration for the business-like manner in which Mrs. Murray conducted the Red Cross Chapter in Sulgrave. She understood that his prejudices were of recent origin, probably dating from the engagement he had that afternoon connected with the Red Cross business.

A woman who is in the right and knows it can afford to be amiable, calm, patient, and at the same time, the most exasperating person on earth. Mary Madden was now in this irreproachable and provoking relation to her husband. She had not placed herself there. She had been placed by Pelham. And she was not suffering to amount to anything.

Pelham was doing the suffering, poor man. She had seen him exhibit exactly the same symptoms before, more

"Mrs. Murray Went to Pieces. She Was not There Except as a Sort of Revolving Blur of Pink and Gray Literally Sheathed in Water"

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than once. She was sorry for him, but she could do nothing to relieve him until the crisis passed. And it always did pass, favorably, she reflected. But she was becoming weary of the recurrence of the malady. She wished almost that he would vary the monotony with some other frailty. There was old Mr. Murray. He went off on a spree occasionally. But nearly all the time he was an exemplary husband. Pelham did not drink, but she suspected that he was subject to intermittent romantic aberrations. She supposed now that she herself had been one of these aberrations that he had not been able to throw off. She was jealous of the distinction they still enjoyed of being one of the happily married couples in Sulgrave. She was anxious that nothing should happen to destroy it. She wondered if other happily married women went through the same ordeals.

She eked out the silence that had fallen between them with this slow-moving train of thought.

MADDEN continued to pace the floor, not with the cockpoet manner he had when he strutted back and forth in his office, during the late afternoon. He was not the same man now. He was the victim of certain natural laws. He knew how perfectly innocent he was, and yet he was suffering all the annoying and futile pangs of guilt. He was saying to himself, that he really wished a man could make a confidant of his wife. He had never tried it, because he knew it could not be done. And he was absolutely correct in this conclusion. He went on recalling the—er—interview he had had with Ellen Skipwith. They had discussed the Red Cross, positively that was the theme of their conversation! He had been deeply impressed by her sincerity, by her desire to devote herself almost with religious fervor to the work, any service for her country. She was willing to make *any* sacrifice, she told him with tears in her eyes. He noticed the tears, a most unusual earnestness in a woman who had lived the useless, frivolous existence which society people of her type lived.

It was wonderful what this war was doing to reclaim such women. And the one antagonism, lack of confidence they met when they wanted to be of service, was, well, it was abominable. He was moved to indignation by Mrs. Skipwith's account of the way Mrs. Murray treated her, always giving her the hardest things to do, making a slave of her, but never showing the least appreciation. Never a word of commendation. Actually treating her as if as if—Mrs. Skipwith had a sort of anguished delicacy in finishing the sentence, he remembered—"as if I did not belong there. She merely tolerates me. And I would not endure it for a moment, if it were not for my country," she had finally concluded with a burst of emotion. Then she told him how wonderfully successful she had been getting subscriptions Two thousand dollars more than any other woman in the Chapter. This had been the tenor of their conversation.

If he could only repeat the whole thing to Mary, he felt sure she would stand by Mrs. Skipwith, appreciate her. He did not know how Mary thought of her. He had never heard her mention Ellen Skipwith. They moved in different arcs of the same social circle. But it was out of the question, talking it over with Mary. She would be sure to look at him in that awful silence which she employed against him, the moment he told her he had been closeted with Ellen Skipwith in his office after banking hours this afternoon for—quite a while. Of course he would not begin it that way, but she would get it out of him by a series of questions. "When did Mrs. Skipwith call?" "When did she leave?" Well, he did not know when she left. But it was seven o'clock when he reached home. That alone would be enough. His wife would miss the real point at issue, tho he talked his head off trying to make her understand the woman's devotion to patriotic service, and the raw deal she was getting from the Murray cat. Mary would never take her eye off the clock that admitted Mrs. Skipwith to his office at, say, a quarter past five and kept her there until late. Not that his wife had ever shown any evidences of jealousy. But of course she was endowed with it. They all were. It was an axiom of feminine nature. Therefore, here he was, feeling like a culprit in his own house, bottled up, when nothing on earth would afford him such ease as to tell Mary all about it—well, not all, but all that was said, all that actually happened.

He flung himself into a chair with a groan. She did not lift her eyes, altho he had groaned. She paid no more attention to him than if a cat had mewed. He felt strangely indignant. If the thoughts two married people have about each other in the same silent room could suddenly become voices and visible, there would be far less rush of business on the Last Day when we shall know as we are known. The whole thing would take place then and there, including judgments and sentences which would blanch the cheeks of the palest angels.

He leaned forward in his chair, with the expression of a man who is bound hand and foot and strains at his bonds, and regarded his wife, that placid moon of a woman. Good Lord, why had he done this thing. What he meant was, why had he married the moon, of all planets. Why had he married any woman? All men might be born free and equal, but hanged if a single one of them ever was after he had a wife! He resented this bondage of mind and spirit, not his duties as a husband and father. Well, he would not endure it. He would practise doing what he had a right to do without feeling obliged to explain to Mary everything personal he did. He would *practise* that, as he practised with Indian clubs before breakfast in the morning. And he would begin right now.

"Mary," he exploded fairly leaping from his chair, "I am going out. I do not know when I shall be back." It was with an effort that he refrained from explaining why and where he was going, that is, giving some plausible explanation.

"Very well," she said, "be sure you take your latch-key then"—as mild as that!

He had no reason for going out except to quiet himself, to escape from a stifling consciousness. He walked. That was all. He walked and walked. He passed the Skipwith residence several times. At eleven o'clock it was dark. But when he returned along the avenue some time after twelve he saw a light in one of the chambers up-stairs. Merely the opalescent glow of light through the curtain. This comforted him. Some one else was awake, there was another who could not sleep. When there is no one listening at the door of our heart, many a man or woman of us indulges in thoughts far too young and foolish for our years. Madden experienced a delicious sensation of sadness and resignation as he came up on his own lawn. He noticed the perfume of the lilacs. He entered the house, closed the door quietly and went up-stairs, walking softly in kindness to his sleeping family. He felt a great deal better, quieter.

SOLOMON was a very wise man in his day, said to have been the wisest, but his wisdom was depressing, and overshadowed by the gray and golden ruins of a tremendous egotism. This was not due to his experiences as a monarch in a somewhat rumpled and chaotic period of the world's history, but to the fact that he had so many wives and acquired too much knowledge through these feminine multiples of himself. Nothing in life so profoundly affects his name may surpass Solomon in the sadder forms of wisdom without making so much fuss about it, because women, especially the woman you marry, are far more occult, devious, dangerous, and incredible than the simple females of Solomon's times.

Barrie Skipwith was thinking about that, not about Solomon, of course, but about something furtive in femininity which was always there like a rodent, a capacity every woman had for whisking out of sight while she apparently remained present, smoothing your brow or amiably engaged in carrying on the conversation with you from which she had just escaped, sunk herself, you understand, without leaving a trace behind. He had known Ellen to do that a thousand times. The rodent was very highly developed in Ellen. For five years he had been waiting in his husband's apprehensions before this secret place of exit through which she so often eluded him. He knew where it was, oh yes, but he never could locate Ellen when she was there or not there.

He was waiting now as usual, striding up and down the library in his house. He had come home an hour earlier than he expected to come for various reasons, that had arisen naturally out of the situation. It was still this day in May when love was "carrying on" in the open, and when some condition had reduced the matrimonial atmosphere of several married couples in Sulgrave to a state of very low visibility. Skipwith did not know this. He thought that he was the only befogged scout of love and honor in the whole place. He did not suspect that Pelham Madden would become no more than the nervous wreck of himself before nine o'clock on this same evening, due entirely to the same adverse influence. He could not possibly know that Mrs. Pelham Madden was a changed woman. Nothing he would have said, could change Mary Madden from what she was and always had been. He did not know that Nicholson whom he had just left seated on the terrace at the Club with his wife was explaining something to that lady which she said could not possibly be explained, nor excused. And of course he did not know that old John Murray was at this moment seated at the bedside of his wife who was having hard rigors, not from the ducking she had suffered an hour before, but because she also refused to accept Murray's explanation of the same thing. She was telling him that it was an outrage, and not to be endured, and that she would *not* stand for it, even if she had to get out of bed before she was able to move hand or foot to attend to this thing and stop it, which she certainly would do, if she took cold and died from exposure.

All this Skipwith did not know, because the property man who arranges the scenes in the drama we actually live never takes time to let any of the characters know the parts the other stars are playing in the cast. So, without having the least comprehension of the rather villainous part he himself was to play presently, because certain influences can drive the best of men to perform mean actions, he was walking back and forth in his library making a sort of indignant grass-widower of himself as he reviewed Ellen's case. He was taking his time about it, going over the whole thing from beginning to end, not as a woman reviews the disillusionments of her married life, with a grieving martyr's spirit, but as a man does it, reasoning from cause to effect, and always in his own favor. He had expected to get down seriously to the practise of his profession after his marriage. And he had not done that. He was always in the state of a man who must settle something vitally important to his personal peace and happiness before he could give his attention to anything else. And this something was Ellen. He could never steadily himself there. He was tipsy in his married relation, fumbling in the effort to discover Ellen. She was elusive. What provoked him was that this was the reason he had married her.

HE MUST have done it, he thought, to place her for reference where he could be sure of her as a man is sure of his wife. And he had never enjoyed this security. He could not even love her in any peace of mind. She was his wife, and he did not question that she was, literally speaking, a good woman, but she was not a good wife. He was continually thinking of her as figuring delicately and unscrupulously in the romantic calculations of other men. He wondered if this was because she had never had a child. He thought probably it was the children that married a woman after all to her husband. There were the Maddens, for example. He did not suppose Pelham Madden ever worried about Mrs. Madden, no matter where she was. He knew her. She was the mother of his children, and a good one. Pelham had such peace of mind that he might be called a bachelor by marriage. He could give his whole time to his business. This, no doubt, was the explanation of his success in the bank, the reason why he had risen so much prominence and influence as a citizen. His affairs at home were settled and Mary Madden was always sitting comfortably on the lid keeping things settled. Not that he himself could ever have married a woman of Mary Madden's type. She was too, er—obvious. He supposed the rodent was entirely lacking in Pelham's wife. And he was right about that. The elusive in a woman is not always furtive.

He went back to Ellen in his thoughts. No matter what engaged his attention for the moment, he always ended by beginning to think of Ellen again. He knew that she was a coquet, she was that everywhere and at all times as if nature had made her for nothing else. Recently she had become absorbed in patriotic service, going places and doing things that women never risked before. But he could not complain, since everybody was doing things they had never done before. Still, he had reason to believe that Ellen was doing business as usual under this new license she had taken out as the priestess of patriotism.

He suspected her of putting something over on him again this afternoon. She was to have met him at the Club before five o'clock. She did not meet him. She had the

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The Fisherman's Song

By BURGES JOHNSON

IT'S not the fish you get, say I—
It's just the fun of fighting him;
Of luring him with flicking fly,
Of tempting and inciting him.

It's not alone to win the game—
The fun lies most in playing it;
To win or lose is much the same
If you've the art of weighing it.

Photograph by John Abbott

the masculine point of view as the "woman thou gavest me" or the one he took. She is the perpetual adjective of his mind, tending to the passive and contemplative. He can not so much as look at the stars with her beside him without taking the stars out of commission as durable, productive planets and making them romantic figures of speech. And no one knows why, but the more woman a man knows the more his egotism expresses itself in pessimistic forms of philosophy. Solomon lived and died in the hopeless minority among these inferior beings, hence those famous epigrams of the Scriptures known as Proverbs, every one a warning, and those embittered sermons on the vanity of all things, known as Ecclesiastes. It was Solomon throwing dust over his head.

But almost any man these days with only one wife to

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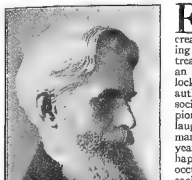
What Makes a "Man" a "Husband"?

A Problem for Wives Discussed by a World-Famous Expert on the Subject

By HAVELOCK ELLIS



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF HAVELOCK ELLIS

EDITOR'S NOTE: This remarkable article by Mr. Havelock Ellis is bound to create a sensation among thinking men and women, because it treats an age-old problem from an entirely new angle. Havelock Ellis is a world-famous authority on questions of sex and society. He and his wife were pioneers among people who laughed in the face of old-time marriage conventions. For years they were a distinctly happily married couple, yet each occupied his own separate home, each lived his own life with freedom of thought and action.

In this article, which is the first of an up-to-the-minute series on the marriage question, Mr. Ellis makes a startling statement. He declares that the marriage question of to-day is much less the wife problem than it is the husband problem! He declares that a man and a husband are two distinct and different beings! He points out that marriage is an experiment—a risky one at that! The system that worked successfully five hundred years ago does not seem feasible to-day.

The war has created a great revolutionary movement—on the part of man—in the world of labor. And correspondingly the war has created a tremendous revolutionary movement—on the part of women—in the world of home. What is going to become, in this chaos, of these worn-out traditions about marriage? It is the most interesting and the most important of all after-the-war questions!

Read what Havelock Ellis, the peer of all living writers on this subject, has to say. He puts some startling facts before you so forcefully that you will not forget them.

Next month's article in this series will be on another phase of marriage, written by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

IT HAS always been common to discuss the psychology of women. The psychology of men has usually been passed over whether because it is too simple or too complicated. But the marriage question to-day is much less the wife problem than the husband problem. Women in their personal and social activities have been slowly expanding along lines which are now generally accepted, and the Great War has caused an immense sudden acceleration in that expansion. But there has been no marked change of responsive character in the activities of men. Hence a defective adjustment of men and women, felt in all sorts of subtle as well as grosser ways, most felt when they are husband and wife, and likely now to become acute.

It is necessary to make clear that, as is here assumed at the outset, "man" and "husband" are not quite the same thing, even when they refer to the same person. No doubt that is also true of 'woman" and "wife." A woman in her quality as woman may be a different kind of person in her function as wife. But in the case of a man the distinction is more marked. One may know a man well in the world as a man and not know him at all in his home as a husband; not necessarily that he is unfavorably revealed in the latter capacity. It is simply that he is different.

The explanation is not really far to seek. A man in the world is in vital response to the influences around him. But a husband in the home is playing a part which was created for him long centuries before he was born. He is falling into a convention which, indeed, was molded to fit many masculine human needs but has become rigidly traditionalized. Thus the part no longer corresponds accurately to the player's nature nor to the circumstances under which it has to be played.

In the marriage system which has prevailed in our world for several thousand years, a certain hierarchy, or sacred order in authority, has throughout been recognized. The family has been regarded as a small State of which the husband and father is head. Classic paganism and Christianity differed on many points, but they were completely at one on this. The Roman system was on a patriarchal basis, and continued to be so theoretically even when in practise it came to allow great independence to the wife. Christianity, altho it allowed complete spiritual freedom to the individual, introduced no fundamentally new theory of the family, and indeed re-enforced the old theory by regarding the family as a little church of which the husband was the head. Just as Christ is the head of the Church, St. Paul repeatedly asserted, so the husband is the head of the wife; therefore, as it was constantly argued during the Middle Ages, a man is bound to rule his wife. St. Augustine, the most influential of Christian Fathers, even said that a wife should be proud to consider herself as the servant of her husband, his *ancilla*, a word that had in it the suggestion of slave. That was the underlying assumption throughout the Middle Ages, for the Northern Germanic peoples, having always been accustomed to wife purchase before their conversion, had found it quite easy to assimilate the Christian view. Protestantism, even Puritanism with its association of spiritual revolt, so far from modifying the accepted attitude, strengthened it, for they found authority for all social organization in the Bible, and the Bible revealed an emphatic predominance of the Jewish husband, who possessed essential rights to which the wife had no claim. Milton, who had the poet's sensitiveness to the loveliness of women and the lonely man's feeling for the solace of her society, was yet, firmly assured of the husband's superiority over his wife. He has indeed furnished the classical picture of it in Adam and Eve,

"He for God only, she for God in him,"

and to that God she owed "subjection," even tho she might qualify it by "sweet reluctant amorous delay." This was completely in harmony with the legal position of the wife. As a subject, she was naturally in subjection; she owed her husband the same loyalty as a subject owes the sovereign; her disloyalty to him was termed a minor form of treason; if she murdered him, the crime was legally worse than murder and she rendered herself liable to be burnt.

WE SEE that all the influences on our civilization, religious and secular, Southern and Northern, have combined to mold the underlying bony structure of our family system in such a way that, however it may appear softened and disguised on the surface, the husband is the head and the wife subject to him. We must not be supposed hereby to deny that the wife has had much authority, many privileges, considerable freedom, and in individual cases much opportunity to domineer, whatever superiority custom or brute strength may have given the husband. There are henpecked husbands, it has been remarked, even in aboriginal Australia. It is necessary to avoid the error of those enthusiasts for the emancipation of women who in their eager faith in the future of women used to describe her past as one of scarcely mitigated servitude and hardship. If women had not constantly succeeded in overcoming or eluding the difficulties that beset them in the past, it would be foolish to cherish any faith in their future. It must, moreover, be remembered that the very constitution of that ecclesiastico-feudal hierarchy which made the husband supreme over the wife, also made the wife jointly with her husband supreme over their children and over their servants. The Middle Ages, alike in England as in France, and doubtless in Christendom generally, accepted the rule laid down in Gratian's "Decretum," the great medieval text-book of Canon Law, that "the husband may chastise his wife temperately, for she is of his household," but the wife might chastise her daughters and her servants, and she sometimes exercised that right in ways that we might nowadays think scarcely temperate.

If we seek to observe how the system worked some five hundred years ago when it had not yet become, as it is to-day, both weakened and disguised, we can not do better than turn to the "Paston Letters," the most instructive documents we possess concerning the domestic life of excellent yet fairly average people of the upper middle class in England in the fifteenth century. Marriage was still frankly and fundamentally (as it was in the following century and less frankly later) a commercial transaction.

THE wooer, when he had a wife in view, stated as a matter of course that he proposed to "deal" in the matter; it was quite recognized on both sides that love and courtship must depend on whether the "deal" came off satisfactorily. John Paston approached Sir Thomas Brews, through a third person, with a view to negotiate a marriage with his daughter Margery. She was willing, even eager, and while the matter was still uncertain she wrote him a letter on Valentine's Day, addressing him as "Right reverent and worshipful and my right well-beloved Valentine," to tell him that it was impossible for her father to offer a larger dowry than he had already promised. "If that you could be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground." In his first letter,—boldly written, he says, without her knowledge or license—he addresses her simply as "Mistress," and assures her that "I am and will be yours and at your commandment in everywise during my life."

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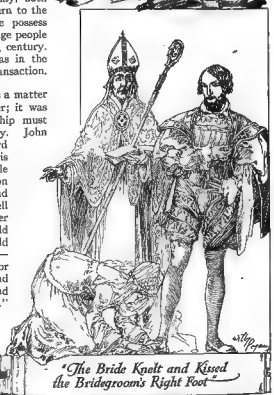
"The Wife Has Often Been a Lazy Parasite on Her Husband"

"He Has Never Been Claimed to Be Anything Else but Helpless"



"The Bride Knelt and Kissed the Bridegroom's Right Foot"

"A Husband in the Home Is Playing a Part Which Was Created for Him Long Centuries Before He Was Born"

"It Was Constantly Argued During the Middle Ages that a Man Is Bound to Rule His Wife"

"There Are Henpecked Husbands Even in Aboriginal Australia"

DRAWINGS BY WILLY POGANY

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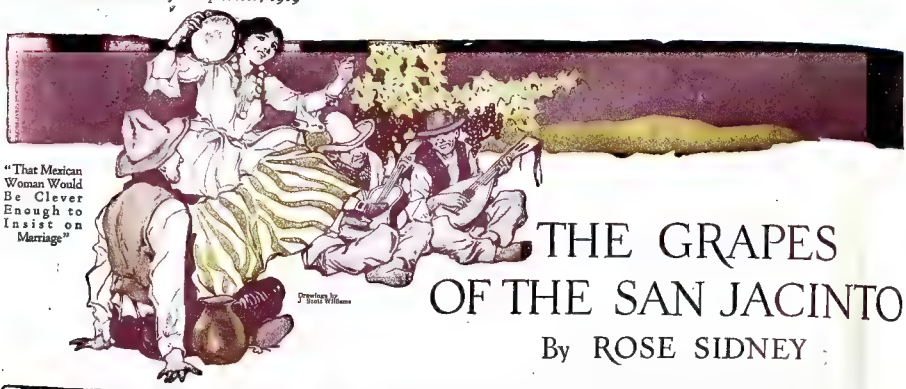

"That Mexican Woman Would Be Clever Enough to Insist on Marriage"

THE GRAPES OF THE SAN JACINTO

By ROSE SIDNEY

THE grapes of the San Jacinto are famous. People buy them from San Francisco to New York. They are the largest of all large purple grapes, with a soft white down on their perfect sides that bespeaks a luscious ripening under warm Summer suns. The blackish-red pulp, when once that promising skin is past, is like a mellowed honey.

They grow in a deep valley around which the sullen San Jacinto foot-hills keep an unwilling guard. The gnarled vines that bear the big, bloody grapes, sprawl like deformed black tarantulas on the yellow sands.

Practically the whole of the San Jacinto valley was one huge vineyard at first, but piece by piece the original owner parted with his precious land until within the past twenty years there have come to be countless grape-owners owning huge tracts of the yellow sand and the ugly but valuable vines.

Max Doremus was one of the heaviest purchasers of the valley land. He and his close-fisted old mother were shrewd enough to pick the richest tract for their money, and they settled down immediately after they had bought it, at the edge of their vineyard like two lean, hungry vultures to watch it.

They built their long, low shack with its many windows, all facing toward the valley, close up to the reluctant flank of one of the grim hills, so that they might have an unceasing view of the land which was to yield them wealth. They thought and dreamed and talked grapes and dollars and dollars and grapes till the dollars were bloody with crushed grapes and the grapes ran molten gold.

For years they toiled there, back-breakingly and ceaselessly.

When help was scarce old Mrs. Doremus herself did not scorn to go down into the vineyard and help in the picking season. When everything ran smoothly and help was plentiful the greedy old woman sat up in her shack watching the teeming vineyard with gloating eyes, smelling the sickish-sweet fragrance of the grapes with her thin nostrils twitching and endlessly checking up in fat account-books the money that was flowing into the bank.

She and her son were as much alike as are two grapes from the same bunch. And the longer they worked and gloated together, the more the resemblance grew. They were very ugly, with somber, shifty eyes, and long thin hands, a little gnarled and bent from hard work.

Slowly, as the years went by, they added little by little to their first purchase, as here and there a grower for some reason or other desired to leave the San Jacinto and experiment in newer fields. After their third purchase the same wild idea occurred to both of them. It was within the range of possibility that some day they might own, as had the first man in the valley, the entire San Jacinto vineyard! There were many obstacles in the way, but money could move mountains, and they were undoubtedly the richest growers in the San Jacinto, since they were totally unscrupulous.

FROM that time on, the Doremus purchases spread, now a long vineyard cutting a wedge between another grower and the road, now a great encircling plateau that closed upon the railroad, now a small square to divide two neighboring growers living under amicable and law-abiding compromises. And where their talons struck, dissension and trouble followed after, like an infection.

Peculiar little difficulties fell in the way of those growers who desired to haul their grapes to the railroads and who now no longer had easy access, owing to a Doremus purchase. Other growers who had marketed for years in peace found themselves quarreling over small trifles like roadways and water-rights that had once seemed as simple as a child's alphabet. Back of these difficulties and these wrangles was always the hidden shadow of the Doremus family sliding out long uncanny tentacles like the frantically clinging tendrils of their own grapevines.

At first the other growers did not realize the magnitude of the Doremus operations in the valley, but gradually so many signs pointed just one way that they were bound to understand. From that time the other inhabitants of the San Jacinto regarded Max Doremus and his mother with a lowering suspicion.

But suspicion is no match for money, and the Doremus outfit would always pay a little more money than the land was worth for a particularly choice spot, and so grower after grower sold out his interests and departed.

Pop Holliday was an exception. He loved the San Jacinto valley as few men have ever loved it, and he loved his ugly, magnificent vines with the same passion. He and his wife made a comfortable living for themselves each year, and as the climate was good for Mrs. Holliday's health (she had been suffering from tuberculosis for five years) he was contented to stay on year by year "until the finish," as he himself whimsically put it.

He told Max Doremus all this when Max came to him with a proposition for the purchase of his acres, the only large remaining vineyard in the whole valley. He did not share the suspicion of the rest of the growers against Max Doremus and had no desire to remain an obstacle in the path of the Doremus ambition. He merely wanted to go on living quietly and peacefully in the San Jacinto and raising his great purple grapes as long as life remained in his sturdy old body.

"Uh-huh. I see," said Max Doremus slowly, in reply. And he pulled his greenish old hat far down over his eyes and stood silently and resentfully staring out across those acres that would never be his, so long as old Pop Holliday stood in his way. But as he climbed into the rickety phaeton pulled by his poor bony horse he was thinking to himself, with a certain philosophy, that Holliday couldn't last forever, and as soon as he was gone they could squeeze old Mrs. Holliday out of the valley in no time. A matter of hired hands would quickly show her how useless it was to try to fool Max Doremus. He'd offer wages that would mean bankruptcy for Mrs. Holliday. He'd hire all the men who came into the valley whether he had work for them or not. For long sandy miles he was busily figuring just how much he could afford to pay, in the eventuality of Holliday's death, to squeeze his widow out of existence.

Mrs. Doremus, however, because of her age, was not able to compass the longer patience of her son. He told her the result of his trip to Holliday's vineyard that night after she had cleared away the remains of their meager supper and they were sitting across the table from each other, a dim lamp burning between them.

At the close of his jerky recital his mother sat brooding, her cruel old eyes on the smoky lamp.

"There are ways—" she said softly, after a moment.

Max's shifty eyes shot her a sharp glance. "Well?" he suggested, gruffly.

The lamp flickered in a sudden breeze until the long shadows of the old woman and her son danced gigantically upon the rough walls. A night-bird called, down in the vineyard, and a lizard scuttled overhead in the rafters.

"Holliday rides around in a light gig—" the old woman began dreamily.

Max Doremus leaned forward, his eyes gleaming.

"There are some pretty bad places on the east road," he breathed.

The gaze of Mrs. Doremus fell upon her son. They sat and stared at each other silently for a moment, a sort of excitement growing between them.

"If some one should loosen a cotter-pin in the gig!" It was a whisper in the silence. Neither one was conscious of speaking.

"If the horse should be frightened!" This from Max.

STARTLED, mother and son dropped their glittering eyes. After a moment Max rose stolidly and, lighting his lamp, paused for a moment in front of his mother.

"It looks like rain to-night," he said. "If it rains the east road will be full of holes."

His mother nodded without looking up. "Good night, Ma."

A rumble was the only reply. He stumbled away to his room, the lamp flaming back over his shoulder.

Before Mrs. Doremus went to bed the rain that had been threatening all the early evening began to fall, great heavy drops that thundered on the tin roof like the beat of the hoofs of frightened horses. For almost an hour Mrs. Doremus sat there, huddled in her chair by the dismal lamp, listening intently to the rain. Sometimes she smiled softly to herself.

Two days later Pop Holliday drove into a cave-in on the east road, his gig broke, his horse ran and dragged him for several hundred feet, and when help finally arrived it was to carry a broken and battered hulk back to Mrs. Holliday.

It took all the Hollidays' ready money to pay doctors' bills, and even with the best skill that their money could procure Pop Holliday was still more or less of a useless hulk, badly crippled, and with the promise of internal troubles to come. So Max Doremus found it easy to buy the vineyard when he made his second attempt. In fact he was obliged to pay even less for it than he had expected upon his first visit.

He laid the papers down before his mother without a

"They Stared at Each Other for a Moment, a Sort of Excitement Growing Between Them"

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"When Help Finally Arrived It Was to Carry a Broken and Battered Hulk Back to Mrs. Holliday"

word, that night. She fumbled them over with her veiny hands and half-way down came across a memorandum slip that he had evidently been figuring upon and that had been gathered up with the other papers. Pinned to this slip was a receipt.

"Paid—$200.00—Luis Verrera."

The memoranda read

"$200.00 Luis Verrera.
50.00 Verrera's Railroad Ticket."

"Who is Luis Verrera?" she grumbled as she looked up.

Max stopped serpent-still in his walk. A slow, cunning smile spread over his thin lips.

"Luis Verrera? Oh, Luis did some work for me on the east road—*after the rain!*" The old lady stared at him, slowly.

"What sort of work?"

"Oh—some digging!"

Mrs. Doremus gave a grim smile. "Don't be so proud of yourself, Max. It wa'n't all your work nor that Luis Verrera's, neither. If it hadn't been for me *that horse wouldn't have run after the gig broke!* I fastened some sheets of paper all along the sage-brush on the road. I calculated some of 'em would blow!"

A silence dropped suddenly over the little room. Mother and son looked at each other, wide-eyed. And that night Max cautiously and silently slipped down the long bar that held the door of his room. His mother heard the soft thud as the bar fell into place and smiled thinly. But in her own room she, too, cautiously dropped the bar of her door, and as it fell noiselessly into place she sighed with relief.

NOW the progress of Mrs. Doremus was as careful as the slow and sinister spinning of a poisonous black spider.

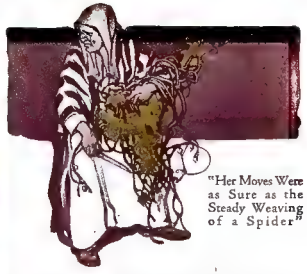
The first move she made was a peculiarly irrelevant one. The San Jacinto grapes were divided into three classes. The first class consisted of the select grapes, picked in the moment of their perfection for a special and small circle of dealers who supplied hotels and trains. The second class was the general mass of grapes which flooded the public markets.

The third class was the poorer sort of grapes, used in the making of wine. Max was in the habit of attending to the packing of the first-class grapes himself, down in the vineyard, at the close of each day's picking. These he usually sent up to the house in the evening ready packed to be shipped, and sometimes brought by hand a few of those over which he had taken particular pains. The profit on these grapes was huge and Max was of no mind to lose it by carelessness in handling. Mrs. Doremus sat down, several days after her conversation with Max on the subject of the Hollidays, and wrote in her cramped unsightly hand a letter to the largest and most important dealer on the list.

The letter was a rambling apology for the amount of sand which had been seeping into the baskets of grapes shipped to him. Now there had been such infinitesimal particles of sand in those grapes, owing to Max's care, that the letter was quite unnecessary. It is probable that the dealer, until he received that rambling letter, had never wasted a moment's thought on the sand in the grapes.

But human nature responded instantly to the suggestion. He immediately sat down and wrote a complaining letter to Max. This letter Max brought to his mother. She was apparently as much annoyed as he was. But she immediately set about finding a remedy. She suggested that Max bring the grapes up to the house to pack them, instead of packing them in the vineyard. They would clear a place on the little plateau on which the house stood, lay some boards, and the amount of sand creeping in under this arrangement would be negligible. Max, rankling under the injustice of the complaint, nevertheless was so unwilling to lose the dealer's patronage that he lent a ready ear to his mother's scheme. So within a week Max was working under the new order, toiling up painfully from the vineyard in the evenings with huge baskets of grapes in his arms, so overloaded that he could barely see the path he followed.

Mrs. Doremus bided her time, patiently. She was waiting for the opportunity that she was too wise to make. It came, presently, as she had foreseen that it would. One evening after Max had brought the grapes to the platform and had begun his careful packing, a dispute among the Mexicans called him away for a few moments. The instant he disappeared in the direction of the Mexican quarters, Mrs. Doremus slipped out with a small pail, partially filled with water. She dug up some earth, rapidly, from a loose space where she had planted some dilapidated ferns, a week before, and dropped the heavy trowelfuls into the



"Her Moves Were as Sure as the Steady Weaving of a Spider"

pail. Then she went carefully to every basket that Max had packed and poured some of the slimy mud through the lower layers, replacing the upper bunches of grapes, as tho the baskets had not been touched. When the baskets were finished she washed out her pail and brought it back to the house. Presently Max returned and unsuspiciously finished his packing. The grapes were shipped next day. That afternoon Mrs. Doremus wrote a second rambling epistle to the dealer whose patronage Max most desired. In the letter she said she was glad that the grapes were running better now, and that she was pleased that they had been able to keep the sand and dirt out of the shipments. She sent the letter in to town to be mailed by a half-witted Mexican boy who did chores about the house.

Then she set herself to waiting, again. Her reward was a quick response from the dealer, a fiery letter declaring that the last consignment of grapes had arrived in a filthy condition and that another shipment received in that condition would be returned. The letter drove Max into a sulky spell and Mrs. Doremus attempted no arguments with him.

Instead, on the following day, as soon as Max had gone to the vineyard, she sent for one of the Mexicans, José. Max had once mentioned to her that José knew something of plastering.

"Max says you were a plasterer by trade before you came here to pick grapes. Is that so?" she snapped at him.

"*Sí, Señora.*"

"In the shed back of the house you'll find the things the plasterer left here when he made the foundations. I guess you'll have everything you need."

Then she rose and went to the front door where the untidy platform of boards, half rotten now with moisture, had been laid by Max.

"Tear that up!" she ordered. "Make a square of plaster there. Make it hard and smooth. Understand, hard and very smooth!"

"*Sí, Señora,*" said the Mexican, but he stood hesitating with a troubled face.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Mrs. Doremus snarled.

"Those boards—wet! The water—the water make it—slip—so," he indicated with a sweeping gesture.

She faced him with a sharp, hard stare.

"That's my business!" she grunted. He dropped his eyes, and after a moment more of her steady scrutiny, she satisfied herself of his innocence, and re-entered the house.

ALL day, while she worked about the house, she kept a watchful eye on José. By evening the dull gray, wet square was complete except for the sharp rough edges. José came to the door.

"I smooth off those, now?" he asked.

"No," said old Mrs. Doremus shortly. "You leave it be the way it is."

"*Sí, Señora,*" and José departed.

Mrs. Doremus was waiting for Max when he came up with his first heavy load.

"Look sharp for the cement," she warned him. "It ain't dry, yet."

"What's that for?" he asked.

"So's we can pack those grapes to suit that whimpering snipe in Los Angeles. Can't no mud get on 'em here."

"Rats! I don't care if it does! Let 'im holler."

"Well, we don't want to lose his orders," suggested Mrs. Doremus craftily.

"Aw-right," grunted Max, as he resumed his load. "But it'll be pesky slippery when it's wet up here."

Mrs. Doremus smiled her thin, wry smile as he turned his back. It was a smile of contented, victorious cunning. Now, it is probable that with her weapon always ready to her hand, and with the bar of her door assuring her of her defense at night, Mrs. Doremus might have rested content for some time.

She and Max talked together less than they did. He was palpably afraid of her. That she was no less afraid of him was something she would not confess, for his fear brought her a thrill of the power she craved. It made him more ready to yield her the small concessions she so ardently desired, matters of management in the vine-

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"The Turn in the Road, the Bend in the River—Those Were the Things He Wanted to Find Out"

THE GIFT OF COURAGE

How the Gods Made It Up to Sammie

By Mary Heaton Vorse

AUTHOR OF "IN A FLORENTINE FRAME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

HE NEVER could remember, of course, when he was not different from other people. "Sick" was what his mother called it when the neighbors would sit around the kitchen and talk about him in those hushed tones which meant he was not to hear or understand. They called it "spells." That was when he was little and never fared far enough afield to have the sundering chasm fixed between his and the life of regular, happy children.

In those days what he knew best was that his mother loved him. Her eyes, wide and gray, were always on him. When he was out of her sight she came running to find him. It was,

"Don't you go too far, Sammie." "You stay in the yard, Sammie." And always he wanted to go off, as if he had a gipsy strain in his blood; the turn in the road, the bend in the river, and what was over the brow of the next hill -those were the things he wanted to find out.

He loved to lie and look down on the multitudinous life that went on under the blades of grass. So many little bits of things grew in a space you could cover with the palm of your hand, little creatures as busy as folks, making their laborious way through what seemed to him like the trunks of trees. When you looked a while you seemed to get to be as little as they were

His heart went out to people and to other children. He would stand at the picket fence beyond the line of marigolds and zinnias, and hanging on to the pickets he would watch them going up and down and smile at them. In those days they smiled back, but if they stopped to talk or smiled too much, a panic seized him and he'd run, and when visitors came to see his mother and would say, in that queer, doubting way in which they spoke of him, "Well, how's Sammie now, Laura?" he'd be torn between the desire to go up and make friends or hide himself in his mother's skirts.

But always, in the background of his life, was the constant talk of his mother,

"Sammie, don't excite yourself." "Sammie, get out of the sun." "Sammie, don't run too hard. You'll get sick if you do."

And suddenly sickness would come over him—a flash of light—a moment of transcendent glory—as if he had been struck blind by beauty, and then that would be all he'd know. Next he would find himself in bed, spent and weak, his mother beside him, with a hard, proud look on her face, which after a while was associated in his mind with his sickness. In those times she shoved from her the inquisitive sympathy of neighbors as she would an insult.

SAMMIE couldn't remember when the knowledge seeped in on him that his father was ashamed to take him to places. He learned early not to run after him the way Ned Tubbs next door did after his father—like any boy did Sammie knew the ritual of childhood. You hollered after your father, "Hey, Paw, can't I come, too?" and your Paw yelled back, "You come another step and I'll scalp you. I'm agoin' huntin'. What you want is to get yourself shot up"—and then you trailed your father for a while, he maybe with a shotgun in his hand, a hound at his heels, and presently he forgot about scalping you, and off you went with him; or you went with him to the store, or maybe you carried him his dinner.

But whenever Sammie tried anything like this, Bert Pitt seemed ill at ease. He was always kind—just like a woman—to Sammie, and yet his gay laugh would die at sight of him—a sudden darkening of light it was like.

About this time some new people moved in next door from another county and Sammie made a friend. Sammie thought that all Mary needed was wings to make her look just like an angel on a Christmas card. She had soft, sweet ways, and was friendly just as Sammie was, always running to the fence, talking to every one who came her way, always bringing home stray kittens—that was like Sammie, too. She never made him feel "different."

One day in Spring they were playing in the yard. It seemed to him that the air was made of happiness—such play as they had! Joy instead of blood was in their veins. They were standing under the magnolia bush and Mary said,

"Aren't they just like birds—all ready to fly away."

And Sammie saw them in his mind's eye—a flock of pink birds circling 'round and 'round—a treacherous beatitude came over him—he was snatched up into glory.

When he was able to get out again Mary was sitting in her yard. She looked up at him and he saw fear in her eyes. She was afraid of him. He was outside the pale again. She got up and walked toward him bravely, faltering.

"I hope you're better, Sammie."

At sight of her the color drained from his face. He stood there, his head bowed, ashamed -ashamed to death—feeling for the first time the fulness of the curse that was on him. She looked in his face, faltered, searched for her little wad of a handkerchief and fled weeping into her house. He wanted to hide himself, but there was no place remote enough. So, loving folks, he began to avoid them; with a passion for companionship in his heart, he learned lonely short cuts to go home.

So there it was, a sinister aura about him, marking him off from other people, the very fabric of his life, the reason for his mother's fierce, protecting love; the reason why his father was ashamed of him, the reason why he couldn't go out and play in the dusty street with the other little boys. He didn't put it into words—he didn't need to—but the feeling that he was different from other folks grew in the heart of Sammie Pitt—and with it shame.

Then, for a while, he would forget all about it. When he got out in the woods he seemed a part of things. He would follow along and along the edge of a brook guided by its music, smelling his way like an animal—a part of it all - his heart swelling within him as it did when his mother's arms were about him, his heart bursting with the love of the world. When he got back to town he would be able to forget himself as to talk to folks—then a chance gesture or word would make him remember again that he had a malady which in some inscrutable fashion shut him off from other humans.

Always when he came back there was his proud, beautiful mother, with her black hair and her straight black brows and the worried look that didn't rightly belong on her face, with her.

"Where you been, Sammie? You been gone an awful long time. What you want is I should whip you good for running off this way, scarin' me half to death."

So silence and loneliness and a sense of guilt closed in around Sammie. In the midst of life he was isolated. Very early he knew the loneliness that a friendly soul feels in a strange city. Very early he sensed the ugly curiosity of the abnormal that lies hidden in people's hearts. Very early he learned to smother his instincts of friendship and companionship. He learned it was better to make himself small, to efface himself even at home when his father was there. He learned another thing which he never put into words, and that was an unquenchable courage. He got this from his mother.

There were three pictures etched into Sammie's life. He pieced them together in his clumsy fashion. One was his mother, kneeling by the window, looking, Sammie thought, like a picture in a frame, with a background of the deep purple heavens and the stars shining through like the lamplight did through pieces of paper Sammie pricked with a pin. He did not move, because he knew she was praying to that unfathomable Something out there. He could just catch the words. After all it was not a prayer, but as if she were questioning the universe.

"Why him, O God? Why did You make it happen to Sammie? What did I do? The sins of the fathers—the sins of the fathers—the sins—what sins? 'Tisn't fair!"

At that he must have stirred and she said in a voice shaken with pity,

"You awake, Sammie?" Then she was on the bed beside him and had him in her arms and kissed him and kissed him again, and smoothed the damp hair from his forehead.

"'Tisn't my fault," she told him astonishingly. "'Tisn't my fault. No one knows how it come!"

He didn't understand her then. He clung to her and kissed her, glad of her nearness, as he always was.

ONE day he was playing in the yard; it was Midsummer and a fine white dust powdered the flowers and the locust trees. Men walked to their offices near the courthouse flapping palm-leaf fans and mopping their foreheads with ample handkerchiefs. Only Colonel Calhoun went past white-clad, erect, as if even the menace of sunshine was powerless to affect his dignity. Sammie could see the niggers he knew lounging near the post-office.

Then Luke Wheeler's buckboard drove up the street. By the way Luke was driving, Sammie knew something was wrong, for Luke always drove his sorrel through town for all the world as if he were a procession in himself, or as if he were running a race with an unseen adversary. Now the sorrel came at a snail's pace. Nate Grantham sat beside Luke, and they both had a hang-dog look as if they'd done something wrong. They drew up in front of the Pitts' house, and this pleased Sammie, because he liked Luke's sorrel, Shenandoah. He was handy with horses—Sammie—and he ran out to hitch him, but before he could get there,

"Better stay back, Sammie," Luke called out in a husky, embarrassed voice, and he heard Nate say, "How we goin' to break it to Laura?"

Before they could stop him he had seen something lying crumpled up in the back of the wagon—it was streaked with blood—the face was white—the black hair hung down limply over its white, unlined forehead. It was his father—and he knew his father was dead.

It was as if from far off that he heard the men saying to him,

"Don't take on, Sammie! It was an accident, Sammie Don't take on, there's a good boy!"

From far off came Nate's voice,

"I stepped in the woods when he was huntin'—him and me was ahuntin' together. I heard a shot—I seen him trip—and there he lay."

That was the second picture in Sammie's mind.

Things were different after Bert Pitt died. He had always been a good provider. But Laura was "capable." She "aftowed she'd make out somehow"—and so she did, and the people in the town helped her—they might have helped her more if she hadn't been so "pizen proud" as they put it.

Somehow it got to Sammie, through scraps of talk he heard dropped here and there, that he stood in his mother's way.

"A nice-lookin' girl, Laura Pitt—capable, too, but no young feller'd want to saddle himself with——"

He was really too young to understand—yet he did understand.

"Say, Maw," he blurted out, his face averted, "why don't you get married again?"

"Married? Me?" she shrilled at him, "There ain't a man born fit to dust your

"Her Voice Was in His Ears, 'Always Be Brave, Sammie'"

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Paw's boots!" At that he burst into sudden tears. "Why, Sammie, Sammie! What ails my boy? Tell Maw. What is it, Sammie?"

"I thought it was me!" he gulped. "I thought 'twas me. Nobody wouldn't want me for his little boy!"

Her close grasp loosened from his shoulders. He looked at her through tear-blurred eyes. She was standing erect, her open hand shaking out toward the town, a young, slim picture of Fury.

"Why can't they let me be?" she cried. Then her arms were around him again. "You're a good boy, Sammie. We don't need no Paw. We don't need no one. Don't you listen, Sammie—don't you care. I'd rather have you than any boy that ever was."

Her fierce tenderness comforted him and then her anger passed, leaving him with more confidence in himself. He believed her. There awoke in his heart a desire like a flame to make up to her somehow—to help her—to serve her. His courage toward life was quickened –for her sake.

He came in late one afternoon and heard the sound of voices—a man's and his mother's.

"You've got your nerve with you, Ned Warren," he heard his mother cry.

"You don't seem to get me," the man's voice rumbled. "I asked you to marry me, straight and fair."

"*What else would you ask me?*" his mother's voice came like the flash of a whip.

"Tain't every man would ask you with your encumbrance," the man's voice answered, and it was thick with anger. "You'll be sorry for this some day, Laura—you'll be sorry some day you ain't got a man to work for you."

"Work for me?" she stormed at him. "You and your work! I went to school with Hetty. I ain't marrying again, I tell you. I ain't marrying no one, and I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth. You're a bully, that's what you are! You tried to bully me into marrying you once before. You bullied Hetty Pierce into it and I seen what she looked like before she died!"

"You'll be sorry for this some day," he repeated, menace in his tone. "You with an imbecile on your hands!"

"Hands!" she cried—"that's what I've got—while I've these hands to work with I ain't goin' to need nothing from a human soul. Don't you dare to call my Sammie an imbecile! Don't you dare come to my house!"

"Imbecile!" The word drilled into Sammie. It was as tho he saw in the flesh an ugly vision of himself. He went into the house, a feeling of numbness invading him.

"The fire's getting kinda low," his mother said, not noticing his looks, "run and get me some kindling, there's a good boy."

WHEN he came back, staggering under his load of wood, she had stepped out for a second. Mechanically he fed the fire. The dried wood caught and spired up cheerily in orange flame. He knew he must push down the wood and put on the stove lid, but he could not move. He knew he must call for help. Yet he could not speak; he could not stir. And it came again.

He "came to" as they put it, in his bed, his mother sitting beside him, her left hand bandaged to the elbow.

"What happened, Maw?" he asked.

"Don't you talk, Sammie. You feel all right?"

"Yes," he answered. "I guess so. What happened, Maw?" he persisted.

"You just fell along the stove." Then he moved—and pain shot all over him.

"But you, Maw—what ails your hand?"

"Nothing, Sammie." He saw by the look on her face how she was suffering.

"Oh!" he cried in his bitterness, "I wish I'd never been born! They're right! They're right!"

"What you mean, Sammie—'They're right'?"

"Why couldn't it abeen me instead of Paw?"

She soothed him, but he was conscious that her every move meant pain, and for the first time he found no comfort in her words. They would never be "all right" as she assured him. As he grew well, as usual the talk seeped to him. He heard his Aunt Martha Lee's strident voice say,

"How you goin' to make out with a withered hand? 'Twas hard enough before, but how you goin' to make out *now?* If you had a mite of sense, Laura, you'd come and live with us and welcome, and put Sammie in an institution. 'Twould be the kindest thing for him."

His mother said something he couldn't catch. He heard her low, fierce voice, he heard his aunt's,

"No need of getting hoity-toity. You'll live to remember what I tell you now, Laura Pitt! You'd oughta have married Ned Warren when you had a chance!"

His aunt was right. With her withered hand his mother couldn't "make out" as she could before. Perhaps her fierce pride drove from her some of the help she might have had. So the time came when they could no longer live in their house.

The third picture was his mother with her withered hand walking down the street to the mean place where they were now to live. So, altho Sammie grew well, there was a wound in his spirit from which he could never recover and the visible sign was always before his eyes—his mother's withered hand.

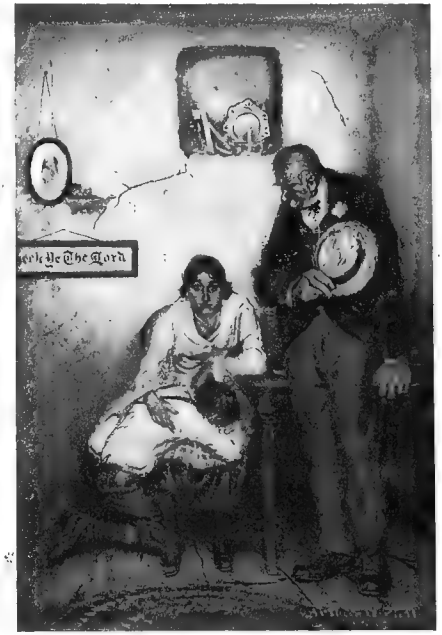
The black flower of shame grew in his heart and stifled his love of beauty and his love of the world. It stifled everything but his passionate love of his mother. The shame he felt corroded every lovely thing. Self-accusation was his bedfellow—Isolation his daily companion.

He grew up tall and gangling, with shame and his sense of difference deepening in him. Animals were his only friends. He had a way with horses: he knew what was the matter with sick dogs. Ill-used creatures who had learned to fear men were his friends.

HE NO longer went home by the kindly short cut, but stalked through town in a jerky, stiff way, his eyes staring at nothing. Folks who saw him go past thought he was lacking. They nicknamed him "Soldier Boy." They didn't know that every time Sammie Pitt, his head held stiffly, walked down the street, he served the God of Courage.

It came about this way. The men around the post-office one day had got him "on the run," and as he loped off like a frightened rabbit making for cross-lots and a hole in the fence, he heard their laughter follow him—the laughter as old as mankind—the laughter that made deformity comic in the eyes of man and madness food for mirth.

He had run not only because of his sense of shame, but at their laughter there had come to him a vision of his mother



"'Look After Me,' Cried His Mother. 'You Look After *Me!* My Sammie Looks After Me!'"

with her withered hand; a vision of the miserable place where they lived—a vision of the time when they had moved and she had had to sell all the little things that had been dear to her—and all this was his fault.

He ran and ran to be anywhere out of sight of man, and he buried his face in the grass and tried to forget; a wandering wind brought to him the smell of flowers, and all at once he found himself looking down at the little things creeping about in the grass, and for a brief moment he was part of outdoors as he had been as a little boy.

Then with his oblivion came a picture of the scene he had been through—and with it the thought of his proud mother. It was as tho he heard her voice saying,

"Sammie, you ran away!"

He must not run away. Never.

He lay prone, clutching the grass with his hands as tho his shrinking body refused to obey his thought. He knew what his mother wanted him to do as if she had been there. Her voice was in his ears, "Always be brave, Sammie. Nothing can't hurt folks that's brave!"

And yet he clutched the grass and lay there as if he wished to blot himself into the kind oblivious earth.

Then he arose slowly. Slowly he walked back to town: his heart beat and his legs felt weak, but he held up his head, his thirst for courage, his desire to serve his mother greater than his fear of their mocking tongues.

After that he stalked through town looking ahead of him, apart, while they called after him, "Soldier Boy." It was part of his desire to serve his mother which was never far away from him—and there was so little he could do; folks, of course, didn't want him around.

He took to hanging around Llewellyn's stable, partly because laughter stopped at the stable-door since the day Hickey started something with Sammie and then Llewellyn came forward and said:

"Leave the la-ad be!" He fixed his smoldering eyes on one and then another of the men and proclaimed, "There'll be no mock made of the afflicted of God in my place!" And that was the end of it, for Llewellyn was a powerful man on disquietingly intimate terms with the Deity.

Sammie had a way with horses. He would go into the stall of some degraded, ill-used animal that Llewellyn had bought and would gentle it and talk with it. Horses that shook and jumped when any one came near them, after a moment did not mind him. And when he had been able to establish this bond between a dumb creature and himself he would be almost happy. So he got into the habit of hanging around doing odd jobs, hitching up horses, free from the curious eyes of men. Even Llewellyn seemed scarcely to notice him, but he paid him scrupulously. Then, with a little money in his pocket, Sammie would go home to give it to his mother, feeling less disgraced—a dawning of something like self-respect in his heart.

The thing he liked best of all was to run out when Dick Tracy, the horse-trader, drove up his team, speeding along as if they were kings of the earth. Bright chestnuts they were and they shone like a copper kettle. Dick Tracy was new in the valley, a long, dark Southerner, with soft eyes, and a misleading, gentle manner. The first time Tracy had driven up, Sammie had been standing outside. He watched the fast-driven horses and their beauty and the spirit with which they moved lifted up his heart as tho he had heard music, and when Tracy stopped in front of Llewellyn's, Sammie darted out to hold the horses. They turned their wild eyes on him and started forward a bit, for they resented strangers and they hated delays. Tracy threw him a careless,

"Better take care, Buddy," but Sammie was absorbed in making friends with them. In a moment they were standing quiet, while Tracy watched him.

"Who's that?" asked Tracy of one of the men sitting on a bench in front of the stable.

"Oh, that's the 'Soldier Boy'," said the man, spitting contemptuously.

"A good name for him, not many could get that name round here," drawled Tracy. The tone of his voice brought a dull flush to the man's cheeks. Then, as Llewellyn came out, "Handy boy you got there," he remarked.

"I know't," Llewellyn replied. "He has a special knowledge of dumb brutes."

For the first time since his mother's hand had been burned, something like pride crept into Sammie's heart. For the first time he could remember he was being spoken well of. He felt it couldn't be true—as if he were living in a fairy-tale. And then a boy on a bicycle wabbled past, balancing a load of parcels. Suddenly the boy went sprawling and the wind blew pieces of paper around the horses' feet. They quivered and reared and started to run, but Sammie held on; all the dumb courage he had learned through the years was with him.

He held on, talking to them, speaking the language he had learned round Llewellyn's. Fifty yards down the street they stopped, shivering under their bright skins, but quieted, the foam from their mouths flecking Sammie's coat like snow. Tracy had come running up, Llewellyn at his heels, and Sammie heard him say,

"I'll be doggoned—they'd a bolted into the middle of next week but for him. Say, boy, how'd you learn all that?"

"I dunno," Sammie answered stupidly, but he held up his head and looked into Tracy's eyes, and for the first time he felt as tho he were looking into the eyes of a friend. For the first time since he had grown up, a man was speaking to him as if he were an equal. Happiness, such as he had not known since the time his mother's hand had been withered, surged over him.

"Grit, too!" said Tracy, turning to Llewellyn.

"He's got the gift," said Llewellyn, nodding solemnly.

TRACY had taken Sammie's place at the horses' heads and was talking to them, and Sammie stood a little apart, watching, happy beyond speech.

"Here, Sammie," said Tracy. "This is yours—you earned it." He handed Sammie a shining dollar. The loafers had come up. "Did you see that?" said Tracy, "the way that boy held on? 'Soldier Boy' they call you," he put his hand on Sammie's shoulder. "He's got the stuff in him that makes victory, I tell you. Get in, Sammie, I'll drive you home," and as one in a dream Sammie got in beside Tracy. He introduced him to his mother.

"You got a wonderful boy, Mrs. Pitt," Tracy said. His eyes, full of pity, had wandered round the neat, bare cabin. "It's rotten the luck some folks have, I can't understand it —a woman like you—and a boy like that—"

Then an astonishing thing happened. His mother burst out crying. She hadn't ever cried that Sammie could remember: Tracy patted her shoulder, saying,

"There, there, cry all you want to. It'll do you good! Guess you haven't cried much. Guess life's been too hard for you to stop to cry!"

It was as if her tears had melted some place in her heart and she began to talk—in slow, difficult sentences. There

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The Rough Road to Motherhood

You Women Must See to It that Mothers Get at Least as much Governmental Care as the Stock on the Farms

By BELL BAYLESS

EDITOR'S NOTE:—After reading this article it seems hardly possible that the women of this country will calmly fold their hands and continue to let two American mothers die unnecessarily every hour in the day, every day in the year!

Figures do not lie and facts are not rumors. And the figures of mother mortality as shown here are stupendous—the facts are appalling. The writer of this article has lived many years among these mountain mothers; has seen their needs, and voices the situation in stirring words.

Here is work for the women of our country. It must be done at once and it is essentially woman's work to see that motherhood, the greatest glory on earth, should be fraught with fewer dangers and less suffering. It is woman's work to see that the sons and daughters of the future shall be well born.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs has to-day over two million five hundred thousand members! Bring this article to their attention, and see that they concentrate their efforts to get this maternity bill put through Congress. Once through, see that it is enforced and kept in operation.

The United States Government spent over half a million dollars to stamp out disease in cattle—as much more to purify the swine of the country. Is the life of a mother of less interest—of less value?

These are questions you women must answer. You must face your responsibility. It is your problem, and while you are solving it, never forget that every hour you delay two mothers are laid in their graves.

BELOW lay the valley across which I'd come at a swinging gallop; upward, half-way to the top of the mountain, wound the road to the rough shoulder where I'd ridden for the magnificent view of the Blue Ridge unrolling wave after wave of wooded hills till they blended into a bluer horizon; and about me was the wine-like atmosphere of a November day such as seems cut from early Spring.

I sat in the saddle enjoying everything; thinking what a grand old world this was, and what a privilege to be alive; but my horse kept side-stepping toward a gap in the fence surrounding a dilapidated, one-roomed cabin, where there was a well. I'd crossed the bridge instead of fording the creek and allowing Daisy to dabble her nose in the water long after she'd ceased drinking: a fraud perfectly understood between us, and our rapid motion had produced thirst.

On the door-step sat a group of four shabby children, the smallest about three years old, and the eldest, a girl of perhaps nine or ten, who held a wailing baby of little more than a year, wrapped in a ragged coat. I asked if we might have a drink. The girl assented. So we rode in, skirting a sow and a litter of pigs that were wallowing beside the trough—I had to draw two buckets of water to rinse this, before my dainty Daisy would condescend to touch it; and as we stood there I heard a groan from the house.

"Hit's Maw. She's sick," the girl replied to my question, so I went in to see if help were needed.

Never had such poverty, such squalor, met my eyes as when I entered that door. The few splint chairs were littered with clothing, empty grain-sacks, and what-not; on the rough pine table were the remains of the morning meal, a scanty one, several large cotton baskets full of cracked bolls stood in the corners; ears of seed-corn hung from the rafters; the loft was full of fodder; and an apology for a fire, two sticks of green wood, sizzled on the hearth. A tumbled pallet was on the floor, beside a bed on which lay a woman. She could not have been older than twenty-seven, in spite of the children on the door-step, and her time was again upon her.

Talk about the terrors of the battle-field! There you have but one element to fear, but here were birth and death, both imminent—and I was wholly inexperienced.

Yet I hurried to replenish the fire, put kettles of water on to boil, and tidy the room, while waiting for the neighbor who had promised to come and for whom I sent two of the children on a run—the husband had gone squirrel hunting at daybreak, whether as a matter of etiquette, or to avoid trouble, I was unable to understand.

The neighbor came, and I gasped, for never in my life had I beheld a human being so filthy. Her hair may have been combed a few times when she was young, her face was etched with black wrinkles; from her mouth, with its protruding snuff stick, the saliva had dribbled for weeks, making shiny the front of her waist.

Without even washing her hands, she stepped to the bed and I mounted and rode for the doctor, in spite of her snort about "sich foolishness," and the mother's moan that she had no money to pay him. That much I could do.

The road was too rough to permit swift riding, the sun seemed to have lost its golden glory, and the wind now chilled me to the bone. Could it be but an hour since I found all this so charming, so invigorating?

"Doctor, Doctor," I called to our old local practitioner, who was just climbing into his buggy to start on his round of visits. He waited for me to come up, and at first seemed not a little scandalized at the predicament into which I had blundered.

"That old woman!" he cried, as I explained further. "There ought to be a law to prevent her like from going near such cases. She is not only filthy, but has had a running sore on her leg for years, and I'm sure has infected a number of my patients."

Tapping old Gray with the whip, he turned hillward, while I, sobered and filled with thoughts of the sorrows and responsibilities of life, rode slowly home.

A week passed before I was again free to revisit the cabin on the mountain, and then not till late afternoon. On the door-step sat the children, in spite of the cold; in the yard a lanky, stoop-shouldered man was unharnessing a starved-looking mule from a shackly wagon; while from within the house came the jolt-jolt, front-to-back-legs, of a straight chair, and the shrill voice of the oldest girl trying to drown the feeble yet penetrating cry of the new baby.

My inquiry for the mother brought sobs from the children, and the man explained that they had just returned from the "buryin'."

"'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,'" he quoted piously; but all down the mountain I kept thinking, "What a needless sacrifice of life!"

The above an isolated case? Nothing of the kind! There are thousands such in the villages and on the plantations throughout the South. In the old days negro "mammys" took charge, and considering their superstitions, their lack of training and cleanliness, even in the best of homes, it is a wonder half as many women and children lived.

Now, however, the younger women will not follow the nurse's calling, and the situation is deplorable.

Nor is this the case in the South alone. All sections of the *United States* are equally unfortunate. In the "corn belt" there are towns and prosperous farms where the people scarcely dare think of illness because help is so scarce.

In one of these small towns, where I spent the Summer, there were ten expectant mothers living in dread. Not that children were unwanted. Far from it. But the nearest hospital was a hundred miles away, could one afford to go to it, and were it possible to leave home and the other children; trained nurses were not only expensive, but so reluctant to leave the city.

One woman, indeed, was alone with her nine-year-old daughter when the time came. To be sure, neighbors would drop in for an hour or so, some to assist, others to sit and chat; most of them as inexperienced as I was, and all with home duties which must be attended to first.

In California a young lady, still in her 'teens, who had just returned from a year's travel in Europe and was visiting on a ranch, in the absence of her hostess, answered the hurried call of a neighbor. She found the husband away, the so-called nurse in a panic—lack of experience, and the doctor in a town six miles distant, with no telephone. So this young society girl, with heaven-sent skill, "officiated" so successfully, that when husband and doctor arrived almost simultaneously, they were greeted by a brand-new yell.

IN DAKOTA a school-teacher, homesteading a bit of land, was called to her door one Winter afternoon.

"Mine vife, she sick," said the man standing on the step.

"I'm so sorry, I'll come right away," replied the young woman, sympathetically.

The man eyed her with evident disfavor. "Beant you got no husband?" he asked.

"No."

"You won't do," said he, turning toward his sleigh.

"Oh, is that it?" cried Miss Teacher. "Then I'll come anyway. Mrs. Smith lives three miles farther and has a new baby herself, I'm the oldest of eleven children, and took care of my mother with the last two."

Hastily she put on her wraps and gathered up such things as she had that might be useful, and they drove off through the early dusk, the last half mile in a blizzard, to where the family lived in a tent.

It was a desperate case, because of the cold and snow that sifted in over everything, and lack of necessities, including antiseptics; but she saved two lives—three, for the two-year-old baby developed croup, before the husband could secure some one to relieve her.

But why enumerate further, when the length and breadth of the land teem with such incidents? It is a fact, in fact, that the Government itself, in its mills-of-the-gods fashion, is beginning to notice and seek a remedy.

Its first step was to create, under the Department of Labor, the Children's Bureau, and place a woman at the head. This bureau has already done very valuable work in the preparation of pamphlets on the care of children, inaugurating child-welfare campaigns, and in the compilation of statistics.

It found by the census of 1910, the only one on which rates can be computed, that of the women of this country from 15 to 44 years, 50.3 out of every 100,000 died in confinement—not every 100,000 married women, but *all women* between those ages; that for every 1,000 live births the mortality was 6.5, or for every 154 babies born alive one mother died.

Furthermore, it found from a study of the eleven States progressive enough to keep vital statistics that up to 1913 an average of 300,000 babies under one year old died each year, fully half from causes that were needless. The records show that "while, owing to strenuous work, the death rate from typhoid has been cut in half, that from diphtheria and croup had dropped to less than half; those from tuberculosis and pneumonia have both shown a marked fall; those from pregnancy and confinement have shown no apparent decrease; and that one death out of every five, all told, throughout the land, is a baby under one year old."

These States contain only sixty-five per cent. of our population, but they showed, in 1913, approximately 15,000 women die in child-birth every year.

The pity of it, the horrible pity of it is that these deaths are largely due to poverty, ignorance, and neglect and are, to a great extent, unnecessary. Child-bed fever, which causes fully 7,000 of these deaths, is really caused by an infected wound and therefore preventable; and proper care during pregnancy and confinement will prevent very many of the other 8,000 deaths due to causes other than septemia.

Plain old-fashioned soap and hot water will save the life of many a mother and babe, while preserving the health of thousands of others who suffer for years from neglect at this time, and are consequently unable to be of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

"Talk about the Terrors of the Battle-field! Here Were Birth and Death, Both Imminent"

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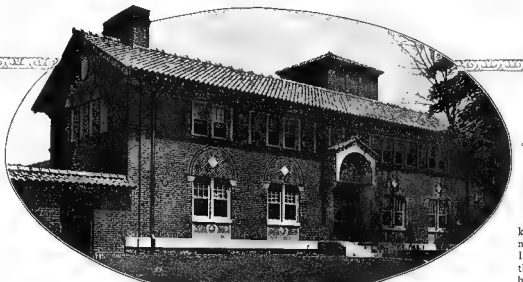
WHY NOT A COMMUNITY HOUSE AS A WAR MEMORIAL?



The Englewood N.J. Community Building Serves both the Children and the Grown-ups

By MRS. PERCY V PENNYBACKER

Former President, General Federation of Women's Clubs

WITH PLANS SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR PICTORIAL REVIEW By Mann & MacNeille Architects

EDITOR'S NOTE: The war has left to practically every community in the United States a splendid organization of women, strong, efficient, trained by long months of service to work untiringly for the good of others. They have no desire to slip back to the old, desultory way of living. They are ready for the next job.

What Shall the Next Job Be?

This is the question which is asked, and answered, by Mrs. Pennybacker, whose article is the fruit of her investigations and her conversations with women in every section of this country.

First, as a tribute to your soldiers, a Memorial Community House—a building which shall symbolize the spirit of the new democracy. Next, the activities which shall perpetuate that spirit. For, when the house is erected, its work has just begun.

Here will be a headquarters for work in which every man, woman, and child must find a place. Social affairs, educational classes, clubs, and societies of every type that the community needs or wants should find a home here. The day-nursery, the canning station, the library, the offices of the district nurse, may be housed here. The movements for better roads, better schools, public playgrounds, parks, baths, or a cleaner government, should be born here and here worked out to successful completion.

Read Mrs. Pennybacker's article carefully. Call a mass meeting and make it your task to see that the attendance at this first meeting is one hundred per cent. of the citizens. Have the subject presented in a way which will arouse the enthusiasm of every one. Enlist the support of your local press.

In order to make this suggestion of the most possible use to our readers, PICTORIAL REVIEW has secured the services of a firm of prominent architects who have been making a specialty of community houses for the past four years.

These men successfully designed and built for the United States Government thousands of houses to meet the varying demands of various communities. Once you have held your meeting, have the secretary write us the needs of your particular town, and this firm of architects will personally answer your questions in detail. They will be in a position to design community houses and to build them for you at the lowest practical figure.

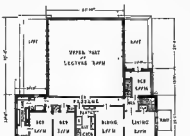
Address, Community House Editor, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

THIS building was designed for general community use in the town of Englewood, N. J., and the floor plans represent careful study of the needs of the community. In the basement there is a large gymnasium with balconies for spectators. Lavatories and dressing-rooms are provided for girls and boys, and the balance of basement space is used for kitchen and boiler-room.

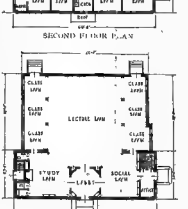
On the first floor is a large auditorium and lecture-room which extends two stories to the roof. This room is used for the general purpose of educational lectures and entertainments of various kinds. On this floor there are provided classrooms for various Americanization classes, and one large room with open fireplace for a study-room and library.

On the opposite side of the foyer is a social-room, and there is also a small office for the supervisor. In the upper floor is a six-room apartment for the caretaker.

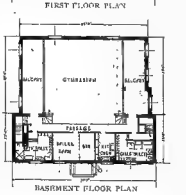
This building was constructed in 1916 at a cost of $30,000, which would indicate a cost of approximately $42,000 to-day.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



BASEMENT FLOOR PLAN

HE STOOD at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, a tall, lean figure in khaki, bronze face uplifted, looking intently at the top of the Metropolitan tower. It seemed a full five minutes that I watched him and his gaze never shifted. Yet something in the set of his firm jaw told me it was more than the tower which held his attention.

He lowered his eyes with a little sigh, and as they caught mine he said, in the soft, pleasant speech of the Texan,

"I was just thinking that I feel as if I'd lived on the top of that tower for a year, and now they'd shoved me off and I hadn't landed yet."

"You're anxious to get back home. Not just to America, but to your own home town," I ventured.

"Yes, ma'am, I am. But that's not exactly what I meant. It's the feeling that the big job is done. And the little old job I used to have—well, it looks good to me, and I'll be glad to get back to regular living, but"—shy, inarticulate youth struggled valiantly for expression,—"well, there's that dazed feeling of falling from a high place and not knowing just what's going to be there when you land."

"What do you wish to find there?" I asked.

"It's hard to say. But there ought to be something more to life than there was before. It's not that we want to live on the high spots forever—*not much!* But we've got to bring some of the big things back into every-day life with us or it won't be worth living."

Only a few hours after my talk with the soldier-boy I spoke to an audience of women in a small town in New England. I was urging upon them the necessity for keeping up their splendid work for the soldiers through the period of demobilization. Watching their faces, I knew these women needed no prodding to continue their activities as long as they were needed.

But there was a certain wistfulness in their eyes. A tinge of something akin to regret hung in the air. I sensed this faintly during the meeting, more strongly in the informal reception that followed. It troubled me vaguely. They were overjoyed because peace had come. They were enthusiastic about the service demanded during demobilization, and yet—and yet—

Then the chairman of the local Red Cross chapter spoke to me.

"Perhaps I ought not to say so, but the war has been the most wonderful time of my life," she said. "I had no near relative who could possibly have been accepted in the service, so I have had no keen personal anxiety or sorrow. And for the first time I have known the joy of working with other men and women for a truly great cause. I have discovered in myself possibilities that I never dreamed were there. I have worked from early morning until late in the evening and felt it a privilege to do so. I have known the happiness of being really busy."

"Why, I thought you always had been a busy woman," I replied.

"Busy, yes. But busy about what? Busy doing things I made up to keep myself busy! Now I am doing things worth while. And I am an executive with power to direct the work of others. I would not take anything in the world for what the Red Cross has done in opening my eyes to my own capacity. I wonder what will happen after the peace treaty is signed. Must we go back to the old, surface way of living?"

Into my mind flashed a remembrance of a tall, lean soldier-boy gazing at the golden top of a tower. "I feel as if I'd lived up there for a year and now they'd shoved me off. . . . There's got to be *something* more for all of us!"

It was then I fully realized that we must deal not only with the problems of the demobilization period but of all the years to come. Women as well as men have lived on the mountain-tops of sacrifice and service. Life can never be the same again to any individual or to any community. *No one wants it to be the same!*

Take the town in which I had just spoken. Before the war it had five churches, each with its own little organizations—Missionary Societies, Ladies' Aids, Young People's Societies, King's Daughters, Junior Bands. If you went through the lists of those who actually worked in all these societies, comparing it with the membership of the churches, you would find less than fifty per cent. of the woman membership in any church actively interested in its work.

THIS town had a woman's club whose fortnightly meetings were devoted to a study of current events, literature and art, and a Mendelssohn Club which gave monthly programs of music for its members and their guests. The Village Improvement Society directed its efforts toward improving the streets, schools, parks, and cemeteries. There were a W. C. T. U., a Suffrage Association, and an Audubon Society.

You would think every woman within a radius of ten miles would have found among these varied activities something interesting to do and would have been doing it with her might. On the contrary, fifty per cent. of the women of that town belonged to no club or society. Of the other half, twenty-two per cent. belonged to not less than six organizations; eighteen per cent. to five; ten per cent. to four.

Mrs. A—— was president of the Ladies' Aid, secretary of the Missionary Society, and treasurer of the King's Daughters, in her church. Also, she was director of the Mendelssohn Club, chairman of the Art Committee of the Women's Club, recording secretary of the W. C. T. U., and vice-president of the Village Improvement Society.

Mrs. B—— was president of the Guild in her church, superintendent of the Junior Band, treasurer of the Girls' Friendly Society. She was secretary of the Mendelssohn Club, president of the Audubon Society, chairman of committees in the Woman's Club, the Village Improvement Society, and the W. C. T. U.

So it went throughout the lists. A few born leaders were doing all the leading. The natural, never-wait-to-be-urged workers were doing all the working. And fully half the women of the community were doing nothing at all outside their homes.

This was by no means an extraordinary state of affairs. Always in every church or society the women who worked have said with a little sigh, "A few of us do it all!" The reason was, we never had any job on hand that was big and exciting enough to compel the interest and rouse the enthusiasm of every woman. We were, as the Red Cross chairman said, "busy doing things we made up to keep ourselves busy." Not that there wasn't plenty of important work needing to be done. We simply hadn't become aroused to the point of seeing its tremendous importance and *making every one else see it!*

Then came the war, *our war*, with our husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts marching off to it.

Straightway came the National Red Cross Society into every city, town, village, rural community, crying, "We want sweaters, socks, helmets, scarfs, made by the women who live here. We want thousands and thousands of them, and we want them *right away*, or *your* men will suffer from cold! We want bandages and surgical dressings, millions of them, *immediately*, or *your* men will die for lack of them!"

Came Herbert Hoover, pointing his square, relentless forefinger at every housewife and saying, "You women who handle the foodstuffs of this country must save food, produce food, teach and spread the gospel of food conservation throughout your community, *every one of you*, or your men will go hungry!"

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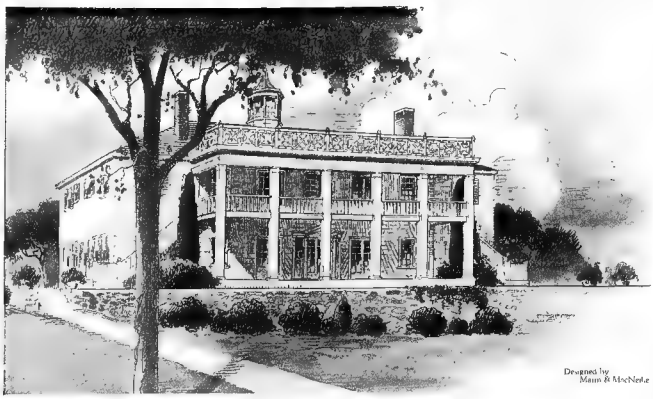


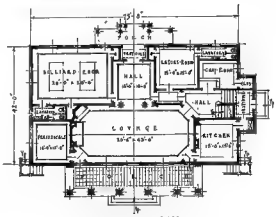
Designed by Mann & MacNeille

This Commodious Building is the Community House at Perry Point, Maryland

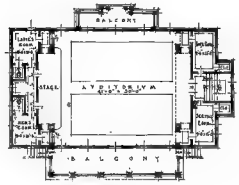
THE new town of Perry Point, Maryland, was built in 1918, and this community building was erected in the Summer of that year at a cost of $28,000.

The key to this design is the White House at Washington. The construction is of frame with shingle roof. The first floor contains a small library, a billiard-room, and a large central lounge with open fireplace; also a ladies' room, coat-room, and kitchen, with the added feature of a large front porch.

On the second floor is located the auditorium, with stage and dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen. A special feature of the second floor plan is a large balcony space communicating by French doors with the auditorium. This is a particularly attractive feature for use when dances are being given. On this floor there are also located a small ante-room for general purposes and a serving-room for use when food service is required in connection with any of the activities in the auditorium.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

An Ideal Community Building for the Small Town

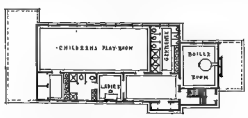
SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR PICTORIAL REVIEW

THE need of the small community for a building which may be built at low cost and used for general community purposes is met by the above building, specially designed by Mann & MacNeille for PICTORIAL REVIEW. Based on present-day costs an expenditure of $20,000 would be required for the building and equipment of this community house.

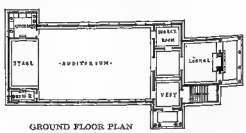
In the basement are located general service-rooms and a play-room for children which may also be used for children's classes. The main section of the building is used for a large auditorium, with stage, where lectures, private theatricals, and various community meetings may be carried on. The provision of a small kitchen makes it possible to use this room for entertainments which include collations. For additional comfort a lounge with open fireplace is provided.

With an addition of approximately 12 per cent. to the cost of this building, exterior walls may be of attractive brick, stucco, or other masonry types. The building is designed for frame construction with roof of wood or slate-surface asphalt shingles.

A building of this nature is particularly desirable for farming communities and for the activities of neighborhood musical and theatrical clubs.



BASEMENT FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

Came the War Camp Community Service, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, the Knights of Columbus, and the Jewish Welfare Board, saying, "Your men need canteens, they need motor-car service, they need amusement, they need instruction, they need the right kind of companionship, they need their buttons sewed on, their socks darned. They need you, *every one of you!*"

Piles and piles and piles of important work, all of it needing to be done instantly All of it for a cause which wrenched the heart-strings of every woman, old or young. No time now to waste half the woman-power. No time to leave all the responsibility to a few. No inclination to say, with a faint touch of self-righteousness, "I do no outside work; my home and family take all my time!"

In the little New England town the women rose to the emergency. Here was a real job—*their* job! No woman can head four or three or even two societies when each one of them is doing a work so big that its demands fill every waking hour and trouble her sleep. The "natural leaders" looked about for others of their kind, found them and developed them—which was very good for both sides. Those who had done everything in a half-dozen organizations stood appalled at the overwhelming volume of work, looked about for helpers and found them on every hand. Which, again, was very good for both sides.

A SPLENDID organization of women, one hundred per cent. strong, one hundred per cent. efficient, full of energy and patriotism, and trained by long months of service to work untiringly for the good of others, is what that community has to-day. Multiply it by the thousands of similar communities throughout the land, and you have the woman-power of the nation, organized, trained, inured to hard work, "on their toes" for the next job.

What will the next job be?

When I left New England I journeyed westward and spoke to an audience made up of women of an exclusive residential suburb of a very large city. They were women who before the war spent their days shopping, motoring, calling, dabbling in club work. Yet among them I felt the same attitude of half-anxious waiting, of wistful uncertainty about the future.

It was a girl in the Motor Corps—a girl whose father writes her monthly allowance check in four figures—who said to me at the close of that meeting:

"Nobody knows how much I have got out of the war! I used to get so awfully bored with life. If I did not have an engagement every night I worried because I thought I was losing my popularity. I pretended to enjoy things because I thought that was the proper thing to do. Now everything is different! I don't have to pretend. I am too busy to be bored. Many nights I have no date, but that doesn't matter. I am meeting interesting people all day long. I am part of a life that is worth while. Now that peace has come must I go back to the old ways?"

Next afternoon, in a city further west, I spoke to young women who represented various organizations of the Patriotic League. Afterward they lingered in groups, talking with me about their various activities. A half-dozen stood rather off by themselves, seeming a bit timid about coming forward, so I went to them and asked about their work.

"We are helpers in homes," one of them answered

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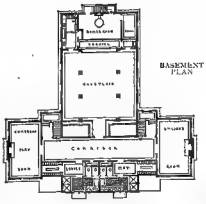
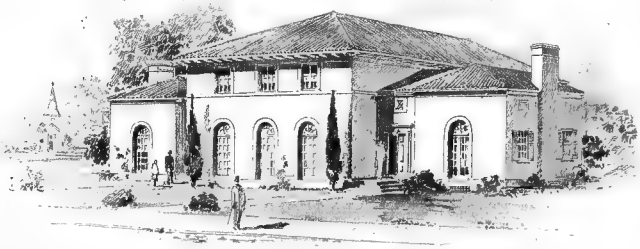
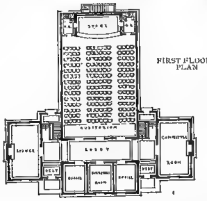
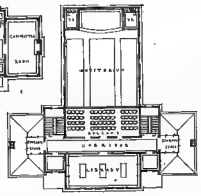








A Dignified and Attractive Community Building

SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR PICTORIAL REVIEW

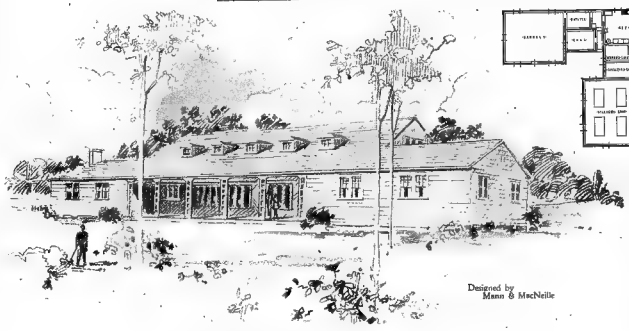
FOR communities where a permanent building of simple but attractive design is desired at reasonable cost, the above has been specially prepared for readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW. It will be seen that this building offers special possibilities in the selection of building materials, and it is recommended that it be built of stucco with red-tile roof to enhance the dignity of the exterior and to provide a pleasing contrast with the natural green of foliage.

In the basement of this building is a large room, to be used either as a cafeteria or a gymnasium, a children's play-room, and a billiard-room, together with lavatories, shower-baths, and lockers.

On the first floor are a lounge with open fireplace, a committee room, a directors' room, and two office rooms. The auditorium includes complete seating space on first floor and additional seats in the balcony, besides well-arranged stage and dressing-rooms.

On the second floor there is a large library with two ante-rooms.

Based on comparative cost of community buildings recently erected, this building can be built for $35,000.



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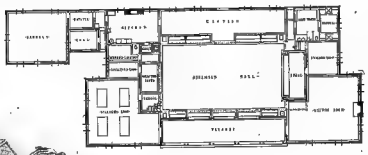
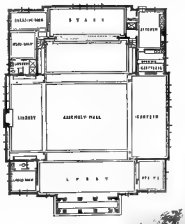


GROUND FLOOR PLAN

This Community House is Particularly Adapted to a Southern Locality

THIS building is of particularly interesting design suitable for general community use in any section of the country, altho for extremely cold weather it would not be as suitable as other buildings shown on these pages.

The floor plan has as its main feature a large assembly hall equipped with stage and dressing-rooms for the purpose of community entertainments and theatricals. An attractive feature is the reading-room and library with large open fireplace. A canteen is equipped with tables for general restaurant service and a large kitchen adjoining, opening into a storage-room and a special extension to the building which is used as a cannery. In the cannery, instructions in various methods of preserving fruit and vegetables may be given at various intervals by experts, and cooking classes maintained.



MAIN FLOOR PLAN

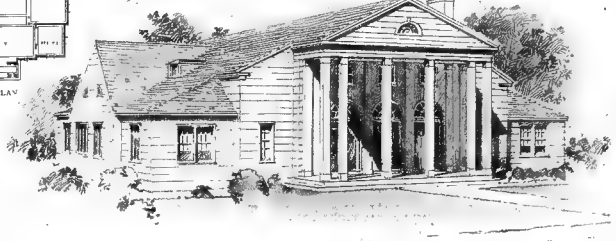
THE building at the right was completed early in August at a cost of $25,000. It is of substantial frame construction, painted entirely white with contrasting roof of dull green. This building was constructed for the activities of the War Camp Community Service in a small town where the work has been greatly augmented by the location of a permanent Government naval station.

The first floor is arranged to provide a large assembly hall with ample stage-space and dressing-rooms.

An added feature of this building is a large canteen for restaurant service, and a cafeteria and kitchen complete for necessary service. Directly adjoining the assembly hall is located a large library and lounge, while the directors' office and ladies' room are on opposite sides of the lobby.

Another special feature of this building is the ample lighting provided by a large number of casement windows. Here are facilities for general community entertainments, including lectures, motion pictures, theatricals, and music.

This is a particularly attractive type of building for communities located near points of permanent military or naval activity.



A Handsome Building Erected at Beaufort, S.C., for the War Camp Community Service

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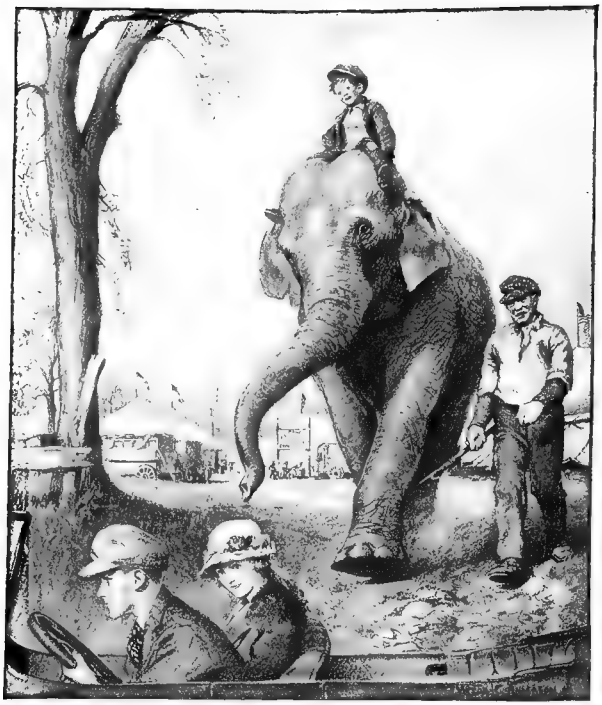

"'Lo, Paul!' He Bawled. 'Lookit Me! I'm A-gonna Ride as Fur as the Trolley Track on Hank's Back. Ain't He a Bird, Paul?'"

When LOVE IS YOUNG

Grasshoppers, Zoology and Things, Keep Its Course from Running Smooth

By
Leona Dalrymple
AUTHOR OF "DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
VICTOR C. ANDERSON

PAUL was in love, distressingly, poignantly in a state of sharpened emotion in which it was very difficult for him to keep himself in school. Spring, deepening each sunny hour the verdure of suburban lawns, called to him through school windows open to a wind of spice and the piping lilt of robins. Many times that afternoon since his zoology period had begun, Paul, irritably receptive to any form of grievance, had thanked Heaven for the warm Spring wind that came in gustily at the windows, for when it failed the laboratory filled up again with an odor indescribably suggestive of inebriacy and decay. It came, racy and aged, from certain jars of alcohol to which exceedingly dead grasshoppers, indifferently cohesive, were again and again returned.

Paul, staring hard at the defunct grasshopper he shared with Fred Hicks, surrendered suddenly to a new and fervid off-shoot of the complex estheticism love had struck into his overwrought heart, and shuddered.

Time was when the exhalations of this unspeakable insect had been to him merely an academic odor—until to-day. Now—Paul shivered, reviewing his past with a pang of horror. Yes, like Hicks there, he had been, in the vulgarity of his youth, a coarse and hardened brute, horribly scientific. Something—something thrillingly of late had made him different.

He stared with a blush at the hills to the north. Up there in the misty blueness there were winding lanes and violets and Uncle Farley's farm—and other farms; dear old Mr. and Mrs. Quinn, too—and a visiting grand-daughter——

At this point Paul's eyes became so dreamy and ecstatic that Fred Hicks abandoned his grasshopper and shifted to his languishing classmate a keen and analytical frown of interest. Aware of it, Paul boiled up resentfully into a series of jerky movements and upset a jar of tadpoles. Hicks silently handed him a sponge. It was damp. Paul took it in disgust, mopped up squeamishly and, with a muttered imprecation, flung it out of the window, answering his companion's protest with a grunt. Temporarily himself, he glanced keenly around the classroom. Mr. Lee, summoned to the telephone in the teacher's room, had not as yet returned. Paul shuddered again

"It's no use, Buns," he said chokingly to Hicks. "It—it's no use——"

Buns, the unromantic heir to a bakery, tenderly forcepped a grasshopper and turned it over.

"Oh, I dunno," he said. "I figger he'll last a coupla weeks yet."

Paul's upper lip lifted in a swift contortion of disgust.

"I—I can't stand it," he flamed. "I tell you, I can't stand it. It's horrible. That's what it is—horrible——"

"What's horrible?" asked Buns. "I don't see anything horrible."

Paul nodded mutely at the object of his loathing, half of his mind busy with a convenient jitney-bus, which for a dime conveyed passengers almost to Uncle Farley's door. Paul had known now for two weeks that he was very fond of Great-uncle Farley. He had said so boyishly to his father and mother, surprizing both.

Buns, more scientist than esthete, glanced at the deceased with real affection.

"Old boy is a bit gamey," he admitted and stopped short, having surprized upon Paul's face a legible opinion of himself.

"I've got to get out of here," muttered Paul. "Any minute I'm likely to—I'm likely to let out a yell. That's the way I feel, Buns. I—I'm going to skin out before old Lee comes back."

Buns, a slave to rules and habits, gasped.

"No!" he breathed. "No! Gosh! Hang it all, Paul," he added peevishly, "there goes a dog with my sponge. Bought it myself, too. I hope he dies."

"If you are going to make a row about that sponge," began Paul with heat. He went hurriedly, a red look of dignity to the set of his neck where, pulled up a trifle, it left his collar and joined his ears. To his intense relief he reached the street, unchallenged. Deliriously care-free at once, happy and full of dreams, he floated home. Not until he rounded his home corner did his mind fill up again with grasshoppers.

He came in upon his mother at 3:15 with an agitated look around his nose.

"Paul!" Mrs. Northrop looked up quickly from her darning. "You're—not sick?"

"I—I walked out of class, Mother," declared Paul, his face awry. "I—I had to. I—I needed air. It—it's the grasshoppers," he added shudderingly. "I—I just couldn't seem to stand 'em. Buns and I have been working along on the same one now for weeks, Mother, and every day—every day we—we pry off somethin' else, mandibles and things. Ghastly things. Actually I—I can seem to smell my clothes——"

Grandma Northrop, an inflexible old figure knitting by the window, compressed her lips. Paul, painfully conscious in his new estheticism, of her tendency to baldness, realized with a disagreeable shock that she looked, in a stern and bulky way, like Daniel Webster.

"In my day," commented Grandma Northrop bitingly, her needles flying, "there was nothing at all about a grasshopper considered essential to a young man's career. I said as much to your father when you took up this disgusting flumdummery——"

"Paul took it of his own free will, Grandma," reminded Mrs. Northrop gently.

"'Pie, Ain't It, Paul? Where'd You Get It?'"

"I—I thought," put in Paul hurriedly, moving toward the door, "I thought I'd wash up, Mother, and put on a clean collar and—and walk some in the air and maybe I'd feel different."

Five minutes later, scrubbed to the point of scintillation, he donned a clean collar and an extraordinary tie which seemed, in the first blinding minute of its reflection in the mirror, to depict a jungle sunset. Having transferred the dirt on his shoes to a clean handkerchief, he looked himself over from several angles, reviewed one with a glint of annoyance and cautiously closed his bedroom door, advancing upon the bureau immediately afterward with a melting look of tenderness.

Paul, in this, his first attack, could not be expected to remember that bureaus to a careful housekeeper are almost never stationary. His fatuous look of security as he brought out a photograph, hung craftily on the back of the bureau by means of a string and a drawing-tack, would have made his mother weep. The picture bore the words, "To Paul from Minnie." He read them in a whisper.

AT THAT minute almost any doctor on the receiving end of a stethoscope would have given him up at once, convinced that by some unprecedented freak of pathology, his heart had exploded. Paul's heart for many days had disregarded all laws of regularity. It went off periodically

"Paul!" It was, unexpectedly, the voice of Paul's father.

Paul, floating off, came back to terra firma with a thud and bid the picture, recalling hazily the recent hum of a motor in the driveway.

"What—do—you—want?" he hissed inaudibly. Then, opening the door, he passed into the zone of parental authority, leaned over the banister and said, merely, "Yes, sir."

"I understand," observed his father coldly, "that you are somewhat in need of air. If that's the case, I think I can help you out."

Fuming, Paul descended, halting in the library doorway with a labored look of inquiry.

"Father forgot some papers, Paul," explained his mother

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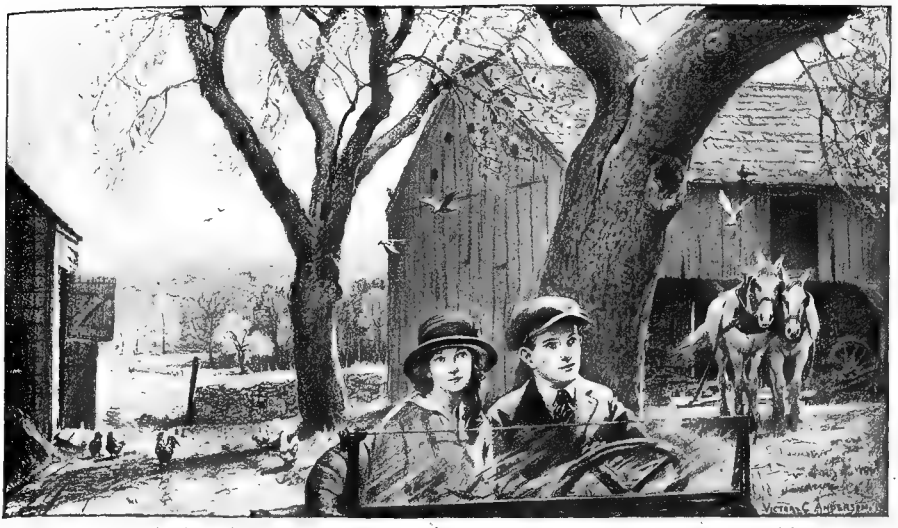

"'Funny,' Said Paul Dreamily, His Eyes on Mr. Quinn's Doves, 'Most Everythin's in Twos, Isn't It? I Mean Like This—Your Mother and Father and My Mother and Father and You and Me and the Doves and Everythin'"

nastily. "He wants you to drive him back to the office and then take the car to the garage. Bring the pie in, Katie. I just want you to take it down to the church, Paul. There's a church supper to-night and Father and I are not going. The Thatchers—Thank you, Katie. Put it on the table—the Thatchers are coming in to play whist——"

Paul looked despairingly at the pie.

"The family camel!" he muttered and sat down. "Is there anything else for me to do, Mother?" he asked quietly. "Because if there is, you'd better ask Katie to save dinner an hour or two later."

FORTUNATELY, for Paul, Mr. Northrop missed this heavy attempt at sarcasm. He was staring intently at a commotion in the hedge which skirted the further side of the driveway. A small boy had inserted himself between the shrubbery and the stone wall immediately behind it which marked the boundary of the lawn and was invisibly wriggling along with the obvious intention of avoiding capture.

"Teddy!" called Mr. Northrop sharply.

A bush halted. Half a minute later Teddy scrambled through the hedge with an outward look of piety and calm and began a labored whistle.

"Gee!" he mumbled, scuffling indoors. "Can't I -can't I even put my books in the garage? I—I put 'em in there often so's I—so's I won't track dirt into the house——"

Grandma Northrop, steeped in huffy silence, snorted.

"There—there was a fire-drill, pop," explained Teddy, blinking. "An'—an' we got all balled up. It—it was kinda late an' some of us fellas got left out of the line by mistake when the teachers marched 'em back an'—an' —we had to come home——"

Momentarily Teddy lost poise. The telephone was ringing.

"That will be the office," said Mr. Northrop heading for the hall.

If Teddy's opinion differed slightly on this point, he kept himself well in hand. Having chased the cat into the kitchen he turned on the water and disappeared. It was still splashing noisily into a tin when Katie came up from the cellar. Mr. Northrop, rigid in the doorway, was glinting dangerously at the sink, his wife behind him.

"Turned on the water," he said grimly, "so we'd all assume he was drinking and wouldn't hear him go. Chased the cat, of course, to get a speedy start——"

"He must have skipped out, sor," lamented Katie, dazed.

"Henry, what on earth—who telephoned?"

Mr. Northrop followed his startled wife back to the library and picked up his hat.

"Teddy's teacher. She had intended to keep him in. I thought I'd catch him——"

"Oh, dear! What—what's he done now?"

"Dipped the blond pig-tails of a little girl in front of him into brunette ink for one thing. That's the prolog. At three, alone in the principal's room for punishment, he pulled an alarm-switch on the wall and held a fire-drill. When things quieted down, he was gone. I suppose, Ann, he thought he'd get away with it. Unfortunately he forgot to close the switch-box and the teacher wants him back. Paul can round him up——"

Paul flung out his hand.

"Father!" he cried. "If there is any other little thing you want me to do——"

Mr. Northrop, pie in hand, went out to the car and banged the door. Paul followed. Finding the starter out of order, he savagely cranked up, backed into the spice-bush and gave vent to his fury in a burst of speed. Mr. Northrop climbed out at the office curb, still hanging to his hat.

"If you will be good enough," he said formally, "there are some papers here that I'd like you to take to Mr. Brenner. And find Teddy. Incidentally, don't forget your mother's pie. And, Paul!"

Paul, driving off, stopped the car with a careful air of patience, his eyes ahead.

"I want you to come for me at quarter of six. In your mother's car. Take this one up to Healy's."

Paul went noisily into gear.

"All of those things, Father," he muttered under his breath, "I shall do—in the course of time."

He drove north. At precisely the minute his mother was enjoying a pleasant hallucination about the pie in the tonneau, Paul at a farmhouse door, was gazing fondly into the round blue eyes of Minnie Quinn.

"Why, Paul!" said Minnie. She said it every afternoon.

Paul drifted into the sitting-room, cap in hand.

"They—they let me get out early!" he explained radiantly.

It was literally true. They had. Grandma Quinn, piecing patchwork by the window, adjusted her spectacles. Paul's periods of leisure seemed to her at times a startling miscalculation on the part of some one.

"M' father," Paul told her ingenuously, his color high, "told me to take the car." He purposely omitted the final words "to the garage," realizing delicately that to Grandma Quinn, who was old and simple-minded, the word might be embarrassing and new. "I—I was on my way to see Uncle Farley," added Paul pleasantly, "and I—I just thought I'd drop in."

Minnie smoothed back her hair, her piquant little face bright with expectation.

"Gram'ma!" she cried. "Isn't that just the luckiest thing? Now I can take your letters to the post-office."

Paul collaborated instantly.

There was a rose in Minnie's hat. It matched her cheeks. Paul, lost in wonderment at this simple fact, rejected the bee's unromantic way to the post-office almost at once. A bee and a diplomat approach a fact in a different way and Paul, hard-pressed, had in him to-day a diplomat's ideas. Talking fluently, he glided into irrelevant roads, his sense of time and direction, at no time very clear, lost in a boundless ecstasy. There were times, of course, when he glanced at the road. It was, however, purely a blank and mechanical impulse which spent itself, with technical brevity, upon obstacles in the path of his world. That world, a motor-driven planet of star-dust and seclusion, held mistily only himself and Minnie Quinn.

THE afternoon was old when Paul's abstracted retina, battling with the polyglot details of a circus just ahead, found in the chaos an item of sinister familiarity and registered it acutely. It was a small and muddy boy carrying water to an elephant.

The boy, he saw at once in an anguished wave of nausea, was in a noisy, sodden state of cheer, one bare wet knee staring grimily out of a sort of stocking window. And like the pail, he dripped—almost as if parts of him were porous.

Paul's spiritual intoxication waned, sharp in his mind a fire-drill. It had been then the ingenuity of a desperate need. Teddy had been known to scent a circus nineteen miles.

The water-sated elephant, a victim apparently of Teddy's zeal, was ignoring the pail. Minnie laughed.

"What a funny little boy!" she exclaimed. "Paul, look! *Isn't* she dirty?"

Paul, in his ice-cold concentration, had at no time ceased to look. He had moreover stalled his engine. As he seized the crank, muttering, a low-looking individual, loudly jovial, swung Teddy aboard the elephant and roared out something with a hoarse guffaw. Paul shot out of the driver's seat, scarlet with dread.

He cranked furiously. Prodded, the elephant headed lumberingly toward the highway.

Paul wet his lips and spun the engine wildly. When at last it whirred, he made the driver's seat in a flying leap, hurled the crank frantically into the tonneau, and stepped on the throttle. He was too late. Teddy, exchanging repartee with the man behind the elephant, bore down upon him, grinning.

"Lo, Paul!" he bawled. "Lookit me! I'm a-gonna ride as far as the trolley track on Hank's back. Ain't he a bird, Paul?"

"Who is he, Paul?" Minnie asked wonderingly.

"His name," said Paul, swallowing, "is—is Teddy. He lives in our—street. What—what time is it, Minnie?"

Minnie glanced at her wrist-watch.

"Paul Northrop," she said in a low voice, "it's exactly twenty-five minutes of six and we—we told Gram'ma we'd be back by half past four. I'll mail the letters to-morrow."

Paul caught his breath.

IT WAS a dejected pair who said good-by under the Quinn elms. Paul backed hurriedly down the lane, in his immediate future so great a need for haste that it blurred for the time even the harrowing memory of Teddy.

Nothing mental for the next few miles checked his head-long rush for home. Then at a cross-roads a startled farmer yelled. Paul, turning viciously in his seat to retort in kind, slowed up with a jerk. The engine died. There was a strained unnatural look of quiet around his eyes as he climbed out deliberately and reached for the crank. He found it at once. It lay in the tonneau. One end of it was in the pie.

Paul leaned toward it, his fascinated eyes protuberant with horror. After that, confused and automatic in his movements, he sat down upon the running-board and swallowed, rose again and stared crazily at a battered upheaval of meringue and lemon filling. The pie was big, its wound deep, diffused and very ugly. Paul, facing his emergency with a smothered groan, wiped off the crank with a chunk of waste and set to work upon the pie, attempting "First Aid" with a file. It was imperfectly successful. The wound closed with a soiled and omeletty look of scars horrible to contemplate. White with wo, Paul turned out his pockets. There remained of his week's allowance five possible jitney fares and three cents over.

It was dusk when he appeared unexpectedly in the apartment of Miss Spencer, the energetic little spinster who baked home-made cakes and pies for the Woman's Exchange, and bought, by sheer force of frenzied argument, a large pie pledged to some one else. It was sixty cents and he paid for most of it, delivering it at the church, neck and neck with the supper-bell.

"Paul Northrop is a nice boy," said a gentle old lady, staring after him, "but I'm afraid he works too hard in school. He looks tired around the eyes."

Outside, Paul was cranking for the last time.

"Late!" he muttered. "Late! Too late for the rest. Too late. The only thing—the only thing—I can do—is—

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THE TWELVETREES KIDDIES

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES

Hey! Kitty! Please Scratch My Back

The Beginning of a Summer Romance

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ON THEIR SUMMER VACATION

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A Trio. Not by Request

The Pup-mobile. One of the Motors Refuses to Mote

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War-Time Thrift and Peace-Time Saving

Why Is It that Americans Subscribe Billions for Patriotism and Ignore the "Rainy Day" for Themselves?

By WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury

SIX months after the signing of the armistice, at the very time when prophets of evil were publicly bemoaning the pre-occupation of the American people and wailing Jeremiads that, as far as spiritual benefits went, we as a nation had fought in vain, the Salvation Army came before that very people as a supplicant for money to conduct its home-service campaigns. Its heralds, clad in the khaki of their uniforms in France, offered to their audiences no reward other than the knowledge that the money given in the cause would be spent for the man who might be "down," but who was never "out." Their certificate of introduction was simply their old way of work and the fact that one hundred and fifty of their number had given utterly self-sacrificing service to our boys in the lines in France. They promised nothing personally advantageous to those to whom they made appeal; but thousands upon thousands of Americans who had listened yawningly a few weeks earlier to orators who explained to them the financial advantages to themselves of four and three-quarter per cent. went down to the bottom of their pockets and *gave* to the Salvation Army with a cheerfulness, a willingness, an understandingness that has few parallels in the history of any nation, but which have been equaled in the campaigns for the Red Cross, for the Young Men's Christian Association, for the Knights of Columbus, and for all kindred organizations which give service to human kind.

Why?

Because they were doing something for "the other fellow."

We have been accused in other times by other peoples of being a selfish, self-centered nation. There may have been a time when we were. If it ever existed—and it is difficult to read the history of the United States and believe that such a time may ever have been—the long months through which we fought on the fields of France and of Flanders must prove it gone.

One of the organizations giving aid to the American Expeditionary Forces in France in the midst of the war undertook a poll of the soldier's ideals of virtue A vote was taken on those virtues the soldier admired and those vices which he held in contempt. The result was, according to the tabulators, surprizing. Courage and generosity held the palm of public opinion among the fighting men, and cowardice and niggardliness aroused their most violent scorn. But why should it be surprizing to any one that men, more than four millions of them, who were ready to give their lives that other men and women and children should live in a better world, would set down courage and generosity as the primary virtues? Was it not, after all, the root of the lesson of Calvary? To be brave enough to die that others might find life better and finer and higher?

A Snapshot of Mr. McAdoo and His Daughter, President Wilson's Granddaughter

SEVENTY-FOUR thousand of those men died in France for that ideal, and other seventy-four thousands have come marching home to weld it, if we so desire, into our national life even as they have set it in their personal lives. That is, I believe, the leaven of our American freedom; and so strong is it, so vital, so intense that any national plan which fails to take cognizance of it is foredoomed to failure. Not in our time may we come before the people of the nation with an idea that takes into consideration only their selfish interest. Too many young lives went out at Château-Thierry, in the Argonne, at Soissons, up that terrible slope of Blanc Mont at St. Mihiel to let self-interest become the dominant force of the people who remember them. Because of that remembrance, the future problems of America must be measured by the new rule of three—mine, yours, and his. Not alone is the world to be better for one man or one group of men. It is to be better for his neighbor and for their neighbor. And, until that is accomplished, the war is not yet done.

One of the impelling causes which took the United States into war was the ideal of world democracy. We fought that war not only for democracy abroad, but for democracy at home. One of the ways in which we strove to bring this about in full measure was by the financing of the war—by making the people of the nation the creditors of the Government. The millions of Americans who own bonds of the five Liberty Loans justified all faith that any one might have held in their vision, in their eagerness to do what they could; for the greatness of the response lay not so much in its amount, great as it is, but in its spontaneity and in the numbers of those who made it. It is my belief that, in the crisis of conflict, the American people would have done more than loan their money to the Government, had the need arisen. A million Robert Morrises would have given it.

Six months after the close of the first Liberty Loan there came to the Treasury a letter from a Western farmer. He had subscribed, he wrote, one thousand dollars to the Government in the Loan. Now, he saw, the interest was due. To whom, he asked, and where should he pay it? It gave me pleasure to answer him that the Government was his debtor, not his creditor; but it gives us all greater pleasure to know that this man, who invested his money in the belief that he was giving it, and was ready to give more, typified the spirit of the nation.

No less inspiring was the letter of an old woman in Washington to the chairman of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. She had seen her working at the street booth in Lafayette Square. "I went down the street, wondering what I could do, for I had no money. Then I saw a sign in a restaurant window, 'Dish-washer Wanted.' And so I am washing dishes to buy my Liberty Bond."

Why is it, then, that these same people who sacrificed comfort, even necessities, to subscribe to the Liberty Loans, pay so little comparative heed to the Governmental call to them to buy thrift stamps and certificates? The money is required for the same purposes, the same general ends. The principle of investment is the same. The security is equally good Why don't they buy? Why don't they save?

The argument is sometimes advanced that we Americans are not a frugal people. We may not be, but we have proved that we can be frugal whenever we see the justice of that frugality. We saved sugar, and flour, and wool, and leather, and money to win a war. Why, then, can't we keep it up for our own advantage?

We are told that by our savings and by investment of those savings in Government savings securities, we shall acquire money that we would not otherwise have. Tables upon tables show the accumulations. Pages upon pages, show the personal advantage of personal thrift. "Save save! save!" is the slogan. For what? you ask. For investment. And who profits by the investment? you inquire. You, comes the answer.

And that, I think, is why the American passes by. For five years he has listened to the intensification of the creed that he has always known, deep down in his soul, was right, that sets the welfare of mankind above individual welfare. Shall he now, tho the battles be ended, go down from the hills of vision? For two years he has dwelt in the thought of other men. Shall he rush back into the narrow cell that is himself?

Of all the words in the English language—and there are many of them capable of exciting keen distaste in American eyes and ears—no group of them enjoys the unpopularity among the people of the United States which surrounds "thrift" and its synonyms. The very mention of frugality is sufficient to set quivering those nerves which arouse emotions of opposition in the human heart—when that heart is American. The mere thought of scrimping expenditure to promote savings is almost enough to damn any cause based upon it. We will all save some immediate end—of spending. We will save the pennies in order to rive you the dollar; we will save to give to a worthy cause; but, beyond that, we lack the desire to acquire the habit.

One reason for our national lack of frugality is the illusion that every American is destined to become rich. Great wealth—except in the "Rollo" books—comes not as a result of frugality, but of other qualities of mind. In fact, great wealth comes oftenest to the man who knows not frugality nor any of its stern sisters. The gambling genius of the American spirit in finance prefers the chance of swiftly made, highly piled fortune to the certainty of a modest competency. That, at least, is the theory fostered by fiction, until there has been in the country what we might almost call a "jitney plutocracy" of those who by the expenditure of enough money to buy the reading-matter can easily translate themselves into masters of finance. And it is against this influence that the campaign for thrift, frugality, savings, call it what we will, must be waged.

THE fact of the matter is that the great majority of Americans are employed at inelastic wages that can not be stretched to meet their desires. Desires must therefore be held within the limits of income, and future emergencies and luxuries provided for by the only method—savings. But, with the cost of living higher in proportion than is the wage scale, how can the average American family be taught to save, particularly when it is surrounded by the false, but pleasant, theory that some day Father will invent a motor, or Brother slide up to a manager by some clever sales trick? These illusions lure thrift to destruction.

It is from this economic destruction that will come in time, unless it be checked—for it has only been possible because of our ratio of resources and of population, a ratio that can not continue indefinitely—that the thrift idea seeks to save the nation. But, to accomplish this salvation, it is appealing to the American to be frugal—which he hates—to help himself, in whom he has less interest than in his neighbor. He was frugal for his country, for his ideals, for his fellow men, when their need was presented to him. Why, then, do we not present them again? For they exist, just as vitally in the situation to-day, as they existed two years ago and a year ago; and they will continue to exist as long as this republic endures. For these needs are the very stones on which our institutions are built.

The history of republics shows that their danger lies in the assimilation of power by the few, opposing the welfare of the many. There are more ways than one by which such power may be gained, but the surest, the speediest the most certain is that which permits the creditorship of a nation to pass into the hands of a comparatively group of men who have their own and not the people's interests at heart. Money is as necessary for the conduct of Governments as of households. For sustenance the money must be somehow provided. The Government must have sinews and the sinews are dollars. If these can not be raised in one way, they must be in another. Either the people, as a whole, must finance the Government, either through taxation or bond purchase, or the Government must borrow from individuals, from banks, or from corporations of large fortunes. If it does the latter, these interests hold exactly the same relation to the Government that the holder of a first mortgage does to the owner of the property and the payer of the interest. If, on the other hand, the debt is divided between millions of citizens who *are* the Government, the relationship is as different as is co-operative society from a Uriah Heep. That is the nucleus of the situation in Government finance. Even with the war ended, the Government still has debts to pay It can pay them with money it borrows from wealthy corporations, banks or individuals; or it can pay them with the money it borrows from the people. It is for the people to say what they shall do; for the people are the Government.

> THE attitude of the American people toward thrift, says ex-Secretary McAdoo, is peculiar. If there is glory to be won, or a worthy cause to be promoted, no people are more thrifty. But in ordinary times we look on thrift as a kind of stinginess. We save for the Government, but when it comes to saving for our own account, there is no glory in it and we don't do it. Mr. McAdoo suggests methods to convert our war-time thriftiness into peace-time saving, and points out the necessity thereof.

But how will their investment in Government securities help "the other fellow"? By keeping alive for him, for future generations, the sort of Government that we enjoy to-day We have done our best to make the world better for our own time, not for our own sakes, but for the sakes of our children, of our neighbors, and of those whom we count neighbors only in the wider agricultural sense. Shall we fail now to do what we can to keep it good for our children's children and generations beyond our own?

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I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame.—Job xxix. 15

PAINTED BY ALBERT HERTER

LOVE LIGHTS THE WAY

Verses by Hazel Deyo Batchelor

One woman cradled him against her breast,
Worked with her toil-worn hands to give him bread.
The other knew him when his boy's unrest
Had merged to manhood and his blood ran red.
One was the mother who had shaped his life.
The other woman was his mate, his wife.

Out of the blackened carnage of the war
One woman welcomed back her only child,
Saw him straight-limbed as he had been before,
Touched his rough shirt and was content and smiled.
The other woman saw his shattered sight
And breathed a prayer that she might bear the light.

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Tho Distant Fields Be Green this Story Shows that Home, after all, Is always Home

DRAWINGS BY GRANT E. REYNARD

"She Had the Experience of Her Life—She Was Given a Very, Very Minor Part"

DUOTONES

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

A DIRTY, unsightly gray blot in a monotone of gray, the ramshackle house squatted gauntly in the middle of the clearing. The last faint traces of its pristine white paint had disappeared, leaving it drab and horrible, an architectural slattern.

Its rotting roof was patched here and there with unpainted shingles, the broken veranda spanning its front had not even been extended that consideration. Window-shutters were gripped in no certain manner by rusty, broken hinges; the front door gaped, the mud-plastered stone chimney was a structural impossibility—a domestic leaning tower of Pisa.

A few sickly chickens scratched despairingly in the sandy gravel, a few pigs grunted contentedly in the wallow near the edge of the clearing; near the battered barn a hundred feet in the rear stood a dejected cow. Before the house an old wooden wash-tub perched on a broken stool stood neglected after years of faithful service.

Gray everywhere: a colorless desuetude. And yet in other hands the place might have been beautiful. The clearing was framed with magnificently gnarled live oaks and cypress from the majestically bending boughs of which great bunches of Spanish moss hung like fringe from the robes of an emperor. Behind this frame rose the serried sky-line of tall, straight pines, regal in the starkness of a sunless South Carolina dusk.

The little clearing was bounded on the west by the cause for its being—a fourteen-inch tract giving evidence of its economic waste under partial cultivation; on the east by Hell Hole Swamp, that paradise of malarial mosquitoes and raucous frogs. An ill-kept cordúroy road connected the clearing with the sodden village of Karnak, some six or seven miles to the westward; to the east there was swamp—and more swamp—and more—and more——

Before the old, rusty kitchen stove in the fire-box of which blazed an extravagant waste of resinous lightwood, a woman prepared the evening meal. She was thirty and looked forty-five; her once-shapely figure floppy where it should have curved—neglected as the house was neglected. A mass of auburn hair was pasted tightly back against the well-shaped head and screwed into a hideous knot at the rear. Her gown, for all its freedom from dirt, was an ugly, unimaginative thing which under other circumstances might have become a rather attractive bungalow apron. Her legs were encased in heavy black cotton stockings, the small feet in square-toed, run-down-at-the-heel shoes.

Hallie Rivers was a woman who lived to die. Her path of existence was unswerving. To rise in the morning at five, to light the fire in the range, prepare a breakfast for her tall, gaunt husband, to see him leave for his fourteen-acre patch or to harness up the mule and drive into Karnak for a day of idle gossip which she dubbed "business," to wash clothes, mend clothes—sometimes, in a creative orgy, to *make* clothes—to nibble at a stale, flaccid lunch, to sleep a bit in the afternoon, to eat a seven o'clock evening meal, to sit on the veranda in Summer—and before a lightwood fire in the Winter—until about eight-thirty; without conversation save an ocasional question and a rare morsel of nauseous gossip; to go to bed—and then at five in the morning to rise again. That was her routine. It had been her routine since marriage three years previously, and she faced it for the duration of a none-too-healthy life.

She was the elder of two sisters, born in Karnak and raised there. Their family stock was good, far better than the average Karnak blood. The two girls had led the church-social life of the decaying little town. Then, twelve years before, Madge had left to visit relatives in Washington. She had never returned.

Her letters had been an Arabian Nights Entertainment for Hallie. There had been a Government position in Washington—then the horrible news that she had joined a theatrical troupe. After that had come the movies and more than a measure of success. The very postmarks on Madge's letters had been a wonder-book: Washington, New York, Fort Lee, Scranton, Richmond, Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francisco—Los Angeles! And now she was back in New York again. Once Hallie had gone to Charleston for some semi-annual shopping on a day when one of Madge's pictures had been showing at the Princess. That the radiant creature she saw was the eighteen-year-old, straight-lined girl who had left Karnak twelve years before—and who had never returned—Hallie could not believe. It savored of Genii's work. The thing was too unreal, too impossible, to make an impression. Hallie returned to Karnak and to her home with the vague impression that she witnessed a fairy-tale.

During the first few years of Madge's absence Hallie had fed interest to herself by the reiteration of the fact that some day soon she was going to visit Madge. But Madge had been here to-day and there to-morrow, and the relatives in Washington had moved to Minneapolis, and Hallie had been forced to keep house for her father—until he married for the second time—and then Hallie married.

SHE was twenty-seven when she married. Since maturity she had been above her neighbors mentally. Her mind was naturally keen, her repartee quick—and biting. She had been a good friend to many of the more or less shiftless young men about Karnak, but things had ended there. They were afraid of her—they didn't want a wife on whom they could not look down.

And so Hallie had remained single for many years more than she should. She was the town's Old Maid—too good for the best the town had to offer—and did not offer. Marriage became her secret shibboleth. She wanted to get married. She was hopelessly anchored in Karnak; the life had gotten into her blood and made it sluggish, she knew instinctively that she would never get away from it, that the decay of the place was in her, gnawing at her initiative—that she was caught in the relentless toils of it and that she would never get away.

Wherefore, she demanded marriage. Romance? Passion? She had known of them once—but that was long ago. To her—now—marriage meant leaving the roof of her shiftless, if likable, father and the stepmother whom she detested, and transferring her belongings to the roof of a man who was to be her husband. Beyond that she did not look. The girls of Karnak seldom do. The prospect is too drab—besides, introspection is troublesome and Hell Hole Swamp is not conducive to energy.

But the wedding itself! For one brief week she was the gazed-upon by all. For one red-letter evening she held the calcium. She experienced the first real thrill which had been hers since the day when Madge had announced from Washington that she was not to return.

Her pleasure was pitiful. A young man from Charleston, up for a few days of partridge hunting, described the wedding many times afterward. He had been vastly amused: "Little church and pretty flowers—azaleas, jessamine, roses, dogwood—looked nifty. But the people dressed to kill and shoes not shined. The mayor of the town and the community drunkard hobnobbing—and most likely related by marriage. The groom tall and gawky and with big hands and feet—gad! those feet! As for the bride—she had on one of those 'Bridal Dresses—Special $9.98,' stiff and starched and sticking out, and white silk gloves which didn't quite meet the sleeves of the dress and —well, sir, she had a look on her face which said, plain as day, 'I've got him now. There's nothing more in life for me.'"

FOR twelve years Hallie had been undergoing a psychic disintegration; at first her dreams had fought—and died; then had come a dogged hope that life held out for her at least a measure of happiness, or broadening. And after that the devout wish that it might have for her anything save the abject misery of impecunious spinsterhood. The swamp—the utter desuetude of the country—had gotten into her veins. She could no more escape it than she could hope to escape death itself. It was inexorable, implacable.

The rose-and-rapture period of her marriage lasted through three days at the Charleston Hotel. Lee Rivers was infinitely below her, socially and mentally. He was of the type which is dubbed by the southeastern South Carolinians "Swamp Angel"—by others, "poor white trash."

He farmed his fourteen acres, he bought an acre here and sold it there, he lived a year ahead of himself—on the "advances" of Karnak merchants who financed his agricultural operations and took a lien on his cotton crop—giving him the privilege of taking out seventy-five per cent. of those advances in trade, at advanced retail prices. He was fond of jury duty and never missed a magistrate's trial where he might serve with others who were his peers.

If he had a mind, it was stagnant. The events of the world were something which did not concern him. He loved his wife passively: at least he took her for granted and did not ill-treat her. She was a part of his ménage in the swamp just as was the cow and the mule and the chickens. A machine to cater to his limited creature

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comforts. Something without which his home would not have been complete: and, once installed, to be ignored.

And so Hallie Rivers prepared her evening meal this dull gray Spring night. Her mind was torpid. She did not even raise her head when she heard her husband stable the mule, stamp across the creaky veranda, fling his hat into a corner, and plump his big, bony frame into a wicker chair before the table. She set the meal before him, seated herself opposite and listened to his gustatory enjoyment. After dinner they talked.

"We gave Jim Connor fifty dollars for his cow in that railroad case. I was on the jury."

"That so?"

"Yeh! It was the cow's fault, I guess; but what I says is that the corporations c'n afford to pay for 'er better than jim can. That's my idee."

"Yes?"

A long silence. He gnawed at a plug of tobacco. "Lawyer Stevens 'a goin' to appeal. Lot o' good it'll do him—huh!"

He broke another long silence, "I'll start that new ploughin' tomorrow."

"Will you?"

"Yep. Brought you home a sack of flour an' a side o' bacon. I'm tired o' corn pone."

"So'm I."

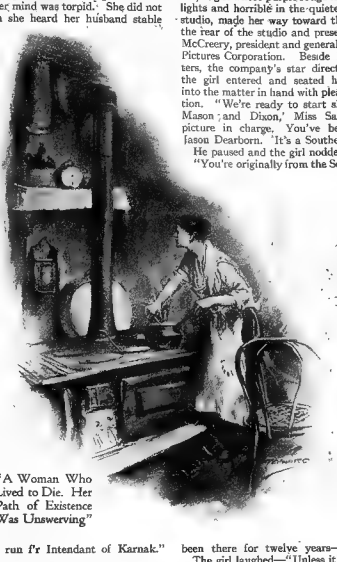
"Harry Green's goin' to run f'r Intendant of Karnak."

"Is he?"

"Yes." The old clock on the mantel ticked away. Their rocking chairs creaked against the loose floor-boarding. At eight-twenty he rose and yawned. "Le's go to bed."

"All right."

Fifteen minutes later he was snoring. She turned on her side, buried her face in the pillows, listened idly to the croaking of the frogs—and another day was finished.



"A Woman Who Lived to Die. Her Path of Existence Was Unswerving"

THE crowded boxlike New York City studio of the Superlative Feature Film Corporation thrummed with strident activity. The gaunt building in the east Forties, which in its day had been a poor but proud warehouse, was now a manufactory of canned drama. Inside was a chaos in which there was a sort of order.

Great banked batteries of blinding Cooper-Hewitts threw into pale relief the faces of those not in make-up; two camera-men tested their machines preparatory to actual scene-shots. Six interior sets were ready for the actors, two more were in process of building. The studio was a bedlam of sound—

"Hey you, Jim! Where's that two-by-four?" "All ready, Miss Sanderson? Remember you've been called in to nurse this man—you're a professional, see? You don't know who he is until you get by the bed—then stop—register surprize—horror—" "Courtney! Where's *Mister* Courtney? Stape wants you up in th' continuity room." "No! No! Not that way, Miss Sanderson—you go at it too fast. Speed's all right, but we want this thing to look natural: run through it again." "Look out there, kid. Whatcha doin't over here. Y'd better get over with Mister Delaney—give this set th' wanst-over, will ye?" "That's fine, Miss Sanderson—fine! Picture! Ready—camera! *Shoot!* So-o, easy into the room there—hold it, *ho-o-old* it! Slow—slow— You recognize him—" "You Bill! where's that sunlight machine? Bring 'er over." "Miss Sanderson wanted! *Mi-i-iss* Sanderson!" "That's it, Miss Sanderson—hold 'er—now turn toward that table—good—fine! Iris out! *Got it!*"

"*Mi-i-iss* Sanderson!" A boy shoved his way through the jam at the property-room door. "*Mi-i-iss* Sanderson!"

The director who had Madge Sanderson in charge whirled rather irritably. "Here she is, boy. Whatcha want?"

"The big boss wants 'er in the office. Right away."

The director swore under his breath. "We'll catch that close-up first. Camera ready? Good. That's it—hold 'er. Take! Better be trotting along, Miss Sanderson."

The girl whose purple rouge looked natural in the battery lights and horrible in the quieter glow of the center of the studio, made her way toward the rickety flight of steps at the rear of the studio and presented herself before Gordon McCreery, president and general manager of the Superlative Pictures Corporation. Beside McCreery sat Connie Walters, the company's star director. Both men nodded as the girl entered and seated herself. McCreery plunged into the matter in hand with pleasing absence of circumlocution. "We're ready to start shooting Galbraith's 'Below Mason and Dixon,' Miss Sanderson. Connie has the picture in charge. You've been cast to play opposite Jason Dearborn. It's a Southern picture."

He paused and the girl nodded. "Yes?"

"You're originally from the South, aren't you?" he asked.

"South Carolina."

"What part?"

"A little place called Karnak—up in the heart of the swamp country."

"How long since you've been there?"

"Twelve years."

"Any big plantation around there? One of these regular places—white pillars, and all that sort of stuff: rich family—you've read 'Below Mason and Dixon' haven't you?"

"Yes—I've read it. And Live Oak plantation just beyond Karnak is just the place you want." The girl's eyes grew large and she clapped her hands with enthusiasm, "Just exactly what you want—avenues of live oaks shrouded with gray moss, swamps adjoining roads through the pine woods, a magnificent mansion that has been there since Colonial days—"

McCreery scratched his head: "But if you haven't been there for twelve years—"

The girl laughed—"Unless it's burned down there's been no change, Mister Mac. The Karnak country doesn't change—except maybe the paint wears off a little. And in the book—the village scenes—Karnak was built for it. Say, it'll look like a million dollars to you. Couldn't be better."

The owner of the company turned quizzical eyes on his director, "What do you say, Connie? Willing to go to it on Miss Sanderson's say-so?"

"Surest thing in the world. We ought to be able to pull out in a week—your picture's just about through, isn't it?"

"Just about," answered the girl—"barring re-takes."

"Re-takes can wait. We won't be gone more than two or three weeks. If you know that country we ought to be able to hustle things up."

"Know it?" enthused the girl, "I was raised there. It's perfectly beautiful!" And as she left the room Connie grinned at his superior: "Nice little kid that—got the stuff, too. She's tickled stiff over going home. They say that South Carolina country gets into your bones and won't let go: you just gotta love it!"

"So I've heard," responded McCreery. "But I've been there—and I'm hanged if I can understand it."

The advent of the Superlative Pictures Corporation in Karnak had been well-heralded. It was Lee Rivers's Great Moment: his sister-in-law was the female lead with the company—for once in his life Lee held the spotlight and he made the most of it.

The company went to Charleston by sea and after a night at one of the Meeting Street hotels journeyed north for one hour and a half by rail. Dusty and sleepy-eyed, they piled off at Karnak.

They were met by a single street, heavy with gray dust; by a double row of grim, straight-front buildings which stretched away to a pine fringe. About the old depot the denizens of the town were clustered: the rather portly and once pulchritudinous proprietress of the hotel which was to house them; the village doctor, the Intendant—a speech trembling on his lips; the one-man police force, Ernie Rudd, the pastor of the Baptist Church, a dozen owners of dilapidated hacks and a half-dozen flivvers. It was Karnak's great day!

Madge Sanderson stepped down from the train and gazed up the single street of the town with wide eyes. Here she had been raised, her childhood memories were bound up in this town. She had been excited as a school-girl over her recrudescence.

BUT things were different. It was not as she had expected. Sim Carter's store was gone—she knew that it had burned down three years before; and a newer structure had supplanted it, and there was a new and rather prepossessing two-story house opposite the post-office and a couple of garages which had not been there in her automobileless days. Karnak was proud of its improvement, but to the girl, sight of it came as a distinct shock. Only Connie Walters, the director, enthused. He turned glowing eyes on Madge Sanderson. "Great," he said. "It's just what we want. I didn't know there was such a place as this."

A big, raw-boned man detached himself timidly from the crowd by the waiting-room door and shuffled forward. He was shirt-sleeved and collarless, a battered felt hat perched on the back of his head. His face was shaved to rawness. He walked to Madge— "This mightn't be Madge now, might it?"

She laughed nervously, "Yes. And you're Lee?"

"I'm y'r brother. I guess I'd better kiss y'." He brushed his lips against hers and the scarlet flooded her cheeks. She felt terribly embarrassed before the other members of the company. This was her brother-in-law; this unkempt yokel. And her sister— "Where's Hallie?"

He craned his neck up the road. "Yonder she comes now. She had to go up to th' hotel to fix some posies in your room."

Starched gingham flashed across the barren square and Hallie Rivers threw herself in her sister's arms. They kissed resoundingly then gazed into each other's eyes. "You've changed, Madge! Oh! you're *so* pretty!"

"And you've changed—" Madge caught herself in time: "You're looking pretty, too." Somehow, it was hard to believe that there was only a little more than two years' difference in their ages: Madge appeared twenty-two—Hallie, forty. And in girlhood, Hallie had been the prettier.

"It's good to be back," enthused Madge uncomfortably. "I've never been away," came the rejoinder. "So I don't know."

"You can take my word for it—let me introduce you to the others."

The introductions were made, the company repaired to the hotel and a specially-prepared fried-chicken breakfast: fine chicken ruined with a superabundance of grease. Then Connie Walters and his camera-man hired a small car and made ready to go out "on locations." "Reckon your husband would go with us?" asked he of Hallie.

"Tickled to death," responded Lee pompously. "Of course, I'm a busy man—"

Connie gazed at him sharply: "We'll be glad to pay you—" He was very glad that he did not have to meet the eyes of Madge Sanderson or her sister. "What do you reckon a couple of days of your time would be worth, Mr. Rivers?"

"'Bout two dollars a day, maybe?"

"Certainly—"

There was no work done that day and Madge visited her sister's home in the clearing by the swamp. Within Hallie's breast a vague unrest had been begotten. Madge at a distance had been a fairy-story: in the flesh she was an actuality which stirred even Hallie's deadened imagination. Hallie questioned her of the life in the North—and at length Madge shifted the talk to the little gaunt cabin. "You're happy, Hallie?"

"Why, yes—why not?"

"Nothing—I just guessed— Lee good to you?"

"He don't bother me any," returned her sister.

"He might paint the house!" snapped Madge.

"There ain't no use. The house is all right. Paint don't last so very long out here."

Madge shrugged. "And you might take care of yourself, too, Hallie. Honest, you look as tho you were trying to make up to look forty. You're right pretty—and your hair—why don't you fluff it up a bit and coif it? You seem to have lost all your spirit."

"Guess you would, too, if you'd always lived here."

"It *is* a God-forsaken place, ain't it?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

"'You're Not in Love, or You'd Never *Guess* about It. When a Woman Loves a Man She Don't Guess'"

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"WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE" *PAINTED BY HARRY ROSELAND*

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KATE GLEASON *of Rochester*

AMERICA'S PIONEER WOMAN MACHINIST

By CLAIRE ROSS

Miss Gleason Was the First Woman Elected to Active Membership in the American Society of Mechanical Engineers

"HITCH your wagon to a star," said a philosopher. Miss Kate Gleason of Rochester, N. Y., pioneer woman machinist, has obeyed this mandate both literally and figuratively. Not only has Miss Gleason broken down all tradition in the past and entered fields never before explored by women, but she is now helping to blaze the way for the trailer-car, the wagon of the future, which will be hitched to that bright light of the twentieth century known as the gasoline motor-vehicle.

Tho in sternest competition with men, Miss Gleason has always come out with flying colors. Her work has compelled the highest recognition. In 1914 she was elected to active membership in the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the first woman to be so honored; in 1916 the Rochester Chamber of Commerce broke its rule of having only male members and included Miss Gleason; and in 1918 she was elected President of the First National Bank of East Rochester and was thereby made the only woman in the United States who has the authority to sign National Bank-notes.

Despite the ability that Miss Gleason has demonstrated in the big world of citizenship and finance, she is, above all things, a master-machinist. She determined upon her profession more than thirty-five years ago, when Mid-Victorian ideas of women were all too prevalent.

Perhaps she never would have dared to enter what was then considered an outlandish field if it hadn't been that her father, who was a machinist, took her into his shop.

Her duties were supposed to be confined to office work, helping with the books and pay-roll. But Kate Gleason, fascinated, spent every spare minute in the machine-room where she watched the men and tried her hands at all things.

At fourteen, Miss Gleason's days were divided between study and hard work. True to her pioneer ideas, she prepared to take a course in mechanical engineering at Cornell University and was the first woman who ever matriculated in this department. Moreover, the University records show that her work was of the highest order and that her drawings were particularly fine.

She Knows the Business Thoroughly

UPON the completion of her college course, Miss Gleason returned to her father's shop and became an important factor in building up his organization. She resumed her place in the office and also showed creative ability in designing gearings. In fact, she demonstrated such cleverness in handling machinery that she was often sent out to aid customers who had difficulty in their set-ups. More than one dealer was not only nonplused by the appearance of a slip of a girl to do what he considered essentially a man's job, but also humbled by the skill and ease with which this girl solved what had seemed to be an unsurmountable problem.

Miss Gleason has consistently shown herself to be of the metal that is appalled at nothing. Six years ago a large machine-works in Rochester went into bankruptcy to the amount of over one hundred thousand dollars. Miss Gleason was appointed receiver—one of the first women in the State of New York to be charged with such an office. She asked to be allowed to continue the business; to be given the opportunity of pulling it out of the mire. Seventy-five per cent. of the creditors agreed to her proposition. The obdurate twenty-five were given fifty cents on the dollar in settlement of their claims. Within a year her associate creditors were not only reimbursed in full, but the business, once more in a flourishing condition, was sold back to the original owners for a small sum.

This task completed, Miss Gleason did not rest upon her hard-earned laurels; she looked for fresh fields. As she herself has expressed it, "To be really happy you can not accept the easy berth; you must ever strike out into new industrial battle-grounds."

Showing her usual foresight, she next turned to the problem of hauling transportation and decided about four years ago to concentrate on the manufacture of the trailer-car. Here, she felt, was a vehicle that could easily and inexpensively use the pulling power of thousands and thousands of automobiles, pleasure and otherwise, now going to waste.

Miss Gleason's factory is in East Rochester, and this may have stimulated her interest in the little town. At any rate she has been the dominating factor in its recent rapid development. It had been a small settlement with mud roads. At the present time it boasts of many miles of excellently paved thoroughfares, and Miss Gleason has been the guiding spirit in putting through a measure that will, in a more direct way, connect East Rochester with the city of Rochester proper.

Tho she has financed five of East Rochester's largest industries and is a heavy stockholder in the bank of which she was recently elected president, the deep bond between Miss Gleason and the residents is not a monetary but a human one. She wants her East Rochester associates to have good healthy pleasure. She has given them a fine nine-hole golf course and with it a charming concrete club-house, which not only has the usual showers and lockers but a dance-hall and a library. The club-house was laid out in such a way that it makes an ideal community center. In the very heart of East Rochester she has turned what could have been a valuable piece of business property into a lovely wooded park.

Moreover, Miss Gleason has aided in the East Rochester home development in every sense of the word. Not only has she financed the building of cozy cottage-type houses, but many a family has learned that she is their true friend.

Miss Gleason's own home, Clonos, is situated on the outskirts of East Rochester and reflects her unusual combination of mechanical genius, business sense, and feminine characteristics. The material employed in its building was, for the most part, gathered at nearby places, and in this way a great deal was saved in the cost of delivery. Always loyal, she recruited the builders from her fellow inhabitants and directed them in the execution of her own blueprints, taken and modified from the Alhambra.

Clonos has the Moorish center court with its fountains and exotic plants enclosed by a glass roof, but to it Miss Gleason has added her ingenuity. She has built the glass roof in such a way that it works on ball-bearings. This enables her, when the weather permits, to enjoy the great out-of-doors in her own home. To the side of the court Miss Gleason has placed a light wooden staircase, operated by ropes. If she wishes to remain in her suite on the second floor, free of disturbance, she simply pulls up the steps after her.

Miss Gleason must be tempted to exile herself often, for her rooms not only offer a wonderful view of Clonos, with its gardens and fine orchards, but, like the rest of the home, these apartments are warm and inviting. Throughout, the feminine touch is everywhere; in her extensive travels she has collected beautiful rugs and fabrics. Her Japanese materials are particularly lovely and form a fine contrast to the Byzantine carvings and rich dark furniture. Moreover, Miss Gleason has not thought of her own comfort to the exclusion of others. Her housekeeper has a fine sitting-room, separated from the rest of the house, and with its own private entrance.

As for Miss Gleason herself. She is a fine-looking woman in the prime of life. She is tall and even-featured, with keen blue eyes and graceful carriage. Tho possessed of much womanly charm, she conveys at once the impression of great power and capabilities. Her attire did not, as the writer had anticipated, tend to the mannish. On the contrary, she wore a lovely gray-satin dress trimmed with bands of seal-skin fur and, surprize of surprizes, high-heeled slippers.

Believes in Her Fellow Men

MISS GLEASON is altogether approachable. When asked the keynotes of her success she replied, "I owe a great deal of my inspiration to Susan B. Anthony. She showed me that women could take an active part in outside affairs and I shall always cherish the memory of our friendship. Anxious, however, as I was to do things, my career would have been quite impossible without the encouragement of my father. You know that for a great many years he had to endure not only criticism but ridicule for allowing me to work in his shop.

"I have always placed great faith in my fellow men and I find that in response they give me their best. Of course, to have a thing done properly, you must be able to do it yourself; that's why I take each of my projects in turn so seriously. I have been accused of being single-tracked, but I find it pays in the end. I never put my goal too far ahead; it is better to concentrate on what you are doing and then, when you have reached that end, try the next thing.

"Personally I feel that for a woman to marry young is, in a great measure, a sacrifice of her career. Which reminds me of the philosophy of a laundress who once said to me, 'You will do well to marry late. If you get the right man you are glad you waited, and if you get the wrong one you don't have so long to suffer.'

"The greatest fun I have in life is building-up, trying to create. I safeguard my health jealously, for I want to live to be a hundred years old and to work until the last minute. What am I going to do when I get my trailer-car launched? Well, I refuse to say; I think it is better to do a thing first and talk after the accomplishment, but I have something very definite in mind."

And try as the writer did, it was impossible to persuade Miss Gleason to discuss her future projects. But it is a safe hazard that she will take the untrodden path and make the way easier for those who are to follow. Miss Gleason will always be a pioneer.

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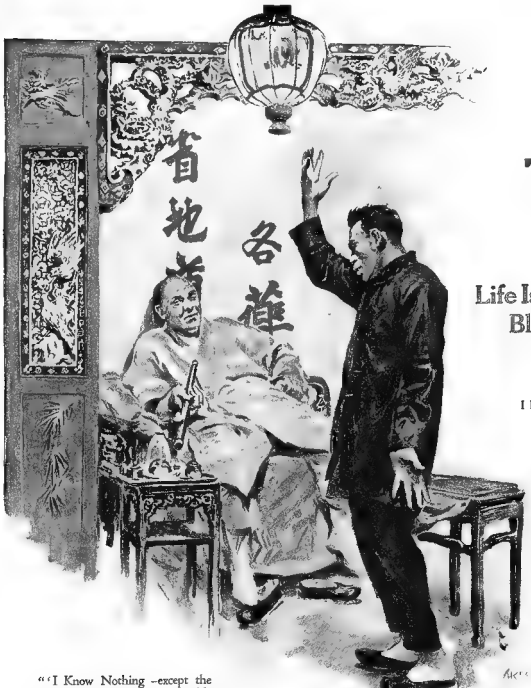

"'I Know Nothing—except the Immutability of My Honorable Oath that I Shall Give to Her Everything, but Sorrow'"

The Honorable Gentleman

Life Is as a Breath of Air, but the Beautiful Blossom of Love Must Live Forever

By Achmed Abdullah

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

YEARS later, when Tsing Yu-ch'ing had "resigned his dignities and ascended the dragon"—which was the priest Yu Ch'ang's happy euphemism for a brutal and unsolved Pell Street murder; when his emaciated body, dressed in twelve white linen garments and enclosed in a red-lacquer coffin made airtight with cement to ward off the "little devils who nag the soul," had been shipped from New York to Canton; there carried in state, with fifty hired mourners in green-and-scarlet cloaks accompanying the cortège, to the house of his honorable ancestors in the Loo-man-tze Street; and finally buried, together with his carved, inlaid chop-sticks, a bowl of rice, and dried bits of pork, and a roll of paper money, in a charming and carefully chosen spot where his spirit might find esthetic delight in contemplating running water and a grove of flowery, feathery loong-yen trees—years later, the members of the Tsing clan, which prospered from London, to San Francisco, from Manila to Singapore, from Pekin to Buenos Aires, subscribed ten thousand taels gold with which to build a *pai-lou*—an honorary arch to commemorate the exceeding righteousness of the deceased Pell Street newspaper editor.

The *pai-lou* itself is of plain, dull-finished ivory, without any ornaments, to prove to posterity the dead man's simplicity, honesty, and modesty. But, as you pass through, you see on the western, the lucky, side a carved, chiseled, and fretted teakwood beam, lit up from above by three enormous paper lanterns that are shaped to resemble the pleasant features of the Goddess of Mercy, a rich violet in color, and inscribed each with a different sentence in archaic Mandarin ideographs.

The first reads, "*The elements of Tsing Yu-ch'ing's faith had their roots in the eternity of understanding.*"

The second, "*Tsing Yu-ch'ing was just in affirming the permanency and reality of trust.*"

And the third, "*Tsing Yu-ch'ing was a wise man. Through death did he make love eternal.*"

On the teakwood beam itself is carved a quotation from the Book of the Unknown Philosopher, and it says that the man who is departing on a sad journey often leaves his heart under the door. But it is worth while remembering that the Chinese ideographs *sin*—heart—and *menn*—door—when placed one above the other and read together make a third word: "melancholy"; which latter, by a peculiar Mongol twist, is considered an equivalent of "eternal love."

And it was of eternal love that Tsing Yu-ch'ing dreamed one day, twenty years earlier, as he walked through the viscous, sluttish reek of Pell Street, with the Summer air aloft blazing around a naked, brutish sun; shooting down brilliant wedges of light that clothed the rickety, fetid houses with an illogical garment of golden gauze slashed with purple and heliotrope; further back, where the haughty silhouette of the Broadway mart etched the horizon, dimming the roofs and steeples and square, parvenu towers to delicate jade; and touching the foaming, broad sweep of river, far out, with flecks of silver and oily splotches of rose and aquamarine and clear emerald.

Fastidiously, so as not to muddy his socks which showed white and silken above the padded, black velvet slippers, he stepped over a broken pocket-flask that was trying to drown its despair in a murky puddle, turned into the Bowery, passed beneath the spider's web of the Elevated that screamed down at him with sneering, strident lungs of steel, and walked up two blocks.

A pawnbroker's place, pinched in on the north by a ten-story, tubercular giant of a house where tenement flats mingled obscenely with unclassified home industries, and on the south by the prurient, eight-sheet posters of a Yiddish vaudeville theater, was his goal: a squat building, moldy, acrid, red-bedaubed, crouching there like a beast of prey; the showcases garish with the cheap, heart-breaking luxuries of the poor, and here and there a bit of fine old Sheffield plate, an ancient mosaic and filigree brooch, a piece of cerulean Bristol glass, or a rose-cut diamond in an old-fashioned, black onyx setting—a passing, tragic tale in each of them.

The three golden balls above the door twinkled ironically in the direction of Mr. Brian Neill's saloon, as if to show the way.

The proprietress, Widow Levinsky, née O'Grady, a short, heavy, square-shouldered, good-looking woman of forty, with straight nose, firm, well-shaped lips, and violet eyes, stood in the open door. She smiled when she saw Tsing Yu-ch'ing.

"I thought ye'd never come," she greeted him.

He bowed courteously, and shook hands.

"THE weekly Chinese newspaper which I publish goes to press to-day," he replied in his beautifully modulated, slightly precious English which he had learned at Harvard. "Few of my countrymen can read the American newspapers. It is therefore my duty——"

"Yer duty? Say!" Mrs. Levinsky obeyed the suggestion of the word. She spoke with hectic, running ease. "You—and yer duty! It's man's favorite excuse when he don't want to play the game none, see? Look here, Tsing, did ye ever stop to think wot's yer duty to my little Minnie—in there?"

She pointed with thumb across shoulder into the shop, and when Tsing looked puzzled, she went on.

"Say! All men are just the same, ain't they—if they're Irish or if they're yeller Chinks like yerself! Ain't got no thought in yer head 'xcept yerself, have ye? Selfishness! That's man's middle name—tho," she paused, "mebbe it's thoughtlessness more'n selfishness."

"My dear Mrs. Levinsky, I assure you——"

Tsing had no idea of what he was going to assure the belligerent Irishwoman. Nor did she give him time.

She waved a pudgy and derisive hand.

"Aw!" she cried. "Come off'n yer perch. Don't try and play the little blue-eyed angel all dressed up in white innercence and floppy wings and never a bad thought in yer pumpkin! Ye know what I mean, all right, all right."

"I do not." Tsing Yu-ch'ing stiffened. His Chinese dignity was beginning to bridle.

But it was lost on Mrs. Levinsky.

"IF YE don't know, it's high time ye learned," she countered. "D'ye ever consider what a goil thinks when a feller calls on her night after night like you been doin' on Minnie for over two years now—and brings her candy and flowers and talks to her soft and mushy-like—as *you* do?"

A dull, blotchy red was beginning to mantle the Chinaman's sallow, ugly features.

"Mrs. Levinsky!" he exclaimed. "I give you my word——"

"G'wan! Keep yer word! Ye may need it some day! No use denyin' that ye're talkin' toosie-wootsie to Minnie, young feller! I heard ye myself, many's the time, when ye thought I was asleep. I heard ye tell my daughter——"

"Nothing that you shouldn't have heard! I told her the little charming fairy-stories of my own country," he defended himself.

Mrs. Levinsky sniffed.

"Git out! That don't go down with me none. Fairy-stories—God! Minnie ain't a baby in diapers no more. She's sixteen, see? And all the fairy-stories she wants is a feller poppin' the question and doin' the regular thing with a wedding ring and choich bells and a flat furnished on the instalment plan."

Tsing looked up, a strange light eddying in his narrow-lidded eyes. His breath came staccato, distinct.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that she is——" he slurred and stopped.

"Sure! She's stuck on yer—if that's what yer tryin' to say. How can she help herself, eh? Ye're the only guy wot ever calls on her regular except onct in a while her cousins and them's just roughneck bums and talk of nothin' 'xcept baseball and gang fights and mebbe a doity story or two.

"Sure, Mike! How can the poor little kid help bein' stuck on ye? You mush all over her—and I told you she's sixteen!"

"I am sorry. Of course you are right. I see that now. I—I didn't mean—to——"

"Don't ye be sorry, my lad. Just ye go in there and—well—pop the question." She interrupted herself with a jolly, Irish laugh. "Say! That's the worst of havin' been married to a Sheeny as I been. Here I'm matchmakin' like a regular—what do my Levinsky-in-laws call it? Sure—*schatchen*—marriage-broker—that's the word." She laughed again and added, "I can't say I admire Minnie's taste none too much. But—well—it's her own funeral."

"You really mean that you won't object to——"

Tsing Yu-ch'ing made a helpless gesture, quickly understood by the sharp-eyed, intelligent woman.

"Forget it, Tsing!" she said, with something almost like affection in her voice. "Sure ye're a Chink. Ye're yeller and ye're homely even for the likes of you—with that long, thin mutt of your'n, and them beady, woozy eyes, and that mouth that looks more like a cellar door than a place to push food in, and them spidery legs and arms. But," she smiled, "Minnie's *blind*, ain't she? *She* don't know the difference between whites and Chinks!"

"Yes." The Chinaman breathed softly. "She is blind. She doesn't know the—ah—difference——"

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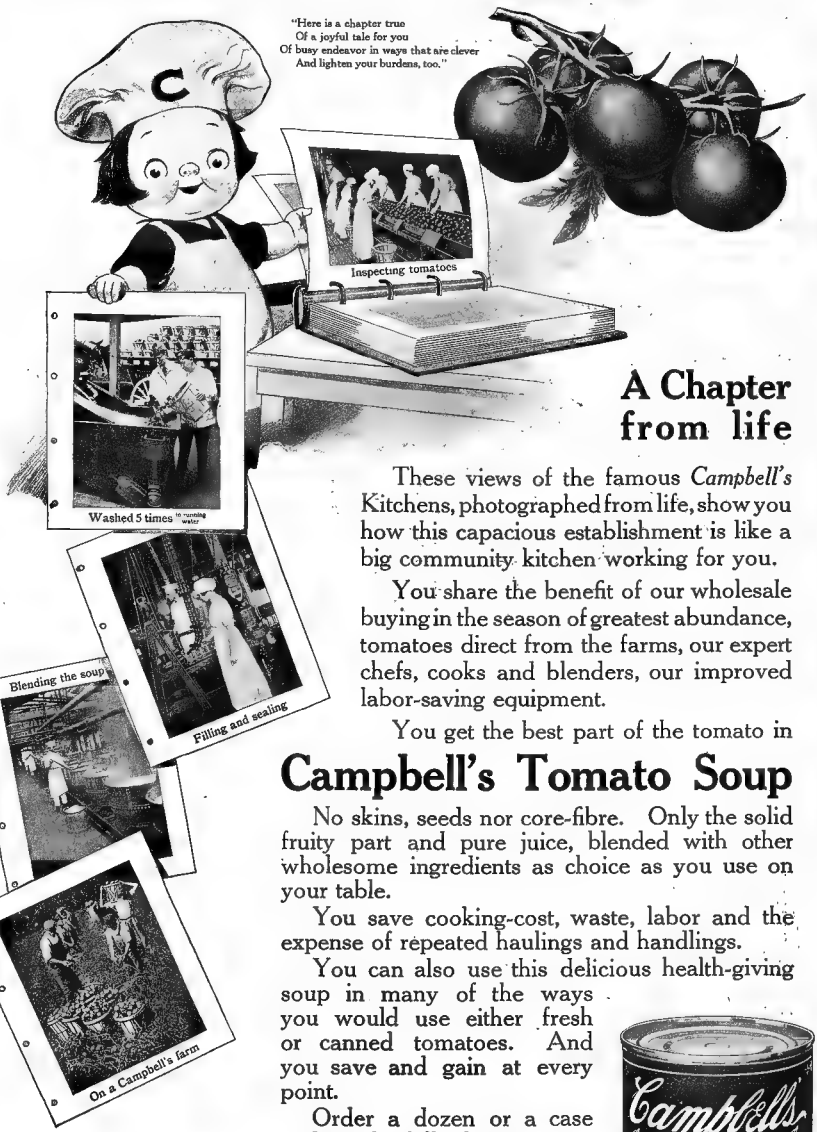
"Here is a chapter true
Of a joyful tale for you
Of busy endeavor in ways that are clever
And lighten your burdens, too."
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Blending the soup
Filling and sealing
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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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"I thought I could make yer see sense. And I'm glad I put it up to yer straight. Yer see," there was the suspicion of a break in her voice, "Minnie's my only child, and I just know she's crazy about yer. Ye're a Chink, sez you! And we both live around Pell Street ways, sez I! There's more than one goil around here that'll toin up her nose at Minnie, I guess, when she's Mrs. Tsing. But wot the devil? That won't pervent them same goils wot toins up their noses from havin' a Chink for company when nobody ain't lookin'! And so I sez, let's fix it straight and regular with a ring and a weddin' cake. Sure I know wot my mother's family'll say, livin' all proper and swell up in the Bronx! But what do I care? They washed their hands off'n me when I married a Sheeny—and ol' Jake didn't beat me up, as my father beat up my mother—not much! And I guess they'll do the same thing all over again when Minnie marries a Chink. Well—let 'em! Their hands need washin'."

She talked on and on. But Tsing Yu-ch'ing hardly listened to her.

A great pain was in his heart and, too, an all-pervading sense of beauty and glory and sweetness; and he passed through the shop into the tiny back garden where a few potted plants were making a brave, losing fight against the dust and grime and reek of the Bowery.

MINNIE LEVINSKY was one of those purely and exclusively American miracles by the strength of which, all theories of eugenics to the contrary, two underfed, underbred, atavistically inimical races mix their pitiful seed and produce a perfect human body. Tall she was, and round-breasted, but with a delicate, boyish touch in her narrow hips that tapered down to yet narrower ankles and the feet of a Cinderella. Her hair was like golden, curled sunlight, her nose small and straight, with nervous, flaring nostrils, her tragic, unseeing eyes were sea-green beneath the audacious hood of black lashes.

There was a sweet curve to her upper lip and a quick lift at the corners as she heard the soft, familiar pad-pad-pad of Tsing's felt-soled slippers.

"Hello, Tsing!" she said, holding out her hand.

"Hello, Plum-Blossom!"

That was the name he had given her two years earlier when, just out of Harvard, he had come to Pell Street to share with his countrymen the wisdom the West had taught him. His clan, typically Chinese in their admiration for him, the literatus, the educated gentleman, had backed him with capital for his enterprise, a weekly newspaper which he called the "Eminent Elevation"—with an ironically democratic side-glance, the result of American training, at the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi who, within the crenelated battlements of Pekin's Tartar town, was known by the same honorific title. But there was little money in the newspaper, heavy expenses, great risks, and so one day he had entered the pawnbroker's place on the Bowery and had exchanged his gold watch for a small sum; enough to tide him over for a week or two.

Behind the counter he had seen Minnie, then a golden-haired child of fourteen, and blind.

"Plum-Blossom," he had called her, in a surging, warm access of pity.

"Plum-Blossom," he called her now, that his pity had given away to love.

"I just adore to have you call me 'Plum-Blossom'," she said in her soft, careful English, which Miss Edith Rutter, the social settlement investigator, had taught her.

"Do you?" He smiled. "And I adore to call you that and—other names."

He sat down by her side.

"For instance?" she asked, looking up radiantly, expectantly. And when he did not reply, she went on with a little sigh, "Any more stories about your own country?"

"Yes, Plum-Blossom."

She sat up straight, eager, interested. For two years, nearly every day, he had called on her, and always had he told her the stories of his own land.

Stories of China! Stories of Asia!

He had woven the warp and woof of them around her with adroit and ardent hands. Nor can it be said that he had woven close to the loom of lies. But his love for her had blended with his love for China. Subtly they had influenced each other; and thus the China which he pictured to her was a charming land of pale yellows and exultant blues; a land that tinkled with tiny silver pagoda-bells through the lotus-scented Spring breezes; a land that had the mellow patina of ancient wisdom, ancient culture, ancient justice, and tolerance.

He showed it to her through his yearning, poet's eyes, and she—the eyes of her body blind—saw it all through the eyes of her love for him; love that had grown, steadily, day by day.

"I wish I could see China," she would say, "China and the Chinese."

And he would shudder a little and draw his bony hand across his repulsive Mongol devil-mask of a face.

"Yes, Plum-Blossom," he would reply. "I wish you could see it—and us."

"Seeing must be wonderful."

"Feeling is even more wonderful. And only the blind can feel—really feel——"

OF COURSE, her cousins and the occasional neighbors' children who dropped in now and again, would make slurring, slangy, sneering remarks about that "there yeller Chink wot's hangin' 'round all the time. But to her there was neither sense nor hurt in the words.

Yeller Chink? What of it?

The blind have no racial prejudice. They know neither the meaning nor the tragedy of color, and if the others called Tsing Yu-ch'ing a yeller Chink, they called each other Mick, and Dutchman, and Sheeny, and Wop, and what-not.

But these were only the Pell Street terms for ethnological melting-pot endearment!

"Why don't you go on with your story?" she said now, a little impatiently.

"Because my heart is too full for words, Plum-Blossom. Because I feel both proud and humble in your presence. Because—oh—" he continued, getting more stiffly, archaically Chinese by the minute, "I taste in your company the refined and exquisite happiness that was tasted by Tcheng Tsi, the insignificant disciple, when, with the zither singing under his fingers, he accompanied with his timid harmony the teaching of the great Koung Tzeu. Because——"

"Tsing!"

Suddenly the girl interrupted him, her mother's belligerent Celtic blood breaking through the brooding patience which was her Semitic heritage, and just a faint shade of bitterness bubbling amidst her words:

"Tsing! Why don't you tell me straight out that you love me? Is it because I am—blind? Tsing! Why don't you tell me that you love me? Why *don't* you?"

And he did. He took her in his arms.

With the correct intonation of Harvard, but the slightly fustian, slightly stilted, entirely delicious phraseology of

"If I Could Only See! I Know You Are Beautiful—My Lover, My Sweetheart, My Husband!'"

China, he told her that hers was the strength of his body, hers the dreams of his soul, hers the pulsing of his heart and the ambition of his mind.

He told her that he would weave his love in a flower-chain and tie it gently about her wrist; that he would change his love to a rose-red pearl to hang in her little white ear. Of love he talked, while the houses that pinched-in the dusty back garden on all sides looked down like sardonic sentinels, while the roofs flashed hard and sinister under the naked tenuity of the August sun, while the Pell Street litany brushed in on strident, stained pinions.

She snuggled close against him.

"I love you, dear," she said. "Love—it's wonderful, glorious! And—" her voice splintered and broke, "I wish I could see you. I wish I could understand what seeing means, what beauty means—to the eye! I wish I could see—*you!* For I know that you are beautiful, beautiful, Tsing! I just know it!"

He gave a little start.

Again he drew his bony hand across his repulsive Mongol devil-mask of a face. Again he told her that he loved her; that his love was a strong and eternal thing; that it would last forever, through the days dripping with golden sunlight, the starless nights loud with pattering rain, and beyond.

"Everything shall I give to you," he said, "except sorrow."

It was a proper marriage with the pealing of church-bells, an enormous, pink-iced wedding-cake, and a Gargantuan banquet at the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace; the food furnished free of charge by Mr. Nag Hong Fah, the pouchy proprietor of the restaurant, in honor of the literatus, the educated gentleman who was the bridegroom, so as to gain face for himself, his ancestors, and his descendants with Faoh Poh, the God of Learning, the Jewel of the Law; and the beer and whisky and green and purple liqueurs for the ladies contributed by Mr. Brian Neill, the saloon-keeper, for the negative reason that, a week earlier, he had a fist fight with Mr. Sarsfield O'Grady, Mrs. Levinsky's brother, who had come down from the artistocratic Bronx to tell his sister that—by God!—it wasn't himself would stand for no yeller nigger of a Chink marryin' into his family, but had instead fallen foul of the saloon-keeper over a question of Tammany politics.

Yet, for all the splendors of the wedding, Pell Street and the Bowery whispered and sneered. If the whites objected to the union on racial grounds, because the bride-groom was a Chinaman, the yellows objected on physical grounds, because the bride was blind.

"*I low fou sing*—may the star of good fortune protect you!" piously said Nag Hop Fat, the soothsayer, to Tsing Yy-ch'ing. "But—O wise and older brother—think left and think right. Think much. Remember what is written in the Kiouli: 'The blind rise and depart when the torches are brought in!'"

"Love never departs!" replied Tsing Yu-ch'ing.

Thus the talk, to and fro. Too, the this was restricted to officious and sincere outsiders since Pell Street knew better—and worse, there was the usual babble of opium and Chinese slavery and other resplendently, romantically wicked things; and Miss Rutter, the social settlement investigator, took it upon herself to look into the matter.

Mrs. Levinsky would have boxed her ears, had it not been for the close proximity of Mr. Bill Devoy, Detective of the Second Branch. As it was, she contented herself with giving the well-meaning amateur sociologist a piece of her mind.

"Get outa here!" she said. "Who asked ye to come here and stick yer ugly snub nose in other people's pots?

Well—it ain't my fault if ye don't like the smell, see?
Bad luck to ye and the likes o' ye!"

Then, her good nature getting the better of her indignation as she saw the hurt expression on Miss Rutter's ingenuous features,

"Gwan! I didn't mean to hurt yer feelings!"

At which the other took fresh courage and returned to the attack.

"My dear Mrs. Levinsky—I know Tsing is an educated man, and he may be a fine man. But——"

"He's yeller. Right ye are foist shot out o' the box. But, yeller or pea-green or black with white polka-dots, he's a real gent—get that? And Minnie's my only child, and I got rheumatiz of the heart, and she'll be all alone, and she's blind—and Tsing'll take care of her. I trust that homely, yeller Chink—see? And there ain't many—white *or* yellow—that I trust around Pell Street."

Yet, as the days grew into weeks and months and the young couple kept house in a small flat above the store of Yung Long, the grocer, it was not Mrs. Levinsky's tirade as much as the testimony of her own eyes and ears which convinced Miss Rutter that, for once, there was here a mixed marriage which was bringing happiness and peace to both the yellow and the white.

Detective Bill Devoy put it in a nutshell.

"Sure!" he said. "He's a Chink. But he's white, all right, all right. And Minnie—say—she's just an angel -that's what she is!"

WHEN on the first day of each month, the few local members of the Tsing clan residing in New York met at the Pell Street liquor-store which belonged to the Chin Sor Company and was known as the "Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment," and talked over matters vital to Chinatown with the numerous clan of their distant cousins, the Nags, Tsing Yu-ch'ing's married life, the he himself was usually present, was a topic of never-ceasing interest to the company.

It was Nag Hong Fah, the restaurant proprietor, rather than Tsing Yat, the head of the clan of that ilk, who occupied the seat of honor on these occasions. Not because of his stout burgess wealth, but because he was considered an authority on mixed marriages since he himself had married a half-caste—one Fanny Mei Hi who, on a mysterious distaff side, was related to Mr. Brian Neill, the saloon-keeper.

Nag Hong Fah would lean well back in his chair, smoke a leisurely pipe of li-un, fragrant with the acrid sweetness of India's scarlet poppy-fields, look dreamily at the wall which was covered with yellow satin all embroidered from ceiling to floor with philosophical sentences scrawled vertically in purple characters, and give of his garnered wisdom.

"Happiness between the black-haired and the red-haired race is possible," he said sententiously, "if a few simple rules be observed. Let the woman open to her husband not only the door of her house, but also the door of her heart. Let the man listen to the woman without answering; let listen to her advice and"—he said it unsmilingly—"then do the opposite. Let them both unite in producing strong and healthy men children, thus taking of the white woman's feverish substance and gently kneading it into a child of our own strong, placid race."

With calm disapproval he looked at Tsing Yu-ch'ing. For, since everything from drawing teeth to shaving, from birth to burial, is a matter of communal interest to the Chinese who do not know the meaning of the word privacy and have no objection to the most glaring publicity, it was a scandal in the nostrils of all respectable Pell Street householders that Minnie Tsing, married now nearly three years, had not as yet brought a child into the world and that there seemed no prospect of her doing so.

"Given obedience to these few simple rules, chiefly the last one," Nag Hong Fah resumed, "happiness between the black-haired and the red-haired race is possible"; and he sipped his jasamine-flavored tea noisily from a precious cup of *tao* jade, while Tsing Yy-ch'ing smiled.

"O serene father of many and healthy children!" he replied. "Happiness *is* possible. But my rules differ from yours. I say that happiness demands only one thing—love!"

"Love?" Yu Ch'ang, the priest, picked up the word like a battle-page and tossed it to the crowd. "Love is an infidel act. Love is the mental refuse of the very young and the very old. Love—*'ju kai-che, chi-chu-har-ra-e*—Buddha alone is love and law!' Remember what the book says!"

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Why Not a Community House as a War Memorial?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

with such unaffected dignity that I was struck with her phrase and her bearing. How much the health of young mothers and children, the well-being of the family, the happiness of our whole country, depend upon *these* "helpers in homes!" "We think it a privilege to have lived during this war," she told me, after a little drawing out. "Our brothers were doing their part at the front and we were organized for work here. The thing which has meant so much to us is that we are, for the first time, recognized as part of the community. We have been placed on committees with women of all ranks and stations. Our opinion has been asked and our help requested. We have been treated as real American citizens. It has all been so *human!*" Then, with a bit of a sigh, "I wonder if it is all going to end with the coming of peace?"

There it was again, you see! Once more I saw the soldier-boy—the tall tower—"There's *got* to be something more!"

I was entertained that night at the home of a prosperous manufacturer. As the car which he had sent for me rolled up the broad driveway I saw them waiting, a couple well past middle age with touches of silver in their hair, framed in the Autumn-tinted ivy that wreathed the entrance to a stately Colonial home. It was the picture of restfulness and tranquility. Here, I thought, the war had left no trail of uncertainties and misgivings for the future.

BUT, as we talked, I was almost startled to hear them say, "It is awful to admit it, but the war has been a most attractive time for us to live through."

"Attractive!" I gasped. "To you?"

"Yes. Life has been so different. Since our children married and moved far away we have been cut off from young life, marooned on the isle of old age. Loving young people as we do, we sadly missed the laughter and gaiety that belongs to boys and girls. We thought we were too old to be active, but we have both been drawn into war work and how we have enjoyed it! Since our cantonment was opened, the War Camp Community Service has sent us from four to eight fine young chaps every week-end. Many of them grew to look upon our house as home, where they were free to bring their friends. They have confided in us even more freely than our own children would. We chose the privates because we felt there would be hundreds of homes open to officers, so our knowledge of American life has been enriched a hundred-fold by these sturdy, every-day young soldiers from every part of the country. And we wonder what we will do after the boys have all gone home. Our house is so big and empty!"

Pathetic, you say? And yet among the four distinct types whom I have quoted only one group has any legitimate reason for uncertainty concerning the chances for happy usefulness in the future. The Helpers in Homes have reasonable grounds —more's the pity—for wondering whether they will be given opportunity to maintain the place in the community life which the war gave them. But as for the others—

In the city where the Motor Corps girl lives are hundreds of children to whom a ride in her car would mean a blissful event to talk about and remember throughout their lives. There are invalids to whom a drive in the country would bring forgetfulness of pain and strength and faith. There are men whose hostile attitude toward the rich might be changed by this show of friendly interest in their wives or children.

Why should the Motor Corps girl "go back to the old ways?"

Think of the boys and girls, the young men and young women, the tired and discouraged old people, who are longing for entrée to such a home as that of the manufacturer and his wife. Can the home which is "so big and empty" be filled only with boys who wear khaki?

And while those who have spent time and energy as freely as the men in khaki are regretting that the need for this service will soon be over, the soldier returning to civilian life is reasoning like this:

"My country has done a lot for me during the war. She has spent millions of money to help me lead the right kind of life. The American women have thought nothing too good for the soldier. They have toiled for us, given us of their strength and beauty, and love. I would be a dog if I did not respond to the ideals they have held up to me. But what is my country going to do now that the big job is done and I am back in citizen's clothes? Before the war our government didn't think much about its duty as to recreation for us fellows. But why shouldn't it think! Isn't it about as important for us to lead clean lives now that we have come back to live for our country as when we were going out to die for it? And it seems to me these ladies should be more interested in helping us be decent now when we're going to live right here among them the rest of our lives."

There you are! On the one hand a great body of citizens who frankly admit that they need help. On the other hand a tremendous force ready organized and in full working order, eager to be helpful.

What are we going to do about it?

I can plainly hear a capable, self-reliant sister exclaiming, "Why should we do *anything* about it? It's all nonsense for a person to whine about wanting to be useful. Folks who really wanted work found it before the war and they will find it after the war. I never can find time to do half the work that crowds itself upon me!"

Don't sit in judgment, my friends. Certain people are born self-starters. Regardless of their birthplace they possess a New England conscience and a tremendous driving force which make them unable to be content unless they are doing things. It is no more credit to them than being born with blue eyes or curly hair. It is their bent. They can't help it.

There are other good people born without these qualities. It isn't their fault any more than it would be their fault if they were born with some physical defect. In either case, the fair-minded person respects them for trying to overcome their handicap, and holds out a friendly hand.

It would be a crime to let the tremendous forces developed during this war go to waste. While our power is organized and available we must make use of it. Never again must we slip back to the point where half our women take no interest in the affairs of the community. For we all know that it is the women of any community who determine what its social life is to be.

From every side comes the question how are we to bring about reconstruction and re-adjustment? Every one agrees that only when the whole people work together at their problems do we have a true democracy. For this spirit of brotherhood the first need is a rallying center.

Another question is heard on every hand. What shall we build as a memorial to our soldiers?

Why not let one question answer the other?

No sooner had the men returned from the Civil War than the question of memorials was on every lip, both in the North and in the South. Money, time, and labor were spent, at the cost of real personal sacrifice, and, alas that we must say it, "What crimes were often committed in the name of art and patriotism!" There were a few beautiful memorials, but there were many more that injured the artistic development of the entire country. Shall we repeat the mistakes of a past generation?

In the minds of thousands of people and of many organizations has come a certain dream—that there shall be built in every community a house—call it Victory House, Liberty House, Community House, call it what you will—that shall belong to each man, woman, and child of the community.

The building is to be planned by architects who understand and love the thought on which it is founded. Every line will be beautiful. As you enter the great living room you will see the open fire that has been such a feature in the Y. W. C. A. Hostess Houses, the War Camp Community Service Homes, and the Y. M. C. A. Huts. The radiant flame will draw all who enter about its warm, hospitable hearth.

NOTHING draws people closer to each other than breaking bread together, so our Community House will have a dining-room where groups of kindred spirits may gather, or lonely individuals find fellowship as a common board. There will be a glorified kitchen, too, because we have learned that people delight in preparing with their own hands, together, the foods which they enjoy, and the young or the untaught ones learn valuable lessons from the older or the more skilled.

As long as youth exists there must be dancing, so there will be a room for it—a fine, wholesome place where the young people may meet under as proper chaperonage as they had during the days of the war. The gymnasium and the swimming-pool will have their place, too. And there must be a hall for community singing—where men from the army which went singing overseas will help us to become a singing nation.

A memorial building should have its Hall of Fame, with a War Museum and

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Why Not a Community House as a War Memorial?

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perhaps a War Library. Here may be housed exhibits of trophies, flags, and other physical records of the conflict.

A place will be provided for an open forum where men and women who really know their subjects will be asked to come and discuss the living topics of the day. Every one must be free to ask questions; even the shy woman will not be afraid to lift her voice in the friendly atmosphere. What an educational force these forums will be, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. Do you know that the Serbians tell us it was the Community Houses that saved the soul of freedom in Serbia's darkest days?

But a roof alone can not make a community spirit. The house simply provides a center where we may accomplish things together in time of peace as we learned to do in time of war. Could the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross Drive, or the United War Work Campaign have been so wonderfully successful had they been backed by one group in each community instead of by a united people?

And in this getting together we will not forget, as we have too often done, the strangers who dwell within our borders. There is no more important or pressing need than the true Americanization of these foreign-born men and women who have settled among us, whose children are growing up with ours. It is not for the best that the immigrant should live unto himself. Often he comes to us bearing in his hands rare gifts of devotion, patriotism, industry, even genius. And the wonderful land of his dreams draws away from him, with never a glance for his offerings. He dwells in segregated districts where the only Americans with whom he comes in touch are those who seek to exploit him. Only those who expect directly to profit by his vote urge upon him the duty of becoming a naturalized citizen.

LAST Summer I was called to New York to study certain work being done by the Y. W. C. A. in foreign quarters. One morning our guide took us up four flights of stairs in a tenement house. When the door opened we stood in the presence of a beautiful woman, a real Madonna. In her broken English, which I would not dare to try to imitate, but in an exquisitely modulated voice, she said, "I am sorry that you ladies must climb so high, but we Syrians would toll up even more stairs to have the sunshine and the fresh air and to have a view of the water, because we were born on Mt. Lebanon and we can not grow accustomed to the crowded city streets."

As she spoke of the water with a perfectly natural gesture she pointed out of the window toward New York Harbor. There happened to be with me a young woman from Minnesota, an American of many generations, married to a full-blooded Dane. It was her first trip to New York, and as she looked out of the casement she said, "I wonder if I can see the Statue of Liberty. I reached New York only last night and I would rather see this statue than anything else."

Then a dramatic incident occurred. The little daughter of our hostess said, "Come with me, lady, let me show her to you." Taking the visitor by the hand she led her to another window which she flung open wide and pointed to where Liberty stood. "There she is, there she stands to welcome us all! My sister and I stand by the window every day and watch the transports as they come in, bringing back our soldiers who sailed away to fight for our flag. We wave them a welcome home and they greet us in turn."

Didn't that family come bearing gifts in their hands? Perhaps that little Syrian maid in the early June morning when your boy or mine sailed in on the great gray transport, back safe from the battle-front, waved him the welcome that none of his own flesh and blood were permitted to give.

If the community house brings the immigrant and his family in touch with the family ideals and life of America their assimilation will be speedy and complete. It is here they should be taught the history of America, the forms of its government. Here the ceremony of naturalization might be performed, too, in a dignified and impressive way, with American friends and neighbors assembled to give the new citizen the right hand of fellowship and tell him they are glad he has adopted our country for his own.

But the very center of this house is to be the young soldier. He is to be the guest of honor. Over the fireplace on an exquisite bronze tablet will be carved by a master's hand the name of every man in the community who followed his country's flag when the call went forth.

When the young American soldier enters this Victory Home for the first time and sees its beauty, its comfort, its spirit of true democracy, will he not say, "It was all worth while, the weary days in camp and cantonment, the years snatched from my profession, the toilsome journey overseas, the squalor of the trenches, the awfulness of the battle-field, the blood of the wounded, the anguish of fever, even the lonely graves in Flanders Fields. It is all worth while if the men and women among whom we lived have thought us worthy of this memorial—no empty shell of stone or marble, but a living tribute which shall grow greater as each year passes, making this community a better place in which to live and helping us in days of peace to remember the brotherhood of man for which we fought.

"As I stand upon this sacred hearth and look into this glorious fire, I feel that here is the crucible in which we shall consume class hatred, class pride, class distrust. Here shall arise the fires of Christian brotherhood, the realization that it is the God-given destiny of America to produce a democracy that shall make all the world a better place in which to live."

There are already in existence nearly sixty community houses scattered throughout the country, as a memorial to this character, but giving tangible evidence of the practicability of the idea. If sixty towns could build, equip, and maintain such houses before the war, what can be done now that the war has brought to every one its enthusiasm, its spirit of brotherhood, its desire to build suitable memorials to its heroes, its habit of sacrifice and service?

The women of this country can guide the trend of public opinion. The two million members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs have behind them more than a quarter of a century of training in social and civic work. There are other women's organizations which can point to a much longer history. It is very fitting for trained, organized womanhood to take up this task. Even those who cry loudest "Woman's place is in the home" will scarcely deny her the right to be the community homemaker.

There must, of course, always be some one to start the ball rolling, but no one organization should assume this work as its exclusive project. Let every woman's organization in the community come together and appoint a representative committee. This committee should formulate a definite plan of work, appointing subcommittees as necessary.

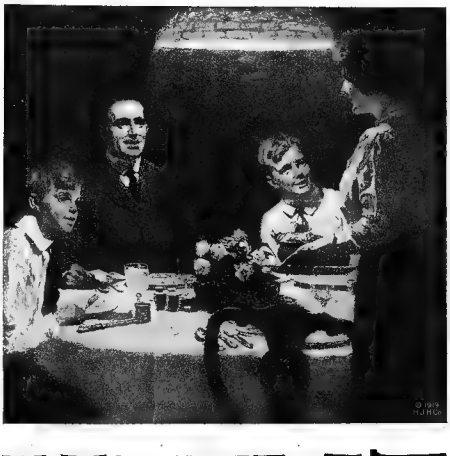
EVERY community has its individual problems. The large city will need a different type of house from that of the rural community. Obviously, a homelike social meeting place would be out of place in the heart of a great city. So a great city memorial house would be planned primarily for large civic needs. No playing on the affections of the people for their gallant sons, to induce them to erect something which the town has needed urgently for years and should have built long ago. For instance, the administration of a prosperous city of 100,000 is trying to persuade its people that a much needed market-place would be a fitting memorial to the soldiers of that town! Why should those selfish City Fathers masquerade under the guise of erecting a memorial for the men who offered their lives to a great cause?

Study your own field and decide what type of house will best serve your needs and how it can be maintained after it is built. Write to the War Camp Community Service, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, for bulletins that describe the work which many cities have begun along this line.

Enlist the support of the newspapers. No woman accustomed to public activities needs to be told that the co-operation of the press is absolutely essential.

The entire cost of the building and equipment should be raised by popular subscription in a campaign conducted along the lines of a Red Cross or War Work drive. Let no individual come forward with an enormous subscription or endowment. The Victory House is not to be a charitable, nor even a philanthropic institution. It is to be a community house, built and maintained for all the people, by all the people. Only so will it emphasize and perpetuate the spirit of democracy, and be to the young soldier a place where he and his children and his grandchildren may lift reverent eyes to the names carved on the bronze tablet and pledge their strength, spirit, labor, and love to the country for which these men made the great sacrifice.

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS



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BEANS
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THE skill of a cook is shown in the way he takes the same materials that other cooks have and produces from them a dish that demands special praise.

Thus it is with Heinz Baked Beans. Their taste is a fortunate combination of carefully selected beans, skill and care in preparation—of baking in real ovens—and of blending the fine baked bean flavor with the delicious tomato sauce for which Heinz is famous. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans have a distinctive flavor that is unmistakable.

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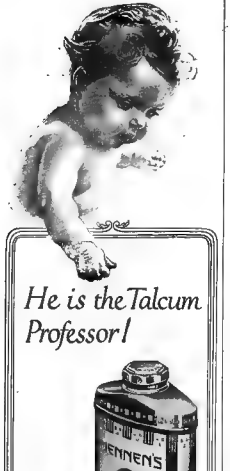

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But they found Mennen's! Mennen Borated Talcum Powder cooled and soothed baby's flower-soft skin and brought refreshing sleep. And it also won over every member of baby's family to the Mennen Idea.

Mennen Talcum—after the shower-bath—takes the discomfort of perspiration out of work, makes tight garments loose, tight shoes comfortable, smooths the sheets to the feeling of silk on a hot night, is a delightful toilet adjunct, and, in the special Talcum for Men, is wholly satisfactory after shaving.

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with the original borated formula, include Borated, Violet, Flesh Tint, Cream Tint, Talcum for Men.

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"Think what people would say—not, that maybe I wouldn't want to go bad enough, but——"

"You don't care what people would say; you're not coming back here—ever I'll see to that. I—I wouldn't be able to get another night's rest in my life, thinking of you down here. You've *got* to break away——"

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"Why not?" fiercely.

"I guess it wouldn't be the square thing for me to do to Lee. And he's always treated me right."

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He was in good spirits and not inclined to find fault, whereat Hallie did pretty much as she pleased and that pretty much was at Live Oak plantation where most of the scenes for the picture were shot. Also, she had the experience of her life—she was given a very, very minor part, a mere supernumerary—but she thrilled with the keen joy of it.

The tragedy was that while her sister was playing the lead in the picture—light, frivolous, ingénue rôle—Hallie, two years older, was cast as a woman of the white trash, a woman who was supposed to be forty-five years of age. And Hallie looked it without make-up.

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"Never," he answered devoutly. "It's the limit—phs!"

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And in the end Madge won out, but on the condition that she break the news to Lee Rivers. She told Lee that his wife was about to desert him for the career of a motion-picture actress. His mind coped wordlessly with the situation thus starkly presented. And when he spoke—"But she can't. She's my wife."

Madge took the pocketbook tack—took it directly, brutally: "She's suffered thirty-five a week. If she makes good it'll mean a hundred before long."

"A-a-ah! I'd go along——"

"You'd do nothing of the kind. You'd stay right here and," caustically, "look after your farm."

"But if she went——"

"Listen here, Lee Rivers; you've just about ground all you can out of Hallie. I don't blame you for it, but I do blame you if you stand in her way now. She wants your permission to go, and if you don't give it, she's going anyway!"

Lee gave in. All his life Lee Rivers had given ground before stronger wills. He didn't like the arrangement—the willingness of a wife to leave her heartbside duties was beyond his ken. He could have quieted his wife by a monosyllable of refusal, but Madge frightened him. By the time he waked to what he had done, his wife was gone. A week later he received word from her. The postmark on the letter was New York.

HALLIE RIVERS was transported into Bedlam. For days she effaced herself in a corner of the Super Feature Film Company's studio, a faded, bewildered exotic.

There was a timid, frightened look in her wide eyes. For the first time in her hitherto drab life she learned the meaning of the word "nerves."

The thing was a figment of a distorted imagination. The hoarse bawling of orders, the hammering and bustling, the easy nonchalance of the actors—and the glare: the wicked glare of the battery lights had blinded and caused her to cower like a cornered rat.

Madge was kindness itself. She took her dazzled sister to Fifth Avenue department store and outfitted her in modish clothes.

The clerks grinned covertly and made side remarks which roused Madge to fury. The masseuse and the hair-dresser frightened the girl from Karnak. And eventually she was garbed as her sister was garbed, and she looked and felt incongruous.

Even the modest little apartment which Madge occupied bewildered her. She shrank before the elevator. She dodged at the sound of the elevated and could not be induced to enter the subway after a single experience which left her on the verge of hysteria.

Connie Walters took her in charge at the studio. He rehearsed her patiently in bits for a forthcoming picture. The look of terror in her eyes did not leave, he knew that as she was not to be used. But he worked patiently—for Madge's sake. She apparently found it impossible to learn the art of make-up.

Madge did her best, but her material was not plastic. She failed—she experienced the sensation of having opposed to a granite force. She could not understand and she went to Connie Walters. "I've saddled you with a white elephant and I'm going to take her off your hands."

"Meaning——?"

"My sister. She's a lemon. She's got the grace of a stick. She never will learn. There isn't any use for you to keep on paying her a salary. Give it to her—but deduct it from mine and keep mum about where it comes from. I'm sorry about the whole mess. It was my fault—but on the level, when we were down in Karnak I really thought she could act."

The keen eyes of the director met those of the young actress and held. He answered quietly, "She can!"

"Can what?"

"Act."

"You're crazy as a bat. If she can act -why don't she?"

"I'm a pretty good judge of ability, Miss Sanderson; and a fairly good judge of human nature. If I were betting on this thing I'd say that your sister isn't making good because *she doesn't want to make good!*"

"Doesn't want to—what are you trying to do, kid me?"

"I'm deadly serious. I mean exactly what I say. Think it over."

MADGE thought it over. She watched her sister carefully. There was a sick, faraway look in Hallie's eyes—a yearning —as for sanctuary. She was nervous as a kitten, tearful as a fountain. There seemed no doubt about the fact that she was helplessly, hopelessly homesick.

Madge fought desperately for what she was pleased to term her sister's salvation. She knew that she was fighting a losing battle. She knew now that Hallie was fighting *against* her! Then it was that Madge became resentful of Hallie's inadaptability, of her helplessness before the buffeting she was receiving on the suddenly turbulent psychic sea. One night in their apartment the dam broke—Hallie gave way to tears and accusation—

"It's all your fault, Madge," she whined. "You had no right to bring me here."

"I did it for your sake—to save you from the rotten stagnation of Hell Hole."

"You went and ruined everything. You might have known I was too old——"

"Too old? Thirty. You're a young woman—if you want to be. But there's the rub—you *don't* want to be. There isn't a red corpuscle left in your veins. You hang around that studio looking like a sick kitten. If you're asking me, Hallie, I'd say you ain't playing fair. You're stalling!"

"And you're ashamed of me!" flashed Hallie.

Madge grew red of face. The accusation was true, but she denied it hotly. "'Tisn't so!"

"'Tis. I can tell. I wish you'd never brought me here. I wish I was back home again. So there!"

"You ain't trying to make good."

"There ain't any use. I'm old an' I can't learn new tricks."

"You can't, you won't. I don't see——"

"I wish," said Hallie wistfully, "that you'd let me go back to Lee——"

"*Let* you! Don't you ever do *anything* of your own accord? What have I got to do with whether you go back or not? If you want to——"

Hallie rose on her feet, eyes blazing with happiness. "Then I can go back? You mean it'll be all right for me to go? You won't mind? Honest, Madge—do you mean that?"

"Why—why—of course."

Three days later Hallie packed up her things and left for Karnak.

BEFORE the old rusty kitchen stove, in the fire-box of which blazed an extravagant waste of resinous lightwood, a woman prepared the evening meal. She was thirty and looked forty-five; her once shapely figure floppy where it should have curved—neglected as the house was neglected. A mass of auburn hair was pasted tightly against a well-shaped head and screwed into a hideous knot at the rear.

Her gown, for all its freedom from dirt, was an ugly, unimaginative thing which under other circumstances might have been a rather attractive bungalow apron. Her legs were encased in heavy black cotton stockings; the small feet in square-toed, run-down-at-the-heel shoes.

She heard her husband return from Karnak, stable the mule, stamp across the creaky veranda, fling his hat into a corner and plump his big, bony frame into a chair. She served the meal and seated herself opposite.

"I was on th' jury to-day. Another cow case—an' b'lieve me, we soaked it to them railroad fellers——"

Mrs. Hallie Rivers smiled. She was at home and she was happy.

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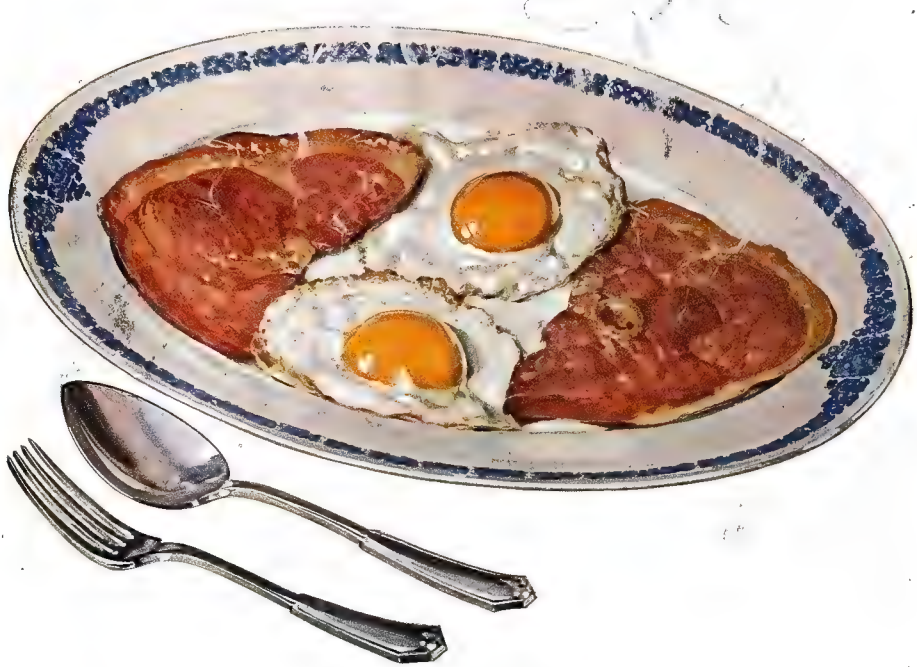

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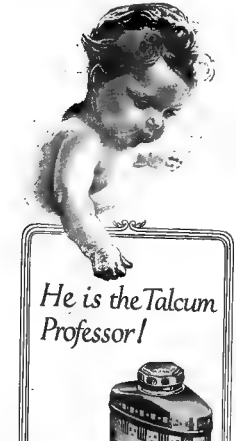

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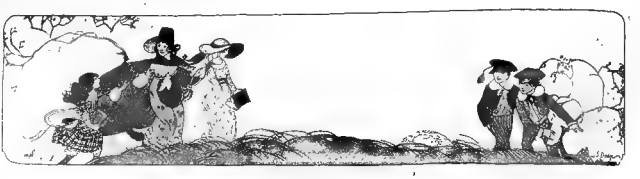

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Madge broached the subject to Hallie at the psychological moment. For two weeks Hallie had tasted the delights of independence, for two weeks the haze had been taken from before her eyes and she was seeing things in true perspective. She saw her sister, successful; her husband, hopeless in the toils of environment; herself a victim of the same thing. Her mind was turgid with rebellion She recalled the sibylline words of her sister: "You've got to break away!"

Two weeks before, the idea staggered her by its very iconoclasm, now it had reached the point where it was seriously debatable. She was drunk with the potentiality of freedom, anesthetized by the little success which had been so grossly overpraised by embarrassed director and actors who had sought to make Madge Sanderson less ashamed of her relatives.

And in the end Madge won out, but on the condition that she break the news to Lee Rivers. "I haven't the courage," admitted Hallie. That night Madge took the bull by the horns. She told Lee that his wife was about to desert him for the career of a motion-picture actress. His mind coped wordlessly with the situation thus starkly presented. And when he spoke—

"But she can't. She's my wife."

Madge took the pocketbook tack—took it directly, brutally: "She is offered thirty-five a week. If she makes good it'll mean a hundred before long."

"A-a-ah! I'd go along——"

"You'd do nothing of the kind. You'd stay right here and," caustically, "look after your farm."

"But if she went——"

"Listen here, Lee Rivers; you've just about ground all the spirit out of Hallie. I don't blame you for it, but I do blame you if you stand in her way now. She wants your permission to go, and if you don't give it, she's going anyway!"

Lee gave in. All his life Lee Rivers had given ground before stronger wills. He didn't like the arrangement—the willingness of a wife to leave her hearthside duties was beyond his ken—but he could have quieted his wife by a monosyllable of refusal, but Madge frightened him. By the time he waked to what he had done, his wife was gone. A week later he received word from her. The postmark on the letter was New York.

HALLIE RIVERS was transported into Bedlam. For days she effaced herself in a corner of the Quality Feature Film Company's studio, a faded, bewildered exotic.

There was a timid, frightened look in her wide eyes. For the first time in her hitherto drab life she learned the meaning of the word "nerves."

The thing was a figment of a distorted imagination. The hoarse bawling of orders, the scurrying and bustling, the easy nonchalance of the actors—and the glare: the wicked glare of the battery lights burning in her head caused her to cower like a cornered rat.

Madge was kindness itself. She took her dazzled sister to a fifth Avenue department store and outfitted her in modish clothes.

The clerks grinned covertly and made side remarks which roused Madge to fury. The masseuse and the hair-dresser frightened the girl from Karnak. And eventually she was garbed as her sister was garbed, and she looked and felt incongruous.

Even the modest little apartment which Madge occupied bewildered her. She shrank before its modernity. She dodged at the sound of the elevated and could not be induced to enter the subway after a single experience which left her on the verge of hysteria.

Connie Walters took her in charge at the studio and rehearsed her patiently in bits for a forthcoming picture. The look of terror in her eyes did not leave, he knew that as she was she could not be used But he worked patiently—for Madge's sake. She apparently found it impossible to learn the art of make-up.

Madge did her best, but her material was not plastic. She failed—she experienced the sensation of being opposed to a granite force. She could not understand and she went to Connie Walters. "I've saddled you with a white elephant and I'm going to take her off your hands."

"Meaning——?"

"My sister. She's a lemon. She's got the grace of a *stick*. She never will learn. There isn't any use for you to keep on paying her a salary. Give it to her—but deduct it from mine and keep mum about where it comes from. I'm sorry about the whole mess. It was *my* fault—but on the level, when we were down in Karnak I really thought she could act."

The keen eyes of the director met those of the young actress and held. He answered quietly, "She can!"

"Can what?"

"Act."

"You're crazy as a bat. If she can act why don't she?"

"I'm a pretty good judge of ability, Miss Sanderson; and a fairly good judge of human nature. If I were betting on the thing I'd say that your sister isn't making good because *she doesn't want to make good!*"

"Doesn't want to—what are you trying to do, kid me?"

"I'm deadly serious. I mean exactly what I say. Think it over."

MADGE thought it over. She watched her sister carefully. There was a sick, faraway look in Hallie's eyes—a yearning—as for sanctuary. She was nervous as a kitten, tearful as a fountain. There seemed no doubt about the fact that she was helplessly, hopelessly homesick.

Madge fought desperately for what she was pleased to term her sister's salvation. She knew that she was fighting a losing battle. She knew—now that Hallie was fighting *against* her! Then it was that Madge became resentful of Hallie's inadaptability, of her helplessness before the buffeting she was receiving on the suddenly turbulent psychic sea. One night in their apartment the dam broke—Hallie gave way to tears and accusation—

"It's all your fault, Madge," she whined. "You had no right to bring me here."

"I did it for your sake—to save you from the rotten stagnation of Hell Hole."

"You went and ruined everything. You might have known I was too old——"

Too old? Thirty. You're a young woman—if you were to be. But there's the rub—you *don't* want to be. There isn't a red corpuscle left in your veins. You hang around that studio looking like a sick kitten. If you're asking me, Hallie, I'd say you ain't playing fair. You're stalling——"

"And you're ashamed of me!" flashed Hallie.

Madge grew red of face. The accusation was true, but she denied it hotly. "'Tisn't so!"

"'Tis. I can tell. I wish you'd never brought me here. I wish I was back home again. So there!"

"You ain't trying to make good."

"There ain't any use. I'm old an' I can't learn new tricks."

"You mean you *won't*. I don't see——"

"I wish," said Hallie wistfully, "that you'd let me go back to Lee——"

"*Let you!* Don't you ever do *anything* of your own accord? What have I got to do with whether you go back or not? If you want to——"

Hallie was on her feet, eyes blazing with happiness. "Then I can go back? You mean it'll be all right for me to go? You won't mind? Honest, Madge—do you mean that?"

"Why—why—of course."

Three days later Hallie packed up her things and left for Karnak.

BEFORE the old rusty kitchen stove, in the fire-box of which blazed an extravagant waste of resinous lightwood, a woman prepared the evening meal. She was thirty and looked forty-five; her once shapely figure floppy where it should have curved—neglected as the house was neglected. A mass of auburn hair was pasted tightly against a well-shaped head and screwed into a hideous knot at the rear.

Her gown, for all its freedom from dirt, was an ugly, unimaginative thing which under other circumstances might have been a rather attractive bungalow apron. Her legs were encased in heavy black cotton stockings; the small feet in square-toed, run-down-at-the-heel shoes.

She heard her husband return from Karnak, stable the mule, stamp across the creaky veranda, fling his hat into a corner and plump his big, bony frame into a chair. She served the meal and seated herself opposite.

"I was on th' jury to-day. Another cow case—an' b'lieve me, we soaked it to them rail-road fellers——"

Mrs. Hallie Rivers smiled. She was at home and she was happy.

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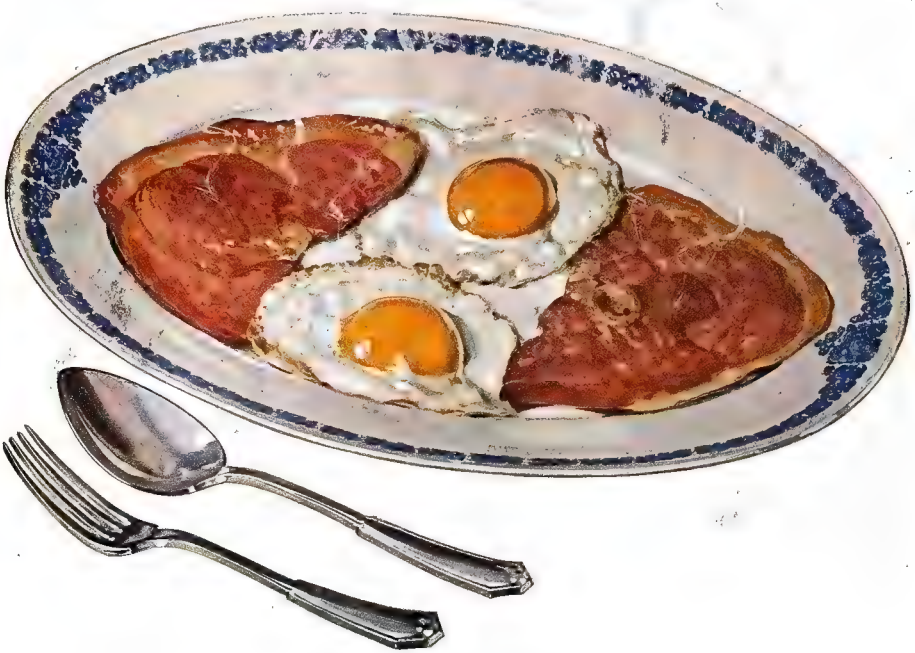
MORRIS



When you taste Morris Supreme Ham you will want other Morris foods that bear the same mark of quality—*Supreme.*

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Shu Wite

FOR WHITE SHOES

WHITE SHOES HAVE TO BE CLEANED SO FREQUENTLY, THAT THE MOST CONVENIENT WHITE SHOE DRESSING IS THE ONE TO USE. EACH BOTTLE OF "SHU WITE" CONTAINS A BIXBY DAUBER ATTACHED TO THE STOPPER ALL READY TO APPLY. NO RAGS, NO SPONGE, NO BRUSHES. IT IS THE QUICKEST AND HANDIEST WHITE SHOE DRESSING, READY FOR INSTANT USE.

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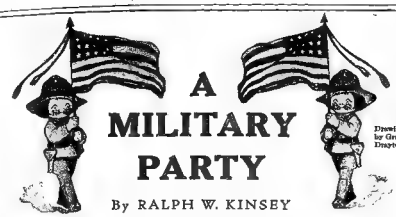


A MILITARY PARTY

Drawings © by Grace G Drayton

By RALPH W. KINSEY

NOW that the din and the fury of battle has been silenced for several months, it will surely not be amiss to utilize some Autumn day for a military party; especially if we endeavor to show the funny side of army life and to try to poke a bit of fun at grim old Mars.

The party may be held during the day or in the evening, tho the author prefers the former time, since it was at an afternoon affair that he enjoyed the following fun.

The invitation was in the form of a burlesque military order, reading as follows:

ENLIST! In the War On the Blues
All patriotic friends of
Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Jones are urged to
RALLY ROUND THE MESS TENT
at the Military Party to be given
TUESDAY AFTERNOON
BATTLE GROUNDS—236 GREENWICH ST.
Roll Call at 2.00 P.M.
FALL IN!

This was written in red and blue ink on white cardboard, and one of the cute little soldier figures which Grace G. Drayton drawsfor the children in PICTORIAL REVIEW each month, was pasted at one side.

The day of the party found the lawn of the lonesome home fitted out in true military style. A tent had been erected at one end of it, and a large flag floated proudly upon a pole placed in the proper military position.

In front of the tent was a table with a huge sheet of paper on it, an old-fashioned quill pen, a bottle of ink, and other miscellaneous articles to give it a military air. A sign on the tent read "General Headquarters."

To the right was placed another table which had upon it a large pasteboard box, containing gorgeous paper military hats with huge red plumes and small toy swords and guns. This table was labeled "Commissary Department."

To the left was a third table on which a large score-sheet had been pinned to a drawing-board. This sheet was headed "Company Record," and the table was placarded "Company Clerk."

The host had enlisted several members of the family to assist as recruiting officers with himself as general. He was a beautiful sight in a uniform that looked like the majordomo's of grand opera, the chief points of glory being the flaming red sash, the enormous sword dragging at his heels, and the resplendent array of medals tinkling on his chest. The remainder of the recruiting party were attired in a military way, but far more soberly than the host.

Upon the arrival of the ladies fair and the gentlemen brave who were fortunate enough to receive an invitation to join the "army," they were seized with all the vigor of a Bolshevikl revolution and hustled to the headquarters tent by the assisting guard. Here their wraps were removed with military precision and they were gruffly commanded by the general to give him their nickname, age, nationality, state of servitude, and other pertinent facts. The answers were all jotted down with great solemnity by the company clerk.

Having satisfied the commanding officer, the quartermaster clerk was ordered to supply the new recruits with a hat and weapon, and a red tag, bearing the company letter (A, B, C or D) was pinned to their chests.

Thus uniformed and armed, the new recruits were marched to the group of chairs placed farther on the lawn, and marked with a flag bearing the company letter.

The Roll-Call

ALL the army having arrived, the general issued the command for roll-call, and endeavored to line his forces up with some semblance of military precision. Having got them into some sort of a straight line, he brought forth the huge sheet of paper on which the facts had been written and proceeded to call the roll, reading off this sheetful of humor. As each name was called, the soldier stepped two paces to the front and saluted. This was the first game. At the end the general named the four who had kept the straightest faces during the recital and promoted them to the rank of corporal. Stripes, painted on sign-painter's muslin, were pinned to their arms.

Next came the physical examination which was divided into four parts.

Part One consisted of the lung test. In this the soldiers tried to see who could blow out the most lighted candles at one breath.

Part Two was the muscle test. In this each person thrust his hand into a pan filled with beans and, catching a handful, brought his hand out. Then he was ordered to throw the beans in the air and catch as many as he could on the back of his hand.

Part Three was the eye test. In this a card on which two hundred small dots had been marked was shown to the crowd, and they were commanded to tell how many dots there were on the card.

Part Four was the nerve test. In this each soldier was given a match and these were struck in unison. The winner was the man whose match burned the longest.

The winner of each event was promoted. If a private, he was made a corporal. If a corporal, he became a sergeant. This system of scoring was carried out right through the contests. The winners were promoted to a higher office. What these are can easily be discovered from any military manual. In each case, too, the proper insignia on the muslin was pinned to the arm or shoulder.

Following the physical test came the mental test. This consisted of the old-fashioned game of Fizz and Buzz. The soldiers stood in a circle and counted in rotation. Whenever a five or multiple of five came, the word "fizz" had to be uttered. When a seven or multiple of it came, the word "buzz" had to be given. Those who made an error were eliminated until four were left to be promoted.

Having satisfied himself as to the qualities of his army, the general next lined them up for the setting-up exercises. The companies faced each other, and those at the end of each line were given a bean-bag. At the signal they hurled the bags with an underhand throw at the soldier opposite. With four bean-bags hurtling through the air at one time matters soon became quite strenuous. If a soldier dropped a bag he was eliminated. This continued until the usual four for promotion were left.

Company Drill

THEN came company drill. The general announced that all commands would be given by blowing a whistle. One blast meant stop; two, start; three, turn to the right; and four, turn to the left. He repeated his instructions to make sure each understood, and then the drill began. It was a scream from start to finish, especially as the general kept the whistle tooting merrily, and it was not long before the drillers dwindled down to four, for whenever any one made a mistake he or she was fired from the drill.

Since the general felt all his soldiers were too tired to do any more strenuous work, he ordered them to be seated for company school. This provided plenty of brain work, for he gave them twenty-four questions to answer about ordinary matters connected with the war, and they quickly discovered how soon familiar things are forgotten.

Feeling the company had rested sufficiently, the general next had target practise. This consisted of throwing darts at a target, each ring of which was numbered. Each person had three tries.

Next was a gas-mask drill. Large paper bags, folded up very precisely, were placed at one end of the lawn. At the signal the soldiers in squads rushed for the masks, unfolded them, put them over their heads, and rushed back to the starting-point. Here they were supposed to remove the gas-masks and refold them. The winner was the one who got there first and folded his mask properly. The contest looked easy till the soldiers found there were no eye-holes in the masks, and the return trip had to be made as if blindfolded.

Now came the company sing. The soldiers began to clear their throats and hum, but they found this kind of a sing required no vocal preparation, for they were ordered to write down the words instead of singing them of the following well-known war-time songs: "We're Going Over," "It's Your Country, It's My Country," "America, Here's My Boy," and "The Marseillaise" hymn. Here again the usual feeling that one knows the familiar things was rudely shattered when it came to writing down the actual words.

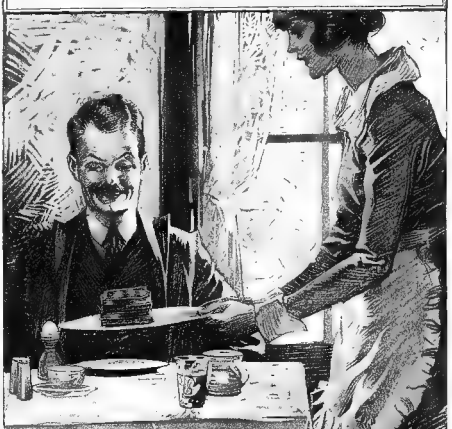
Mess call was then sounded from the porch of the house by the goodwife of the general and the wounded warriors trooped into the cool dining-room, there to be greeted by a very appetizing lunch.

At mess the honors of the day were awarded. The four soldiers with the highest scores were each given prizes while the company making the best score received a company prize.

And, of course, the encampment ended at sundown with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," as Old Glory was lowered from the staff.

Any inquiries regarding entertainments will be answered gladly. Address, Entertainment Editor, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 222 W. 39th St., New York City.

For Breakfast



BREAD!

You can make your breakfasts tasty, appetizing, satisfying *without* rich, heavy foods.

A great variety of tempting breakfast dishes can be made with BREAD.

Try using bread—the best of all foods—as the basis of your breakfasts. You'll be surprised at the difference you and your family will experience in vigor of body and brain.

Meats are too heavy to start the day with. They place too great a burden on the digestive machinery at a time when the bodily energies are needed for other work.

You can learn many new ways of serving bread from a little book entitled:

"65 Delicious Dishes Made with Bread"

which you can get free from your baker or grocer. When asking for this book, please say to your baker or grocer that you saw it offered in the Fleischmann magazine advertisement.

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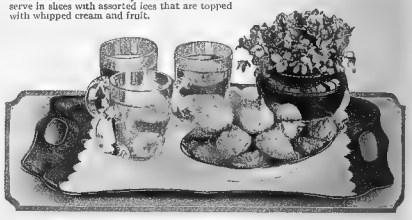
Dainties for the Tea-Wagon

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

GOOD LUCK CAKE WITH ICES

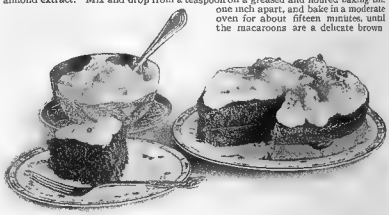
BEAT two eggs with one-half cupful of sugar for twenty minutes, add one-half cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful each of almond and vanilla-extract, add one cupful of flour sifted with one-half cupful of potato flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a punch of salt. Mix lightly and pour into a greased and floured cake-tin. Bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes. Cool and serve in slices with assorted ices that are topped with whipped cream and fruit.



DIXIE PUNCH WITH ALMOND MACAROONS

MIX together eight cupfuls of strong tea, the grated rind of one orange, the strained juice of two oranges and three lemons, add sugar or honey to taste, and chill. Into each glass place three thin slices of banana, pour in the punch, and serve with almond macaroons made as follows

Beat up white of one egg to a stiff froth, add a pinch of salt, and fold in gently one cupful of blanched and chopped almonds, one cupful of powdered sugar, and a few drops of almond extract. Mix and drop from a teaspoon on a greased and floured baking tin, one inch apart, and bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes, until the macaroons are a delicate brown



NUT AND ZWIEBACK TART

BEAT yolks of four eggs with three-fourths cupful of sugar until light, then add one-fourth pound of powdered zwiebacks, grated rind and strained juice of one-half lemon, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg, mace, and ginger, one cupful of chopped nut-meats, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Mix well and divide into two greased and floured layer-cake tins, bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour Spread jam or jelly between the layers and when cold cover with whipped cream sweetened and flavored to taste, or with whipped evaporated milk. Sprinkle over with a few chopped nut-meats and serve.

This tart contains no butter, but is made rich with nuts and light with eggs, while the powdered zwieback takes the place of flour and gives body to the mixture.

BEET AND CHEESE SANDWICH

RUB five cooked beets through a sieve, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of paprika and made mustard, and three tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce. Mash two cream cheeses into a smooth paste with four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Cut three slices of bread, remove the crust, and spread with butter. On one slice put the cheese and on another slice the beet mixture and make a sandwich Cut the sandwich across diagonally and serve decorated with watercress or shredded lettuce and quarters of tomatoes. This makes a delicious luncheon dish.

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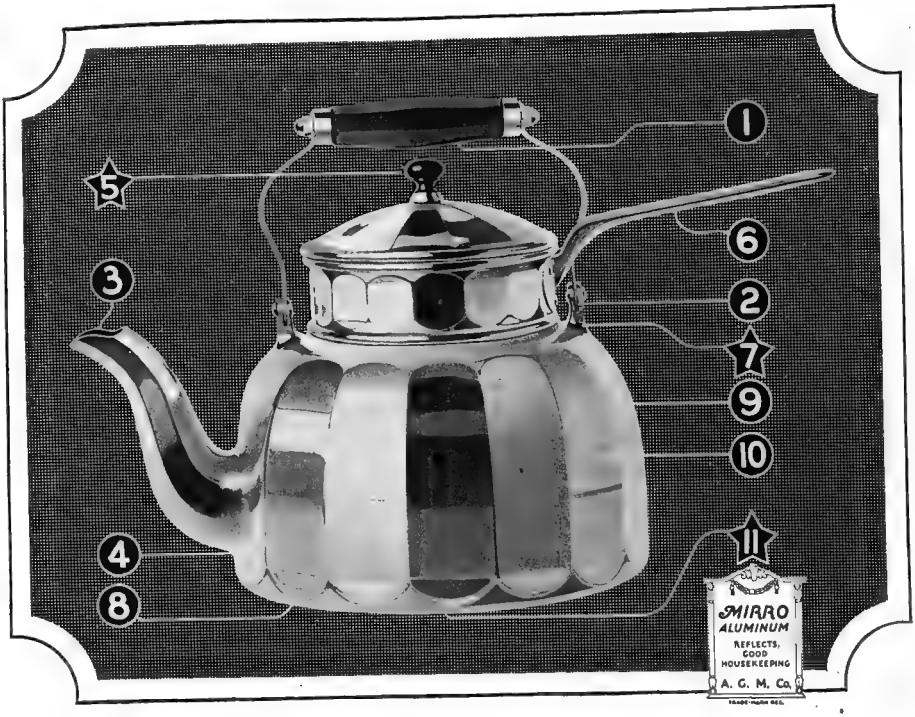

A Thrifty Pair

"Two can live cheaper than one" said this Tea Kettle when it paired off with the Boiler. And to prove their economy, these two save stove space, fuel and time.

Not often do you see so handsome a couple. Well set up, strong and sturdy, their shining faces show they are from the Mirro family.

Mirro Aluminum, you know, is the ware that reflects good housekeeping. Unusually beautiful, convenient, and durable, it is the result of a quarter-century of experience in better aluminum making.

Mark the many features that distinguish this Mirro combination utensil. You do not find them in ordinary aluminum ware.

(1) Highly ebonized, sure-grip, detachable handle. (2) Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any desired position without coming in contact with Kettle. (3) Easy-filling, easy-pouring spout. (4) Spout welded on.

☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob. (6) Hollow steel handle, comfortable to the hand. ☆(7) Handle ears welded on. (8) Unusually wide heating base.

(9) Rich Colonial design. (10) Famous Mirro finish. ☆(11) Famous Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every Mirro article, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Note that the same cover fits both kettle and inset.

The star features 5, 7 and 11 belong exclusively to Mirro.

Mirro Aluminum is sold by the better dealers everywhere, and at a price that is truly moderate.

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A New Temperance Beverage and a New Flavor

ALWAYS ready for any occasion as a beverage, served with plain or carbonated water. A base for fruit punches, blends with any fruit or can be combined with Sauer's Pure Strawberry, Raspberry or Pineapple Flavors for sherbets, water ices, milk shakes, etc.

A flavor which is adaptable for any use.

A 35c bottle makes 35 glasses of punch. For sale by all good grocers If you cannot get it at your grocers, send us 10c together with the name of your grocer, and we will send you sample bottle—enough for a pint of syrup to make 10 glasses, also will send recipe booklet.

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Including four conferred at expositions held in countries now allied with us. Manufacturers of 32 other flavors including Vanilla, Lemon and Spice Flavors

The C. F. SAUER COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Happily Married

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

happiest way of not keeping engagements and of giving the best possible reasons for not doing so. She was never at a loss for an excuse or explanation. The result was that he frequently found himself in an embarrassing situation, as on this afternoon when they were to have had tea with the Nicholsons at the Club. It was all very well for a woman to say she did not know where her husband was. Husbands were often detained by business. Everybody accepted that fact, and it was not supposed to reflect upon the wife who came bearing this excuse. But it was abominable for him to come sneaking in to the Nicholson's table and have to tell his hostess that he did not know where his wife was. That was information every husband was supposed to keep on the tip of his tongue.

When he came in at six o'clock the maid told him Mrs. Skipwith had not yet returned from the Red Cross meeting.

Well, he knew something about that Red Cross meeting. It was over before five o'clock. He had just broken all speed limits getting Murray back to town, because he had received a message saying that Mrs. Murray had a serious accident on her way home from this meeting.

What Skipwith wanted to know was where was Ellen. He wanted to know it from force of habit. She was not at that meeting, and she was not at the Club. And she was not at home. And it was not the hour when ladies paid visits on the avenue.

He was very angry in a dull way. But he had been very angry so often without acting up to it that rage had become a sort of impotence. He asked himself bitterly why that was. Why had he never put his foot down and made Ellen toe the mark? He supposed he could do it if he made up his mind to do it. Many a man thinks that until he tries it. But, nothing on this earth is so elusive as a married woman who has escaped from the marital consciousness.

Skipwith began to fumble with this idea of discipline. He felt a lively sympathy with the ruffian man who chastizes an undutiful wife. It was probably the only way to manage them. He wondered what the effect would be if when Ellen came in, as she would do presently, he should seize her without a word, and, and—punish her as she deserved! He stood still in the middle of the room, jaws set, hands tingling at the thought. He looked about instinctively for the chastening rod with which to do this deed. There was nothing in sight that could possibly be used for such purpose except a large peafowl fan with a long white staff for a handle, which flamed against the wall. He despised the thing. It was out of place here. He was tempted to snatch it down. He was enjoying a furious license in thinking what he might do with Ellen when she came in. There is a lot of constible matter in every married relation, but usually it is material used in target-practise only.

This kind and gentle man went on with his orgy of being a purely imaginary brutal husband. He could see Ellen's amazement when he seized her cadaverid, terrified, trembling beneath his wrath, the little rodent soul of her in the open for once, running this way and that for shelter. And there would be no such shelter, because his patience which had furnished that would be gone.

By this time he was beginning to feel very dangerous. He only hoped he would be able to control himself.

The maid came in to draw the shades and turn on the lights. He sent her out on strictly scriptural command. His deeds, potentially, were already evil.

THE door-bell rang.

"Has Mr. Skipwith come in?" he heard Ellen ask.

"Oh yes, madam, quite some time ago," the maid answered.

"Where is he, up-stairs?" she demanded.

"No, madam, he is in the library," the maid said, withdrawing discreetly.

Mrs. Skipwith paused a moment in the hall regarding the open door of this darkness which was the library. This darkness was a bad sign, she thought.

"Barrie, dear," she called.

No answer. That was another bad sign. Silence and darkness were the garments her husband wore when he sulked.

She approached the door, felt quickly and deftly for the button in the wall inside and turned on the light.

She beheld Skipwith apparently just flung by some violent emotion upon one of the larger chairs. He rested on the small of his back, legs sprawled, arms tightly folded. He was controlling himself, you understand. He had not changed for dinner, and he had not shaved. The lower part of his face was thunderous with the shadows of the approaching beard. His eyes were lowered, meaning that he did not care where his gaze rested so it did not fall like a sword upon the other person present. He still entertained the idea that the very sight of Ellen might provoke him to violence. Many a man fears himself when his wife knows that he is harmless.

Ellen, standing upon the threshold, very slim, very pretty, head tilted a little to one side, lips repressing a smile, took in these details, understood, and feared not.

"Barrie dear, are you drunk?" she asked with a humorous affectation of anxiety because Skipwith never was drunk.

He remained grimly silent. But Ellen noticed that he began to work one foot back and forth, wagging it on the heel with the sole of his shoe turned to her. This was a nervous habit he had when he was speechlessly angry.

"He is talking with his foot again!" she murmured, advancing to contemplate this wonder.

"Poor dear, I believe he is *swearing* with his foot!" she exclaimed, drawing back.

The foot became silent.

Ellen sighed and changed her tactics.

"I was so sorry not to get out for tea with the Nicholsons, but there was so much to do I just could not manage it," she said, moving back and flattening herself against the wall beneath the fan, with her hands behind her.

"And I tried so hard to get home before you came in," she went on plaintively, "but I was detained by my Red Cross work. There is so much to do and discuss. Is it very late?"

Let her look at the clock!

"What are you staring at, dear?" she asked, seeing his gaze fixed upon something above her. Then she twisted her neck, flattened the brim of her hat against the wall in the effort to look above herself.

"Oh, the peafowl fan!" she exclaimed as if she were so glad to find out something she could do for him.

SHE faced about, tiptoed, drew the long white staff from the bracket. Then she advanced, stood at a sad slave's distance from him and moved it gently over him.

For one instant he was petrified at such audacity, clairvoyance, and impudence. She was practising her arts as usual. He was tired of that. But he was only able to make the same known to her by a feeble movement of displeasure.

"Oh, very well, then, we will not fan nor be fanned," she laughed. "We will have dinner. When we have dined we shall feel much better and kinder to our wife."

She went up-stairs to remove her hat, to freshen up a bit, and to look at herself in the mirror. Nothing else gave her so much fortitude to endure the present, and confidence with which to face the future, as a brief review of her image in the glass. This was not vanity. It was a way she had of counting her assets.

She foresaw an evening with Barrie. He had always been dull, but lately he was becoming crabbed. She supposed it was the ferocity of old age coming on. Old men were notoriously perverse. Still, she was cheerful, like a woman who had a secret source of happiness.

At the table she continued to be more amiable than a good wife ever is when she faces a deliberately disagreeable husband. Your good wife is quick to flare, because she knows she has the right to resent whatever she chooses to resent. Ellen was one of those women who was obliged to be amiable and she made a grace of it that reflected on Skipwith's ill temper.

He had relinquished the idea of taking severe methods. But probably for the first time in his married life he was bent upon reforming the character of his wife. He was revolving a plan slowly and tediously, a plan admirable to the point of being diabolical, if only he could have the patience to bring it to pass.

Meanwhile, he listened with singular attention to Ellen's account of her patriotic activities. She did not understand the motionless gaze with which he covered her across the table, but she was encouraged. She had not attended the Red Cross meeting that afternoon, but she knew in a general way what must have occurred. So she talked about that. Had he ever noticed that disagreeable women are so often put at the head of things? She referred to Mrs. Murray, the Regent of the Sulgrave Society for War Emergency Service.

"No other woman at the head of patriotic work in this State calls herself a Regent. They are chairmen. But she must enhance herself with that scepter title," she exclaimed indignantly.

"And she is a perfect tyrant. She has worked me nearly to death this Spring, without a word of appreciation. Don't you think I have worked hard?" she insisted, as if she wanted to commit him to some kind of approval.

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Happily Married

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He supposed she had, he conceded without warmth.

"Mrs. Murray has her favorites, too," she went on, "Mary Madden, for example, is our Prime Minister. Never does anything but is always on hand. And the old Murray cat refers everything to her, wants her advice, when she knows nothing at all about the work. I wonder why Pelham Madden ever married her."

"I used to wonder too, but not now," he answered quietly.

"Well, why did he?"

"She is good."

"Oh, so, dear!" she exclaimed laughing. "A man never marries a woman because she is good. Sometimes that is the reason he does not marry her, because she is just good and nothing else."

"Now, I am good," she went on regarding him mischievously, "but that is not the reason you married me. You married me because I have red hair, and blue eyes, and a nice nose, and, well, because I am pretty and have ways that are becoming to me and pleasing to you."

"Go on about Mrs. Murray," he said without affirming nor denying these compliments.

"Well, what about her?" She would have been glad to forget Mrs. Murray. Still she must take any bait he offered.

"You saw her this afternoon?" he suggested.

"Oh, yes," she answered after the briefest hesitation, "very important meeting. As I told you she kept us until, well you know how late I came in."

SHE did not notice then that this reply terminated his interest in her gossip, but later, when they returned to the library she was aware of something sinister in his silence. She became uneasy. She had probably gone too far in discussing that meeting which she had not attended. She was on a committee to get money for a hospital fund, and she had an engagement with Pelham Madden to secure what she could from him for this purpose. She did not mention that, because Barrie was foolish about some things. He did not seem to realize she had more freedom from conventions now, must have it, if they accomplished the work the Government demanded of them in this crisis.

Well, if he would not talk, why didn't he read, she wondered irritably, seeing Skipwith sitting hunched up in his chair, knees crossed, working his foot slowly back and forth. She could not bear that senseless, rhythmic motion of his foot. If it did not stop she would scream!

"Barrie," she exclaimed in sudden desperation, "if you were going to say anything—what would you say?"

"Nothing—yet," he answered.

She flung herself back in the chair with a gesture of peevish despair.

His foot ceased to move. She looked at him, held her breath. It must be going to speak with his mouth. He was! She felt his gaze swing slowly in her direction.

"You are tremendously interested in all this war service, aren't you?"

He astonished her with this question after half an hour's stern silence.

"Yes," she answered, "of course I am. Everybody ought to be. But why do you ask?"

"But with you it amounts to a passion," he went on thoughtfully.

"I does, almost, I think," she answered eagerly. "You see it gives me something important to do. I am so glad you understand, Barrie!"

"I am beginning to understand," he returned, and then added slowly, "I am more and more awakened to the emergency myself."

"I am so glad, dear! Every man and every woman must do all they can!" she said earnestly.

"Yes," he agreed with a cold stare that did not belong to patriotism. "I have a plan under consideration which involves some radical changes in our way of living. But, it is time to change that."

Later she recalled this ominous speech and understood the hidden significance, but at the moment it made no particular impression because Barrie had never been an ominous husband, only a difficult one. And she was concerned chiefly to avoid another silence when he failed to pursue the subject.

"Did you have a good game of golf this afternoon?" she asked trying to start something.

"We didn't play," he answered briefly.

"Why?"

"Well, we were to have had a foursome, but Madden was detained at the bank by an important engagement. We got Murray to take his place. But we had hardly started before he was called back to town by that accident."

"What accident?" she asked quickly.

"To his wife. I don't know the nature of it. Murray didn't when I brought him in, only that she was not seriously injured. She ran into something with her car, I imagine. It happened sometime after five o'clock as she was returning from your Red Cross meeting," he concluded without looking at her.

She was horrified. He had allowed her to talk, to discuss this meeting, to incriminate herself when he had known from the first word she uttered that she was not there! Would he ask her where she was? If only she had not already given such an elaborate account of that she would have risked the truth now.

She waited. She would have preferred to face her Maker at this moment than this awfully silent man. Because, a woman's Maker is bound to remember what iridescent dust she is made and be lenient accordingly, but a husband has no such breadth to his judgment.

"Barrie," she said timidly after what seemed a very long time, "my head aches. I think I shall go to bed, if you don't mind." He permitted her to go without a word or look.

The best thing she could do under these circumstances was to get some sleep, she thought. She was determined not to be awake when he came up, lest he should reconsider and make a scene.

She managed that. She really did not hear him come up.

So the light that soothed Pelham Madden as he passed was in Skipwith's room, not Ellen's. When you are looking for oracles in Madden's mood it is possible to make a very ridiculous mistake and be tenderly preserved from it by your own ignorance.

There remained at this end-of-the-play hour which belonged to the day's drama of married life in Sulgrave, a short space of time which could be likened to an explanatory footnote at the bottom of the page in a difficult text. Usually it is something taken from an older book, printed in finer type and frequently overlooked by the casual reader.

Two blocks distant down a side street opening into the avenue there was an old-fashioned residence, one of those houses that has retired and is now living on its income, with coils of vines swinging from the trellises and a lion's-head knocker on the glistening white front door.

This was the home of Mrs. Marguerite Darah, mother of Mrs. Pelham Madden and more pig white (dowager mother-in-law of Pelham Madden. Ten years before this time she had received "that man" (which was the alien name he bore in her secret thoughts) into her family with a drawn sword, and without a word of warning to him that her sword was drawn, and that she would remain on guard so long as she lived if he did not change. All this in the face of the facts that he was the most eligible man in Sulgrave and very engaging.

THE explanation of her antagonism was not due to his social gifts, but was blurred the same way herself, but it was on account of Mary. Mary lacked the vibrant quality of her sex. She could not be glad and happy with a husband who was in Mrs. Darah's opinion only too vibrant? It was like marrying a man much younger than she was. Pelham Madden was one of those men who could and would skip any number of times and feel what he wanted to feel and he would therefore remain younger than his wife even if he really were older. She was a psychologist in her strictly feminine way, and a very shrewd one. Her distrust of him was, you might say, universal. He had managed by a series of hops, skips, and jumps in the markets, to invest certain moneys she had always kept in his bank so well that her income was doubled. She accepted the income and fixed her eyes suspiciously on the method by which he had accomplished this financial feat. Then, she tied up her fortune so that he could never risk it again in this way. After that she appeared at the bank occasionally and usually at the most inopportune times to make sure that this fortune was still safe, invested, and beyond his reach. She conducted these investigations with a politeness and thoroughness that enraged Madden and amused him at the same time.

This was one of the days she had set aside for overhauling her affairs at the bank. As a matter of fact her plans were unaccountably upset and she was not seen there until the following October when everything else in Sulgrave was settled.

She was seated in her room at twelve o'clock on this night. She had made her bed-time toilet as usual. She wore a flowered lavender-silk kimono over her night-dress, and she looked like a doll who has actually lived and has had the very remarkable experience of growing old like a human. Her cheeks were still round and full beneath the withered skin. Her eyes were fiercely black beneath the wrinkled

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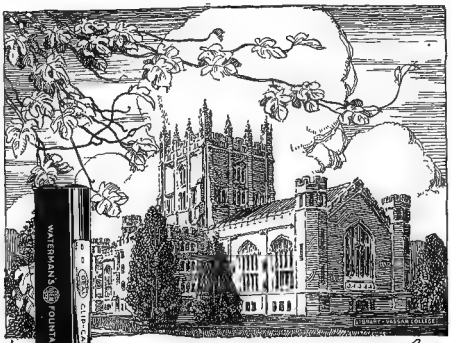

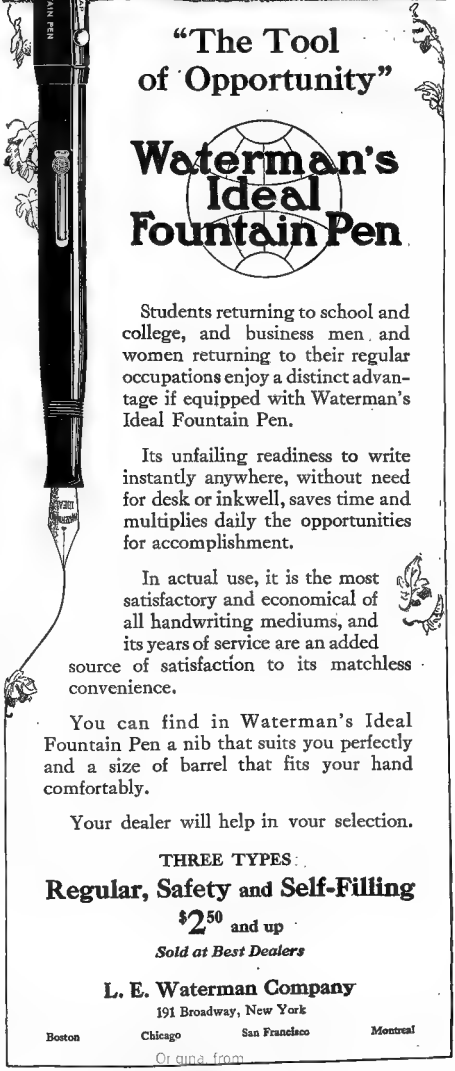

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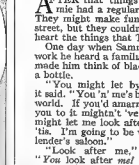

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Happily Married

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

lids. The snow-white hair on her head was fussed up and piled high as if she retained the sense of charm and prettiness not as a fact but as a principle.

FROM time to time she whisked out of the chair and moved about the room not pacing up and down in the methodical manner of people who take this leg form of metaphysical exercise to soothe their thoughts, but distractedly, as a little old hen flutters around when there is a hawk in the sky overhead. She went to the north window which commanded a sort of private, rear view of the Skipwith residence. Then she saw a man walking in the moonlight along the avenue, too distant for her to recognize him, but she reckoned she knew who carried his head like that and pranced like that! She went back and considered the 'phone. She was very much tempted to speak to somebody over that 'phone!

Then she sighed and went back to her chair, thinking of the many temptations she had resisted about "that man," when it came to disturbing Mary's sense of security and happiness.

Every time she came back and sat down she fixed her snapping black eyes on a portrait that hung above the mantel. It was the likeness of a large blond man with a long face, pendent cheeks, receding chin, high forehead, and enormous blue eyes. The resemblance between Mary Darah Madden and this old gentleman was unmistakable. This was in fact Judge George Darah. But whenever Mrs. Darah was particularly disturbed about her daughter's happiness she would sit before this portrait and snap her eyes at it. It was a way she had of quarreling with her husband long since deceased. What she meant was that if Mary had been less, much less like her father and more, even a little more like her, she would know how to manage "that man."

"If a wife does not stir her husband up occasionally and unsettle his confidence, some other woman will do it and reap the benefit!" she concluded, speaking aloud, having now left her husband in peace to sit in his portrait with that long blue stare.

THEN she caught sight of her own image in the mirror and saw that she had not done the last things to herself. She turned at once to the dressing-table and began to do them. She took off a long white braid and brushed it carefully. Then she removed two frothy little white curls, delicately attached by art above her temples, laid them carefully on the pincushion, and unwound her own thin white locks. These she twisted into curlers, making a double row of horns on top of her head. And still she looked like a little old doll, not homely, but ridiculously pretty, absorbed, prepared for the next day of herself.

The second instalment of "Happily Married" will appear in the October Pictorial Review. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

The Gift of Courage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

it was—spread before the three of them—her life from the time his father had died—the work—the struggle of it—how they'd had to move—and always, like a golden refrain through it, her love for Sammie and how good he was and how brave; then, as a dark shadow, her resentment of the town.

"If I'd been able to get away from here—but I couldn't leave. I've read in books of some of the biggest men in the world's been afflicted like him. They shamed him. They broke his spirit!" she cried. "They broke his spirit!"

"No!" said Tracy. "No, they didn't break his spirit—nor yours neither—thank God! There's some things in this world that can't break!"

AFTER that things were better. Sammie had a regular job with Llewellyn. They might make fun of him now on the street, but they couldn't wipe out from his heart the things that Tracy had said.

One day when Sammie came home from work he heard a familiar man's voice which made him think of blackstrap gurgling out of a bottle.

"You might let bygones be bygones," it said. "You 'n' me's both come down in the world. If you'd amarried me when I asked you to it mightn't 've been like this. You might let me set after you a little bit as 'tis. I'm going to be working over at Callender's saloon."

"Look after me," cried his mother. "*You* look after *me!* My Sammie looks after me!"

"I didn't mean nothin', Laura. I just thought you and me was sort of lonely, like. You might let me come and get sometimes."

"I don't want no one settin' here," cried his mother, "I know you and your kind."

"You ain't changed much, have you, Laura?" came the man's voice, full of bitterness. "I come to you friendly—I come to you because I couldn't forget you."

"That'll be about enough," cried Laura, "just about enough from you, Ned Warren."

"I ain't agoin' to get mad at you, Laura. Maybe you'll see things different some day—maybe you'll need a friend some time—you and your Sammie ain't got too many! I'll be here—I'll be here right along—waitin'!"

That was not the last of it. There was another night after Sammie was in bed that he heard a soft knock on the door, his mother's footsteps, the door opening, and a man's voice and his mother's, then the slamming of the door.

Afterward it seemed to Sammie that he heard soft, padding footsteps walking round outside the cabin, then his mother sat quiet by the lamp, her head in her hands—listening.

From where he lay, Sammie watched her. At last she got up with a curious air of resolve. She went over to the chest where she kept his little things. Sammie could see her distorted shadow against the wall as she searched in the chest; at last she found what she was looking for.

It was his father's revolver. Slowly and painfully she cleaned and oiled it. Sammie fell asleep watching her. When he awoke again she was still at her work and as she sat there, slim and resolved, a feeling of cold crawled down his spine.

For the first time the familiar dark that he had never feared held a nameless menace. He could sleep no more that night, for whenever he closed his eyes he saw his mother's face, proud and grim, as she worked painfully with her one hand: cleaning the revolver.

Two days later, Tracy drove into town and again put up his team at Llewellyn's. Sammie saw him go over to Joe Callender's saloon. Speechless gratitude gushed up in Sammie's heart; he felt he must speak to him. He ran across the street and stood behind the door, watching Tracy talking at the bar. He was surrounded by an admiring group. Ned Warren was serving the drinks with glib unction.

"I tell you," Tracy was saying, "this feller says he can cure 'em. Why, he's got testimonials. He cured a man sixty years old."

Sammie listened. He heard his mother's name and saw the men nod wisely.

"At first I didn't believe it," said Tracy, "then I looked into it, and it's a sure thing."

THERE came to Sammie a vision of life as it might be—himself like every one else—no longer "afflicted!" He forgot his fear of the men around the barroom. He forgot his name—he forgot Ned Warren.

"Mr. Tracy," he cried, "I heard what you said. 'I was astandin' outside the door and I heard you. Could you send me some—could you send it to me—"

"Why, hello, Sammie!" said Tracy, and put out his hand. "I'm mighty glad to meet up with you. Sure I'll send you some, was thinkin' about you. I'll do it first thing I get back. I got a friend drivin' through next week an' I'll sure send it by him. Tell him to leave it to Llewellyn's, shall I?"

"Anyhow very soon, Mr. Tracy," said Ned Warren, "but you know how 'tis in a livery-stable. First thing you know they'd think' you was a-hangin' round and order up a sick horse with it! Better send it here to Callender's and I'll look after it." Laughter greeted this sally and it was settled that way.

Every day Sammie went to the saloon. Every day Ned turned to him with "Nothin' for you to-day. Sorry, Sammie. Better luck to-morrow." Guess Tracy's forgot you, Sammie."

Sammie did not believe that. He believed just one thing—that he was going to be cured.

Golden dreams filled Sammie Pitt's brain these days. He saw himself drive his mother behind a team of shining chestnuts. His mother would have clothes to go to church in! There'd be a woman to work for her.

Still the days dragged on and still the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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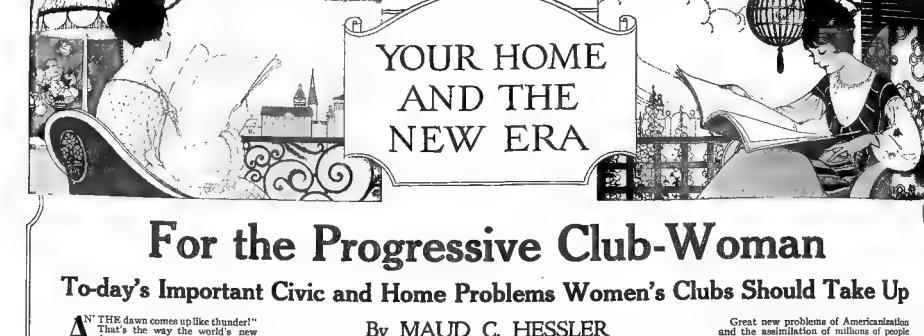

For the Progressive Club-Woman

To-day's Important Civic and Home Problems Women's Clubs Should Take Up

By MAUD C. HESSLER

"AN' THE dawn comes up like thunder!" That's the way the world's new day came crashing out of night, overtook, passed us, and left us stunned by its swiftness and splendor. The Renaissance of which we've read all our lives, over which we've pored elegantly in our study clubs, is paltry and puerile compared with this world-wide Renaissance we've become part of. Old things are already becoming new. Only those things which can change to meet this tremendous time can exist. In response to this ultimatum of the New Era the business world is wearing a different face; our educational system is in the midst of a metamorphosis; the church is bursting its swaddling clothes of sectarianism and formalism; our very government is laying off its cramping garments of ancient tradition and getting a new wardrobe. Whether we wish it or not we women are imperatively summoned to equip ourselves, too, to cope with the incredible changes the new day reveals.

Unluckily, now when we need efficient machinery most, we find that the government scrapped our biggest and best machine when it demobilized our war-service organization. We women ourselves will have to retrieve that blunder as best we can. But we have lost impetus and wasted time and morale and will have to get under way laboriously. It makes us feel as flabby as a punctured tire! That is, it did make us feel flabby. We are past that despondent stage now. We are critically examining our assets to see if some of our old organizations can not be made over and expanded to take care of the increased business of the New Era. We believe this can be done. If not, we'll have to develop brand-new machinery to do the work.

We find, as we take stock, that it is true that our clubs have been a great factor in the growth of the modern American woman. Through them for several decades, women have been changing from home-bound individualists to beings with growing social consciousness. But as we inspect yesterday's club work in the clear light of to-day, we are obliged to give the verdict that much of the planned cultural work of the self-culture club seems amateurish and artificial now. How much genuine education and stably founded knowledge have we gained out of the welter of club programs on art, literature, history, music, and what-not that we have listened to? Many of them were so general, they covered so much ground, that they made but a hazy and temporary mental impression. They interested us for the moment, but were too remote from our daily lives to permanently affect us. However, small study classes and clubs, which assigned well-planned topics for weekly study to each club member, often gave fine educational training as the reward of the personal effort they required. Then, too, even isolated programs or lectures on public affairs, on topics related to the home, or on any subject of which we had a live knowledge of our own, which thrilled in response to the speaker's deeper knowledge, seemed to grow into our memories and helped to shape our opinions. They, too, stand the light.

Society Life Seems Flat

THE social life of yesterday's club was usually a praiseworthy feature. It gave the tired housewife a chance to escape from family cares, and afforded the lonely woman an opportunity for recreation and congenial companionship. But the war ended, however, and since we were demobilized from war work and have time to return to the social round we used to enjoy, we find that our interest in it has vanished. Society itself, in its pre-war form, scarcely exists, neither in our cities nor in the Society which spells itself with a capital S. The futile motions of society life seem flat to people whom war service accustomed to the splendid thrill of productive action.

We have saved for final examination the most splendid and useful accomplishment of the clubs. I mean the service to the community and the State of many of our clubs. The list of what they have done is nearly as long as the limits of this article, if I were to give it in full. Our women's clubs have established libraries, parks, playgrounds, art collections, and community centers; they have aided to effect better laws for women and children in industry and better housing laws; they have uncovered and corrected abuses in hospitals, asylums, and reformatories; they have established day-nurseries, have built up household science teaching in schools and colleges, and have performed all kinds of social service. Club-trained women have been leaders in the suffrage movement. Such broad work is the part of the club's record which shows most clearly its worthiness as an instrument of the woman who lives in the New Era.

How are we to make the machinery we have serviceable to this New Era? I found my clue to the answer when, during recent months, I attended four important conventions, two of them of State and two of National import. There was a palpitating freshness in the point of view of all the addresses, a brushing aside of the conventional attitude, and a splendid dynamic quality. What struck me most was the open mindedness evident both in the prepared speeches and in the questions and spontaneous discussion from the floor. It was in these conventions that I first felt the thrill of the power and vitality of our Renaissance.

If our clubs are to be an essential instrument of our New Era we must, first, enlarge the field out of which they grew, we must expand the machinery by which they function, we must clarify their purposes—and then we must swing our perfected machine into irresistible action.

Open the Doors to More Members

I CAN predict that any organization which finally fulfils the needs of the New Era, which will be a clearing house of woman's activities, must be absolutely democratic, including groups of women of all existing varieties. This is the first way in which the federated club machinery must be expanded if it is to be the selected instrument. Our recent experience in our war-service organization pointed that out. But under the present organization of the national federation this would add to a body already unwieldy so great an increase of bulk as to paralyze it altogether. This is a problem we will have to solve.

Tho I believe in federating women's clubs I do not go so far as to say that they *must* be federated in order to do effective work. A group of live women can gain a certain amount of personal culture and can bring about community reforms, if they are so minded, but if women are to have great weight in state and national affairs it must be through such united and concerted action as comes only through federation.

I am coming more and more to think that the day of the large cultural club has passed. As a matter of fact it was far more social than genuinely cultural and, as I said, we have become disillusioned so far as the old sort of social life is concerned. Club work is decidedly in a state of flux. Many of our old clubs seem dilettante and artificial to our new vision. Art for art's sake, culture for culture's sake, are sentiments which have little food value in these progressive days of reconstruction.

If we are to feel at home in our old clubs they must open up fully to the spirit of the age. A factor which is jeopardizing the lives of many clubs is their bewilderment over what topics should be chosen for to-day's programs. With history making so fast, long-dead history is dull; with the strong ferment in the spirits of men which finally produces art working so swiftly, all but the truest and best art of the past looks faded and unreal. The great literary masterpieces of yesterday are still preeminent, but literature of the second class is losing its power to charm us. Yesterday we were a nation of novel-readers, but to-day we crave more nutritious food. The fresh news of each day has a thrill far more potent than any in the pages of tales of imaginary adventure.

Look at Your Own Towns

SHALL we study the lands overseas? We turn fascinated eyes toward them. But when we look we can see as yet little but smoke and flames and dim shapes in a mist." Russia's familiar landscapes are gone. Old Austria has vanished. Europe is scattered pieces as to not know themselves. How can we hope to know them? England, France, Italy, Germany—where is the country which is not in the throes of deep changes with the end not yet? Our own country is changing, too. If you and I were keen overseas observers, and standing on the other side of the water, America would be seen to be as full of potentialities and of the romance of kaleidoscopic changes as these distant countries which pique and allure us.

Right at hand we have fields of study of limitless possibilities. The same great adjustments between capital and labor which are tearing old Europe to shreds and building it up in strange aspects are going on over here, tho with less of explosive violence. In spite of our excellent civic work we were yesterday just opening our eyes to civic problems. To-day the old problems and a host of new ones crowd so fast upon our sight that we are bewildered.

We can see now that our cities have

Great new problems of Americanization and the assimilation of millions of people almost overwhelm us. It sounds trite to say that we are opening our eyes to the real place of the home. But a saying which has become trite is one which is so solidly true that it is voiced so frequently as to lose its freshness and challenge, but not its truth. To-day our homes stand newly revealed. To-day, with our new sense of values, we are seeing for ourselves with all the thrill of original discovery, that the home job is a very great one, and that it has many aspects we have never beheld before.

The draft showed us the mentally fine and physically stalwart product of the good home, rich or poor, and the mentally and physically stunted product of the inefficient home of wealth or poverty. It showed the unmoral or immoral product of the home where moral training was lacking. It was the kind of revelation which jerked to her feet for action any woman who had a thought in her head. Then it was that scientists baldly pointed out that we are generally speaking, the exact result of the food we eat and the way we live. So we mothers must get to work quickly to improve the defective product of the majority of homes.

That means that the study of child welfare and of everything which concerns the home are among the livest topics we can take up in our clubs. They are topics which are expanding and growing more fascinating day by day as the best scientists of our period work upon them. All the "whys" which used to bother us so about food, from our childish query as to why cake wasn't as good for us as bread, or why we ought to drink milk when we didn't like it, up to the most modern questions about fat soluble A and water soluble B, are being answered. The greatest by-product of food conservation was that people began to find out that there is really a science of eating, and that we don't eat simply because food tastes good or because we like to feel full. Few of us can go to school to get the knowledge of foods and of household engineering and of business methods applied to the home which we have found we lack; but we can get it in our club by basing our study on the newest scientific book knowledge and the most up-to-the-minute magazine information, all tested out and made personal by talking it over in intimate study groups.

Split Up the Big Clubs

I BELIEVE that it would be wise to subdivide our overgrown clubs into a multitude of small working units. The units can be made up of a score, or more or less, of earnest women, grouped together by bonds of congeniality and similar purpose. They may be grouped together, perhaps, because they are neighbors and can meet conveniently in the neighborhood. A club of one hundred to five hundred women could have many such groups meeting weekly, several times a month, on a study of civics, others the study of household science, and so on. No woman should be encouraged to belong to more than one group.

These small units can be not only study classes but debating circles as well. Every fortnight or every month general meetings of the whole club could be held, and the time devoted to important programs when experts might discuss club and community activities and policies.

In this way the club would gain the quality of individual work from the small clubs and could still hold the power and influence which force of numbers gives. Another advantage would be that its members could afford collectively to import well-known and noted speakers for the general meetings.

But is studying to be the whole occupation of the woman's club of the New Era? By no means. The laws of psychology are violated when people are instructed and stimulated to action, but not to act. The new order demands that when we come to a conclusion we must take action. So our study units can each of them carry on, if they will, some project of civic or educational work along with their studies, and the great club, splendidly equipped in each of its vital units, can exert the overwhelming civic force of thorough knowledge plus vigorous action. Thus we women can make ourselves worthy citizens of the heroic age into which we have come.

Help With Your Club Programs

ARE you finding it difficult to make out a club program which will be full of new ideas? Are you finding it hard to hunt up reference material for it?

Do you know how to use PICTORIAL REVIEW'S special articles at your club meetings? Every woman who has had the planning of a program realizes that it involves a surprizing amount of technique. Would you like to learn more about that technique?

These are some of the things that are taken up in Mrs. Hessler's second club article, "How to Plan a Club Program," which will appear in the October number.

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Then try the recipes in the Milk Booklet and watch the saving on your butter bills, for Libby's is the milk—"so rich you need no butter." The Libby Milk Booklet will be sent to you free—write for your copy today.

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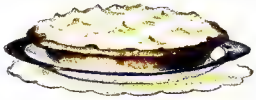
Chocolate

For each cup of chocolate allow 1 heaping tablespoonful grated chocolate, 1 heaping teaspoonful sugar, half a cup water and half a cup Libby's Milk. Cook chocolate and sugar with a little water until thick—stir in the milk and water which have been brought to the boiling point, and let boil 2 or 3 minutes. Beat with an egg beater until frothy. Add three drops vanilla extract for each cup and serve very hot—topped with marshmallows cut in small pieces



Creamed peach pie

Scald one cup of Libby's Evaporated Milk, add ⅔ cup of sugar mixed with one rounded tablespoonful cornstarch. Cook until thick, then add beaten yolks of two eggs and cook five minutes longer. When cool stir in one cup of canned peaches rubbed through a sieve and two tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Pour into baked pastry shell, frost with whites of eggs beaten stiff with one rounded tablespoonful sugar and brown in a slow oven

Creamed veal

One pound veal steak cut into half inch cubes, 1 cup celery cut into half inch lengths, one-half teaspoonful salt. Cover with boiling water and simmer one hour. To one cup of the veal broth add one cup Libby's Evaporated Milk mixed with one tablespoonful cornstarch. Cook ten minutes, pour over drained veal and celery, sprinkle with paprika and serve in timbale cases or on toast. One cup of peas may be added if desired

Cream of peanut soup

Dissolve two heaping tablespoonfuls peanut butter in one cup hot water. When smooth add two cups Libby's Evaporated Milk, 1 heaping teaspoonful cornstarch mixed with a cup of water; one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls minced onion and a dash of cayenne. Cook five minutes. Beat with an egg beater until frothy; strain and serve very hot

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Good Things to Eat

Contributed by Connecticut Home Demonstration Agents

THIS is one of a series of tested recipes used in food demonstrations and study classes in different States by Home Demonstration Agents of the United States Department of Agriculture cooperating with the State Agricultural Colleges.

Baked Bean Soup

1 Pt. Baked Beans and Liquid
1 Pt. White Sauce
2 Cupfuls Milk
¼ Cupful Flour
¼ Cupful Butter
½ Teaspoonful Pepper

MELT the butter, stir in the flour and seasonings. Add milk gradually and stir constantly until it thickens. This is the white sauce and to it add the bean pulp and liquid which has been forced through a strainer. Flavor with a little onion-juice.

American Chop-suey

¾ Cupful Spaghetti or Rice
1 Pt. Can Tomatoes
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Cooked or Uncooked Meat, Chopped
1 Small Onion

COOK rice or spaghetti in boiling water until tender. Drain, add other ingredients, pour into well-greased baking-dish, and bake in oven until meat is cooked.

Minestra

6-inch Strip Fat Salt Pork
1 Cupful Celery, Chopped Small
½ Cupful Rice
Salt and Pepper
1 Large Onion
½ Peck Spinach
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Cheese
1 Teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce

CUT pork fine, chop onions and celery, add the spinach, cook in double boiler for one hour, or until pork has melted. Add two quarts boiling water, cook directly over fire ten minutes. Add rice, cook thirty minutes more. Add cheese and flavoring. Serve at once. Minestra is an Italian dish that has proved very popular.

Vegetable Soufflé

¾ Cupful Corn-meal
1½ Cupful Boiling Water
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Tomatoes
1 Green Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Grated Onion
2 Eggs

STIR the hot water, salt, pepper, cut tomatoes, green pepper, and grated onion into the corn-meal; when mixed add the beaten eggs and fold in the whites, beaten stiff. Bake for forty minutes.

Vegetable Stew

½ Cupful Carrots
½ Cupful Celery
¼ Cupful Turnips
1½ Cupful Potato
1 Tablespoonful Onion

PREPARE the amounts of vegetables given and cut into small cubes. Sauté all except potatoes in three tablespoonfuls of drippings until a delicate brown. Add salt and pepper to taste, and a quart of boiling water. Add the potatoes twenty minutes before the stew is finished and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. The potatoes will usually thicken the stew sufficiently, but flour may be added ten minutes before serving for thicker consistency.

Corn Roast

1 Cupful Corn
1 Cupful Bread-crums
½ Cupful Chopped Cooked Carrots
2 Eggs, Beaten
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Fat
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
Salt and Pepper

MIX the ingredients together, in the order named, omitting one tablespoonful of fat. Shape into loaf on a greased baking-sheet, brush over with the remaining fat and bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once with white or brown sauce.

Apple and Carrot Conserve

2 Cupfuls Tart Apples, Diced
2 Cupfuls Carrots, Ground or Diced
1 Orange, Diced
1 Cupful Sirup
¾ Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt

COOK the carrots until they are tender in sufficient water to cover them; do not drain them. Add the other ingredients, and cook the mixture until clear.

Camp Salad Dressing

1 Can Condensed Milk
2 Egg Yolks
1 Teaspoonful Mustard
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Vinegar
½ Cupful Melted Butter
2 Egg Whites, Well Beaten

THE best results are obtained with this salad dressing by using a Dover egg-beater strenuously. Add the ingredients as listed, and, if possible, let it stand a couple of hours before using. This is used as boiled salad dressing and demands no cooking. Should one wish to economize a bit, use but one egg and as much butter as seems wise. Sometimes it is a help to save a little of the condensed milk, say two tablespoonfuls, a little added to beaten cream (whipped), or, to egg white, beaten for meringue, makes the mixture extend much farther.

Coffee Bread

¼ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Yeast-cake in ¼ Cupful Liquid
1 Cupful Scalded Milk
Add 2½ Cupfuls Flour (stiff batter)
½ Cupful, Seeded Raisins
2 Eggs Beaten

PLACE butter, sugar, and salt in a bowl and pour over the scalded milk. Let cool to desired temperature; add softened yeast, eggs, and flour. Beat thoroughly. Let rise; add one-half cupful seeded raisins and spread evenly in two buttered layer-cake pans. Sprinkle with the nut mixture. Let rise and bake forty minutes.

Nut Mixture for Coffee Bread

2 Tablespoonfuls Brown Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Cupful Grated Stale Bread-crums
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Blanched Jordan Almonds
2 Tablespoonfuls Walnuts

Mix well before sprinkling on the bread.

Coconut Muffins

1 Egg
¼ Cupful Fat
½ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Milk
2 Cupfuls Flour
2½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Coconut
½ Teaspoonful Salt

Cream fat and sugar, add egg, then dry ingredients and milk.

Corn-flake Macaroons

Whites of Two Eggs Beaten Stiff
½ Cupful Sugar
2 Cupfuls Corn-flakes
4 Tablespoonfuls Coconut
Vanilla
Salt

Drop from teaspoon onto cooky sheet. Bake in hot oven about ten minutes.

Maple Sugar Puffs

1 Egg
1 Heaping Cupful Maple or Brown Sugar
1 Cupful Sour Milk
¼ Cupful Fat
1½ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Chopped Nut-meats
Flour Enough to Make a Batter that will Drop from Spoon (about 2½ Cupfuls)
½ Teaspoonful Soda

MELT shortening and sugar together, add egg and beat the mixture vigorously. Then add dry ingredients, sour milk, and nut-meats. Drop from a teaspoon on buttered pans and bake in a quick oven.

One Egg Coconut Cake

¼ Cupful Butter or Crisco
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
2 Cupfuls Flour
½ Cupful Milk (Fill Cup with Coconut)
1½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
Vanilla
¾ Teaspoonful Soda

CREAM the butter and sugar, add the egg and beat well. Then add the milk and dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Bake.

Sour Cream Pastry

1½ Cupful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
¾ Teaspoonful Soda
Sour Cream

WET flour with just enough sour cream to make firm dough. Use as you would any other pastry.

Butter-scotch Pie

1 Pt. Whey
6 Tablespoonfuls Brown Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Butter
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Eggs (Beaten separately)
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

COOK until thick. Pour into pie-crust. Put meringue on top and then bake until nicely browned.

Meatless Mince-meat

1 Cupful Cooked Rice
½ Cupful Molasses
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Chopped Suet
½ Cupful Coffee
½ Cupful Chopped Raisins
½ Cupful Chopped Dates
Salt and All Kinds of Spices
1 Chopped Apple

Let simmer for two hours.

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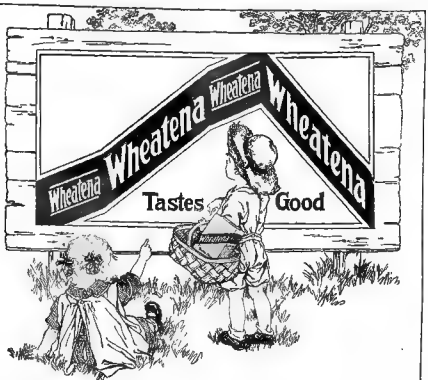

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Drawing by K. S. Dodge

My Best Tapioca Dishes

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book"

UP TO a short time ago tapioca was used merely as a thickening agent for various puddings, but when high prices created the necessity for greater combinations so that the more expensive foods could be extended, tapioca proved to be a delightful basis for fruit, vegetable, fish, or meat salads; for various savories of eggs, cheese, meats, fish, and vegetables, as well as for hitherto unknown puddings. Its jelly-like consistency makes it especially adaptable to the thickening of iced soups, or for hot soups in their season, and it can often be used to advantage in place of flour to thicken sauces and gravies, and to "take up" the juices in fruit pies.

Chilled Chicken Bouillon with Tapioca

5 Cupfuls Well-seasoned Chicken Broth
6 Tablespoonfuls Quick-cooking Tapioca
½ Tablespoonful Lemon-juice (Optional)

THE stock should be absolutely clear of fat. Bring it to boiling point, stir in the tapioca, and cook, after it begins to thicken, over hot water until the latter is clear. Add more salt and pepper, if necessary, to the bouillon, cool slightly, and stir in the lemon-juice; then pour into the bouillon cups, chill, and serve with, or without, a garnish of whipped cream, seasoned with salt and celery salt. Sprinkle or dust a few grains of paprika over the cream.

Tapioca and Tomatoes au Gratin

Tapioca as a Cereal

3 Cupfuls Milk
1 Cupful Quick-cooking Tapioca
¾ Teaspoonful Salt

SCALD the milk in a double-boiler, then gradually stir in the tapioca and salt, and stir over the hot water until the mixture thickens. Cook until absolutely clear—from twenty to twenty-five minutes—and serve as any cereal. This is particularly digestible and is much liked, especially by young children.

Tapioca and Tomatoes au Gratin

1 Pt. Canned or Stewed Tomatoes
1 Cupful Boiling Water
1 Teaspoonful Sugar
1¼ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Small Onion, Chopped
½ Cupful Quick-cooking Tapioca
½ lb. Sliced American Cheese
3 Slices Stale Bread
1 Tablespoonful Butter or Substitute

COMBINE the tomato, water, onion and seasonings, and cook gently for fifteen minutes. Then stir in the tapioca and when the mixture thickens cook it over hot water until the latter is clear—from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Then oil a baking-dish, put in a layer of the tapioca mixture, then one of cheese, and a crumbled slice of the bread; continue in this way until all is used, making the last layer of bread, which should be crumbled very fine. Dot this with the butter and bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. Serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper.

Tapioca Lemon Meringue Pie

1½ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Quick-cooking Tapioca
1½ Cupful Sugar
3 Eggs
Juice 2 Lemons
Rind ½ Lemon
Few Grains Salt
1 Teaspoonful Butter
1 Cooked Pastry Shell

SCALD the milk, add the sugar, lemon rind, and salt, and stir in the tapioca. Cook over hot water until clear, stirring occasionally. The mixture will be very thick, as for an ordinary lemon pie. Stir in the butter, then pour in the egg yolks, well beaten, and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, stirring rapidly all the time. Remove from the heat, stir in the lemon-juice, pour into a baked pastry shell, spread on the meringue, made of the three egg whites, beaten until stiff, with three tablespoonfuls of powdered or confectioner's sugar, and brown in a slow oven.

Tapioca Tomato Vegetable Salad

2 Cupfuls Canned or Stewed Tomatoes
1½ Cupful Boiling Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Onion
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Carrot
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Bay Leaf
¾ Teaspoonful Salt
⅓ Cupful Quick-cooking Tapioca
1 Cupful Diced Left-over Cooked Vegetables
1 Bouillon Cube

COMBINE the first seven ingredients, simmer for ten minutes, then strain, and add the bouillon cube. Stir in the tapioca and when thickened set over boiling water and cook until clear—from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Then stir in the vegetables, transfer to individual molds, which have been rubbed lightly with a good salad-oil, and when stiff unmold, and serve with a garnish of any salad green and mayonnaise, to which a few chopped radishes or chopped green peppers have been added. This makes a substantial salad for luncheon or Sunday-night supper.

Cocoa Tapioca

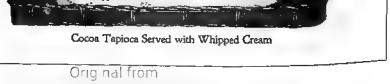
3 Cupfuls Boiling Water
½ Cupful Condensed Milk
⅛ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls Cocoa
½ Cupful Quick-cooking Tapioca
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
A Few Grains of Powdered Cinnamon

COMBINE the condensed milk, salt, and cocoa in a double-boiler top, stir until they are well blended, then gradually add the boiling water, bring to boiling point, and stir in the tapioca. When the mixture begins to thicken set over hot water and cook until the tapioca is clear—from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Cool slightly, add the cinnamon and vanilla, pour into individual serving-dishes and when ice cold serve with cream, top milk, or whipped cream, sweetened and dusted with a little powdered cinnamon.

"Different" Tapioca Cream

9 Tablespoonfuls Condensed Milk
3 Cupfuls Boiling Water
⅓ Teaspoonful Salt
⅓ Cupful Quick-cooking Tapioca
2 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla or Orange-extract

POUR the condensed milk into a double-boiler top, gradually add the boiling water, and then stir in the salt and tapioca. Set over hot water and cook until the tapioca is clear—from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Then separate the eggs, beat the whites until stiff, and the yolks until lemon colored. Add a little of the cooked tapioca mixture to the yolks, and when thoroughly mixed pour into the whole tapioca mixture and cook for a minute. Then add the flavoring, and pour into the egg whites, slowly beating the mixture, but still allowing flecks of the white to be apparent, to give the mixture a fluffy appearance. Serve ice cold.



Cocoa Tapioca Served with Whipped Cream

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Armour Oval Label Foods are ***grouped*** for your convenience. Dairy Products, shown here, are typical of other Armour Groups in their unvarying excellence. Let them convince you of the goodness of Oval Label Smoked Meats, Prepared Meats, Cooking Fats, Beverages, Salads, Sea Foods, Condiments—all of which simplify the housewife's task. Be sure of dependability by looking for the Armour Oval Label on dairy products—your most frequently-purchased foods. Include them in your reserve supply of Armour products, the surest protection against any food emergency.

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Pictorial Review Mother Club

Baby's Eighth Month—He Begins to Sit Up

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

IN MANY ways this eighth month represents a critical period for your baby. He will undergo certain changes in food and activities, during which he must be carefully guarded.

If he is a normal, well developed baby, you will notice first that he is more wakeful and more active. He no longer lies still, complacently staring at his brand-new world. Indeed, he is quite blasé and bored with mere looking. He wants to be doing. His little arms are always outstretched for some one to pick um up, and he clings to any support by which he can draw himself to the upright position.

Encourage this activity wisely Give him every opportunity to exercise under proper conditions. In this warm weather he may play on the floor, except when the wind rises and causes a draft, or he can roll on the ground outdoors, except when it is damp. For the floor, have an old comfortable kept for this special purpose and be sure you wash it at intervals. For the yard, spread the same comfortable, or a clean rug or, if the grass be soft, just a sheet to keep his inquisitive fingers out of the dirt.,

In either case, surround him by some sort of a fence to keep him within bounds, for now he can roll, push, and drag or himself off quilt or rug For my youngest grandson, we now use galvanized iron fencing a foot high which, during the Spring, protected my tulip bed from marauding dogs.

It completely surrounds the comfortable under the tree. For outdoors or indoors, a creeping-pen is ideal. It consists of four sides, four feet long and eighteen inches high, hinged at three corners, and fastened with hooks at the fourth. It can be bought ready for use or made of planed lumber, like a fence, by any man or woman handy with tools. The slats may be flat or round and set just close enough to prevent Baby's creeping through.

Baby Needs a Play-Pen

ANOTHER protection can be developed from four stakes driven into the ground and connected by fir- chicken-wire or an old tennis-net. Thus surrounded, a baby rolls about, learns to creep, and to draw himself up by clinging to the fence, sits up and topples over again, as the inclination seizes him The creeping-pen, indoors or outdoors, is far better for the baby than long stretches of sitting in high chair or perambulator, which overtires certain muscles and may injure the spine.

In fact carriage riding is not necessary for a baby of seven or eight months. He should learn to play outdoors without jogging or riding.

And in this connection, let us pause to discuss playthings. A baby will find joy in the simplest toy Half a dozen clothespins flung into his creeping-pen will amuse him a long time. And be sure there is not given any toy of iron or tin on which he might fall and hurt himself Unless he has been spoiled by constant attention, at this age he will be diverted by his own efforts to get about.

Do not worry if he makes no great effort to creep Let him work out his own method of locomotion. Some babies never creep. If he is already trying to pull himself up by his little fence or articles of furniture, of by pressing his feet against your knee when you hold him, he may walk before he creeps. But do not urge him he stand at this age. The bones of the legs are too soft. Let him exercise his entire body, but not bear his weight on his feet

Now that baby holds out his hands to be taken, there may be a temptation to draw him to his feet by his hands or arms Never do this, as the strain on the muscles of arms and at the shoulders is too great Lift him by placing your hands with fingers outspread under the armpits, the fingers supporting the trunk of the little body

Do not allow Father or any male relative to toss your baby up in the air. Not only is this process nerve-rucking even to an active baby, but there is always danger of that unexpected fall

Never leave a baby of seven to eight months alone on a bed, nor unfastened in his perambulator or high chair. His sudden lunges can carry him unsuspected distances.

The first fall of this sort from which PICTORIAL REVIEW Junior suffered caused a wen on one side of his head that actually impaired his memory for several weeks.

AT THIS period, especially in warm weather, you will be tempted to wander from Baby's sleeping schedule. The nights are hot and you wonder if you might not take him for a ride in the machine "to cool him off," or wheel him to some cooler spot, like a park, or perhaps just rock him in the hammock. Unless your doctor orders some such measure to escape exceptional heat in your house, stick to your schedule and put your baby to bed as usual at six or seven o'clock at the latest. Shut heat out of his nursery during the day by means of shutters, or awnings, or even by closing the windows and drawing the shades, then at sundown open up the room to admit the cooler air.

Have a firm hair or cotton mattress, and between mattress and sheet a piece of oilcloth. Use no pillow under his head, just a square of soft linen or cotton, which you can change from time to time if he perspires. On very hot nights let him sleep in diaper and knitted band with shoulder-straps, but have a nightdress at hand in case the air changes during the night

Give him the regulation bath in the morning and follow this with his long daytime nap, outdoors or in a cool room. If he has his bath at 9 A. M., and wakes at 12 noon, he may have another nap between 1 or 1:30 P M. and 2 30 P. M., if he seems drowsy, but he should not sleep after three o'clock, as this will make him wakeful when the six o'clock bed-hour rolls around

On hot afternoons when he is particularly restless, you can plan on giving him a quick sponge bath at bedtime. Especially soothing at such a time is the soda or bran bath. For the former, dissolve two tablespoonfuls of ordinary baking-soda in one-half cupful of water, add more water to bring the quantity up to two quarts. For the bran bath, make small bags of coarse cheesecloth six inches square. Fill loosely with bran, stir into bath water until it is milky. The soda bath can be given on the lap, baby lying on a Turkish towel or bath-apron, but better results are secured from the bran bath if baby lies in the water.

Maybe He Needs More to Eat

DURING the eighth month, both the breast-fed baby and the breast and bottle-fed baby will demand some change in his food. You will notice this first by his restlessness at night, even when the nights are cooler. He is wakened by hunger. The last nursing at 9 or 10 o'clock will not carry him over till morning. If he is a bed-fed baby and frets at night, the formula may need strengthening, or his system may require a little semi-solid food. In either case, because of hot weather, extra caution must be observed

Consider first the breast-fed baby. Except in cases where the breast milk is unusually rich and plentiful, it does not nourish and satisfy a child completely after the seventh month. However, the secretion must be encouraged by regular nursing until the baby has completed his first year. If the suction ceases, so does the secretion of milk Therefore, plan supplementary feedings. Buy a pint of the best milk obtainable for Baby's special and individual use—certified, if obtainable, or pasteurized, but always fresh and clean Set aside also, a special china or glass cup for his use Before his second morning feeding, 9 or 10 o'clock as the hour may be, warm half a cupful of undiluted, unsweetened plain cow's milk, to the temperature of breast milk and let Baby drink it from the cup. Be sure not to offer cold milk, nor the warm milk in a cup hot enough to hurt his mouth. Many a Baby has acquired a dislike for cow's milk by improper feeding. If Baby has been drinking orange juice and water from a cup he will take the warm milk eagerly. If, however, he has never drunk from a cup, you may have to start with spoon feedings. But do not use the bottle—it only means a second weaning later on.

After he drinks the milk, finish the feeding with the breast. In another week, you may introduce a feeding of oatmeal or barley jelly, served with warm milk, but no sugar. Recipes for these gladly will be sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelop.

The third week you may introduce even toasted bread, see "Bulletin Board," giving it just before nursing.

If the baby gains well on this diet, plain milk with the second feeding for the day, cereal jelly at 1 or 2 P. M., and fine toasted bread before each nursing, no further food is required until the noon meal.

The cereal jelly and toasted bread or Zwieback may also be introduced into the schedule of the bottle-fed baby whose stomach and bowels are in normal condition It is well also to begin lessening the amount of sugar in the bottle-feedings, by half a tablespoonful each week, to prepare him for undiluted milk. No change should be made this month in the diet of any bottle-fed baby who, following a tendency to indigestion, is now retaining his food and gaining.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

MOTHER CLUB BULLETIN

AS THE Mother Club is designed particularly to help readers who can not command the services of a physician, we gladly publish extracts from two letters.

The Mail-Bag

"We live forty-five miles from railroad and doctor, and can not come either during three months of Winter; also we are a hundred miles from a hospital. So keeping my family well is a stern necessity Our two-year old boy weighs thirty pounds and has never had a dose of medicine except during January last when our supply of apples gave out. Oranges cost us $1 00 a dozen, so they are out of the question. With a spoon I scrape a ripe apple to a fine juicy pulp and feed it to him every day. There are no unchewed pieces to gripe him. This, with rubbing the abdomen at bathing time, has prevented constipation. I know it, because when our apples gave out, constipation set in. Try it! Mrs. J. S——, Montana."

There's an old adage, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." By all means practise it

"Do not think me ungrateful for not acknowledging your kind and helpful letter, for I can not begin to tell how much good, 'Keeping Baby Well' has done me. Here where a doctor must travel hundreds of miles, his visit costs from $150 to $500, so keeping well is an important matter. Since writing you last, the new baby has come, is three months old to-day. My breast-milk failed when he was six weeks old, and the only thing I could get for him was unsweetened canned milk. By adhering strictly to all PICTORIAL REVIEW rules in milding, sterilizing, etc , he has gained four pounds two ounces since he was given the bottle, six weeks ago. At seventeen months, Ruth is a fine happy girl, but still on the schedule and diet given in 'Keeping Baby Well.' Won't stop to think that before Ruth came I knew nothing about hygienic nursery care, and now I have two fine, sturdy children, I can not thank you and the PICTORIAL REVIEW enough. I am asking no favors this time—just saying 'thank you' Mrs. R. O. W , Alaska."

One letter like this is worth a year's work for the Mother Club worth while!

Twice-Baked Bread

MANY mothers have asked the meaning of this phrase Twice-baked bread is designed to prevent indigestion which commonly follows the use of fresh, moist bread. It can be prepared in two ways. For babies—cut bread which is a day old in very thin slices; place on edge of toast-rack of oven to dry, leaving door partly open. When dry through, out remove from oven and toast light brown in the usual way It cut thin enough, this bread can be given to a toothless baby at six or eight months. It will not cause choking For older children—take a loaf of fresh bread and pull it apart, exposing the heart of the loaf. Lay these irregular pieces in oven to dry, then toast golden brown. Prepared thus it is known in fashionable restaurants as "pulled bread," and is esteemed a delicacy

Hot-Weather Tips for Nursing Mothers

THE long Summer days may be draining both your strength and your baby's source of milk supply. Increase your allowance of fluid food, but make it nourishing. Combine milk or cream, if you can digest it, with raw egg; also malted milk and raw egg. Both drinks are more palatable if flavored with nutmeg, vanilla, or chocolate. For bread and milk use the pulled bread described above. If you tire of drinking milk take it as junket, variously flavored Make all milk dishes palatable forcing yourself to eat what you do not like, may defeat your object. Cream soups are important in your diet. Save water in which vegetables are boiled; also a few tablespoonfuls of the vegetables. Rub latter through coarse sieve, and to each tablespoonful of vegetable pulp add one-half cupful of the vegetable water and one-half cupful of milk. Thicken with one-half teaspoonful of flour creamed in equal amount of butter. Heat vegetable water and pulp, pour over creamed butter and flour, return to fire, thicken, stir, strain through coarse sieve and serve with crackers.

If Your Baby Frets

DAYS are still warm enough to make babies unhappy. Find the particular cause and remove it.

He may be overdressed by day, too heavily covered by night. His clothing may bind or it may have been starched, causing prickly heat.

He may be lying on a feather pillow, which is heating.

He may be chafed or have prickly heat.

He may be thirsty. Give frequent drinks of water which has been boiled and cooled, but always between feedings.

He may have been handled too much and be nervously exhausted. In Summer babies should be handled as little as is necessary.

His mother may have nursed him while exhausted, excited, or over-heated. It pays to take the time needed to cool off, to become calm, before nursing a baby.

Dried Milk

MANY mothers have asked about the best milk supply for bottle-fed babies while traveling. The less baby travels the better for all concerned, but when a trip is absolutely necessary, canned or dried milk is safer than bottled milk bought at railroad lunch-counters en route. To any interested mother I will be glad to recommend a brand approved by baby-specialists. It is most convenient for traveling.

ARE you one of us? Have you joined the Mother Club?

If not, fill in the registration blank below, and become a member No dues—just privileges and the solid satisfaction of being part of a great movement to raise the nation's health-standards.

THE MOTHER CLUB—*REGISTRATION BLANK*

Please register my name as a member of PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB and send me in return free of charge, a copy of Baby's Weight Record.

Name

Address

Date

September '10

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AND when Winter comes—think of the delightful desserts that will be furnished by your jars packed full of peaches, pears, cherries and other fruits! The

"Wear-Ever"

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makes constant stirring unnecessary, saving time, work and worry.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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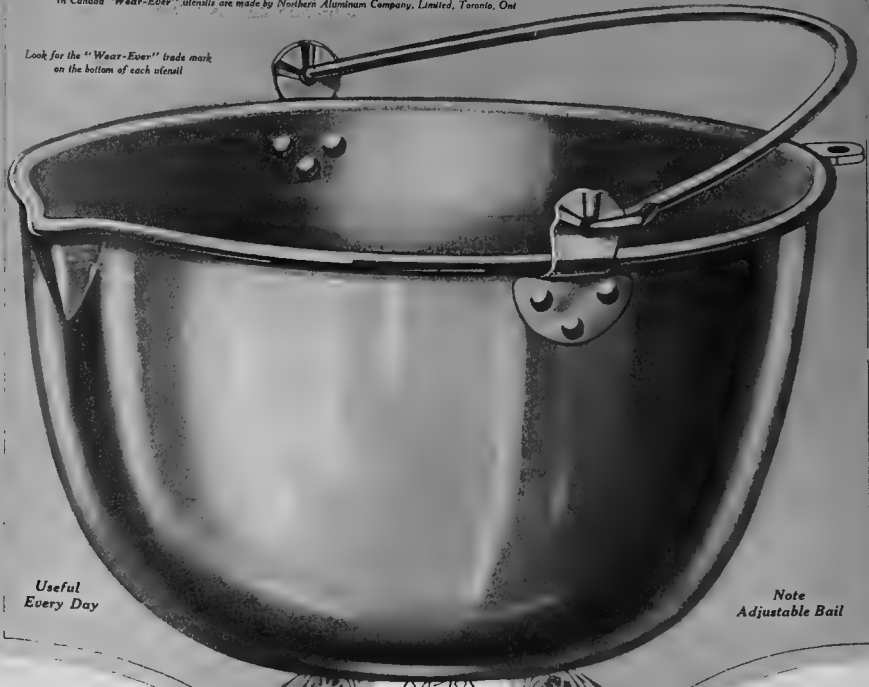
Preserve Luscious Fruits Now!

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil



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SEMPRAY JO-VE-NAY (*Sempre Giovine*) is friendly to the skin because it really helps it.

It is a face cream in cake form. Gently, tenderly, scientifically it releases the innermost pores of the skin and removes the particles of dust and dirt that are lodged beyond reach of harsh soap and water.

And it does more than this. It invigorates and refreshes the skin and helps Nature keep it soft and alluring for years and years. You will always be glad you tried SEMPRAY JO-VE-NAY.

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Dept. 2 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Order Lenders in the SEMPRAY Line of Beauty are SEMPRAY Face Powder (SEMPRAY Tinting Cream and SEMPRAY Rouge. Each one helps to make the other better.

The Box Complexion Cake

SEMPRAY JO-VE-NAY
Sempre Giovine

Send for generous samples of SEMPRAY JO-VE-NAY and SEMPRAY Face Powder.

The old Marigny house in New Orleans in which Louis-Philippe of France was entertained by his aristocratic Creole hosts in 1798. The Creoles are of pure French and Spanish descent and have always maintained cordial relationships with the nobility of Spain and France, with whom they share the pride of kinship in an ancient ancestry.

The Charm That Won Kings

CREOLE charm and Creole hair have been as much admired in the Courts of Europe as in America. For generations La Creole Hair Dressing has been favorite among the Creoles.

La Creole will bring back gray, gray streaked or faded hair to its youthful color and beauty. It contains no dye and its effect is gradual but certain. It promotes the vigorous healthy condition of hair and scalp which nature intended. Refinement approves its use. It cannot stain the scalp. There is nothing to wash or rub off. Makes hair soft and beautiful. Eliminates dandruff. Guaranteed to bring back hair's color, or money refunded.

Send coupon for booklet "La Creole Hair Beautiful." Shows style of hair dressing best suited to each type of face.

At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters. Price, $1.00.
If your dealer can't supply you send his name and address. We will see that you are supplied

Van Vleet-Mansfield Laboratories
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Please send booklet "La Creole Hair Beautiful," teaching the hair dress most becoming to each individual.

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Mother and Baby

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

NOW a few moments with Mothers whose children will go to school this Fall for the first time.

Are they ready for this new and wonderful experience?

By readiness, I do not mean spick and span clothing, school-bags, and pencil-boxes. I mean, are they physically fit to study?

One of the startling lessons of the Great War was the appalling number of young men disqualified for military service by physical defects which had their beginning in early school years. Defects of sight and hearing, undiscovered or neglected; kidney and liver trouble, due to unflushed bladders and bowels; digestive troubles and general weakness, due to some form of malnutrition or neglected, decayed teeth; lung trouble, due to breathing foul air; and heart trouble, due to overexertion on unbalanced food. These defects were all found among young men who had not sprung from the much pitied and exploited factory and sweat-shop districts, but from comfortable homes in cities, towns, and farming communities.

From these discoveries have grown the various public movements for raising the standard of child health in America, such as the school lunch-room and regular weighing and physical examination for pupils in public schools. All such municipal or community movements are admirable, but far more important and effective is the mother-influence exerted in the home.

Give your child a fair, square chance when he starts to school.

If he has been subject to earache, have a physician examine his ears.

If, in reading at home, he holds the book close to his face or squints, have his eyes tested.

Many a child pronounced "stupid" is merely slightly deaf or near-sighted.

Have his teeth looked over before he starts school. Aching teeth cause nervousness and backward scholarship.

Is he trained to regular bowel movements, one in every twenty-four hours? If not, *start training him to day*, allowing ample time for him to leave for school, if the morning hour is chosen, or if more convenient, have him attend to this important duty before bedtime. Sick headaches bilious attacks and many of the small ailments which interfere with attendance can be traced to constipation. The constipated child catches all the infectious diseases going, like colds, measles, and scarlet fever, while many operations for appendicitis in children can be traced directly to this neglect.

Does he eat a wholesome breakfast?

If not, why not substitute an immediate reform along this line? He needs food for study as a stove needs fuel to heat your house.

The mother of a second-grade pupil recently wrote his teacher as follows:

"Dear Miss Blank:—Bobby will not eat breakfast. Please see that he buys a glass of milk the first recess when he gets to school, and tell him if he does not drink it you will send him home. He just loves school, so maybe he will drink it for you."

Why did Bobby want no breakfast at home? Because, as the teacher learned, he had not been trained to eat this important meal regularly.

AT THE school lunch-room he bought eight ounces of milk for three cents and thought it great fun. In another school whose pupils come from comfortable homes, the teachers noticed that the children did better work and were more energetic in the afternoon than in the morning. Investigation proved that few of these pupils ate much breakfast, while at noon they ate heartily of wholesome food supplied in the school lunch-room, warm soups, peanut butter and egg sandwiches, stewed fruit, simple breadstuffs, cakes, and milk.

Another factor contributing to their morning languor was sleeping in unventilated rooms. The principal of this school is strict about supplying pupils with fresh air. Every classroom is well ventilated, and at regular intervals the children rise and exercise with windows wide open, thus clearing both room and lungs with pure air.

The Care of Your Hair

By ALICE LANE

THE other day I heard a woman announce with almost pride, "God made me homely and I must abide by His decision." Looking her over carefully, I realized that she was blaming the Almighty for her own laziness. You may have plain features and an angular figure, but you can always be well-groomed, and the homeliest woman in the world can always help Nature a lot if she only will.

The first thing I noticed about the homely creature was the condition of her hair. It was curled tightly, it was oily, and it was held down tight with a net. There is no excuse for any of these conditions. Your hair is really one of the most important features of your whole make-up. What are you doing to keep yours in good condition?

PERHAPS some of you find that your hair is brittle, dry, and burned from the Summer sun, and if this is so, you must get after it at once. The best thing for this condition is to rub into the scalp every night for a week, either a few drops of olive-oil, or a little of vaseline. But it must be well rubbed into the scalp and kept away from the hair as much as possible. At the end of the week, shampoo, rinse, and dry in the open air and sunlight.

A word about shampooing the hair at home. Many women say they never do it successfully, and the fault lies in insufficient rinsing. A high-priced hair-dresser rinses the hair six or seven times. Be sure you have a spray attached to the faucet of your bath-tub, and rinse with that, first using very hot water, then warm, and finally cold. This is the only difference between professional shampooing and that done at home.

Hair that is well cared for should shine, and fifty strokes in the morning and fifty strokes at night will accomplish this. Nothing else will do it. A hundred strokes are better than fifty.

Do not curl your hair with a hot iron, except in case of emergency when it must be done in a jiffy. Use patent curlers, putting the hair on them at night, and if you use them once or twice a week, and do it regularly, it will be sufficient to keep the hair wavy. No one wants a tight curl in these days. This caution about using hot irons on the hair is particularly true if your hair is gray. Heat turns white hair yellow.

If your hair has reached that half-brown and half-gray stage, you can hasten the whitening process by the use of peroxide of hydrogen and plain household ammonia mixed in equal parts. Apply with a soft tooth brush to the hair and rinse in tepid water in which a little ordinary bluing has been added.

A very important thing to remember in connection with the care of the hair, is that you must likewise take care of your combs and brushes. Of what use to wash the head and then use a soiled brush on it? Every week your comb and brush should be thoroughly washed and dried in the sunlight.

Dandruff seems to be the *bête noire* of almost every woman unless she has an unusually healthy scalp. It is not surprising when you realize that dandruff is a germ and infectious. One thing is certain and that is that soap and water alone will not remove it. On some bright sunny afternoon rub vaseline into the scalp and rub it hard until you have loosened all the tiny white particles of dandruff. Let this grease remain on for an hour or two. Then shampoo with a good lotion, rinse the head time after time, until every particle of grease and oil is gone from the hair, then dry in the sunlight. You must then apply a good tonic every night. Just what tonic to use depends on the kind of hair you have. If your hair is inclined to be oily, you should select a tonic that is absolutely free from oil; if your hair is apt to be dry and brittle, choose a reliable tonic with oil in it. Any reputable druggist will guide you in your choice.

A word about hair-nets. When you wear one, see that you select a color that exactly matches the shade of your hair, and then put it on very loosely with very fine invisible hairpins.

ABOUT once in every three or four months have some one either clip the ends of your hair or singe them. Both treatments are equally effective. But about every so often the ends of the hairs are apt to split, and they should be either clipped or singed, so that the natural oils of the hair will not leak out. There is, of course, a right and a wrong way to do everything—even in taking care of the hair. All lotions, salves, and massage must be applied to the scalp and not to the hair. Tonics poured all over the hair will do you no good whatever. You have to get at the roots, and to do that you must apply treatment direct to the scalp.

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The Gift of Courage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

precious medicine didn't come. Then one day he saw Dick Tracy's team standing in front of Llewellyn's with Tracy's nigger at the horses' heads.

"Mr. Tracy comin' back soon?" he asked.

"I dunno, boy. He's to Judge Lee's next door stallkin' about a hoss!"

Sammie waited and time stood still. An hour passed and a quarter of an hour. The horses grew restless and still Dick Tracy didn't come. Llewellyn came out.

"Sammie!" he called. "You take Maje up to the .Doctor's for me." Sammie hesitated. "Look sharp, the Doctor's in a hurry."

Sammie struggled for words. He wanted to tell Llewellyn why he wanted to see Tracy, but speech was strange to him and obedience strong, and when Llewellyn spoke every one looked sharp. So he did as he was told.

He ran back, a feeling of disaster growing within him, and as he came down the street he saw Tracy step out of the Judge's house and spring into the buckboard. The horses sprang forward.

"Mr. Tracy!" called Sammie, "Oh, Mr. Tracy!" His voice had agony in it. He ran as he had never run before—his breath came in gasps. He knew he must catch Tracy—that he must make him hear. And Tracy heard, slowed up, and came to a standstill.

"Why, Sammie," he said kindly, "what ails you? You're all of a tremble."

"It's the medicine, Mr. Tracy!"

"Didn't you get it?" Sammie shook his head. "I sent it soon's as I got it," said Tracy, "sent it four days ago to Callender's. Must be standing right there now. I done it right up in some pink paper from the drug-store and sent it right off."

Sammie watched him drive off—the core of a cloud of shining dust.

SAMMIE made his way back into town. His breath still came hard and his heart beat painfully, but salvation lay before him. In a few days—a few weeks, he would be just like every one. The Kingdom of Heaven was at hand and his protesting body did not exist for him.

The saloon was empty except for Ned Warren washing glasses behind the bar. And then Sammie's eyes fell on the package. It was done up in pink paper, as Tracy had said. He knew it was his.

"I came for my medicine, Ned," he announced.

"What you talkin' about? Your medicine!" said Ned Warren sharply.

"That there!" said Sammie, pointing. "Tracy told me!"

Ned turned to Sammie and smiled at him, and at sight of Ned's smile, cold crept down Sammie's spine.

"Give it to me, Ned!" he repeated.

Very slowly Ned Warren reached out and took the package. Sammie could see his name written on it.

"Give it to me!" Sammy repeated.

Still Ned held it there, smiling.

"I'm going to give it to your Maw, Sammie," said Ned, "just like I told her I would. I offered first to bring it to her but she drove me out." The menace in his voice had risen. "She's drove me away three times. She drove me away four years ago and broke my heart, and when I came back she drove me away again. Now she can come and get it and she can come the time I tell her to. *I sleep here—in that back room.* If she wants your medicine let her come and get it—after the saloon closes up. I offered to fetch it to her. Do you know what she done? Walked past me with her head up—her, with her withered hand—an' you—you—she walked past me like she was a queen and I was dirt! Now let her come to me!"

"Ain't you agoin' to give it to me now?"

"I'll give you a kick!" cried Ned. "Get out o' here—you trash! What you mean pestering me? You heard what I said! Think you can tramp on me like your Maw does? You tell her she can come and get it—to-night or to-morrow night—or any other night she wants to. I'll be awaitin'."

"You — you ——" cried Sammie. He scrambled over the bar toward Ned.

"Oh, you would, would you?" said Warren. "I'll learn you! I'll learn you both!"

He had Sammie by the shoulders and threw him out into the street. Sammie saw him standing there, silhouetted in the doorway, big and dark, a symbol of menace.

Sammy walked home, taking the back ways where he would not meet people. He was too unused to think that others could help him to turn even to Llewellyn. Now all the taunts and all the laughter which had grown to be a part of his life blossomed in hate and this hate was directed toward Ned Warren. As he walked home a plan grew in his mind.

His mother was waiting for him with her familiar,

"Where you been, Sammie? What kep' you so long?"

"Oh, I juss went to see if my medicine 'd come."

"Well, had it?" his mother asked sharply.

"No," said Sammie, "it ain't come yet."

His mother's mouth shut like a trap.

It seemed that night as if his mother never would get to sleep. He could hear her tossing and turning on her bed; he could hear all the little noises of the night—the croaking of frogs, and the wind blew the smell of flowers through the window while he lay rigid on his bed—waiting. He thought he heard the padding of footsteps around the house; then again the noise of his beating heart tormented him. He lay motionless while the minutes, long as eternity, dragged past. For Sammie feared what he had to do.

All the suspense of the week, all the violence of the afternoon, his spoutiest run after Tracy were like cords which bound him down, and part of it all was his fear of men, his fear of the dull blow which always had dogged him. And so weakness struggled with his desire. It seemed to him more than he could do—to drag from his bed and get the revolver, and face the awful figure of Ned Warren.

Then from the darkness he seemed to hear Tracy's voice, "He's got grit! 'Soldier Boy'—that's a good name for him. It's boys like him is winning the fight in France." As he lay there, he heard his mother sigh in her sleep, and a flood of tenderness and desire to serve her flooded him. He was strong again—he was strong enough to do anything that would help her!

He got up from his bed and stood quietly listening, but his mother didn't move. He pulled on his clothes and groped his unerring way in the darkness to the place where she kept the revolver and, quiet as some nocturnal animal, he went from the house and sped up the street—released from fear—direct as an arrow—sure as a sword in a skilled hand. He felt himself whole again and one with the earth.

For one night Sammie was the boy God had meant him to be.

It was very dark in the saloon, but from the door of the other room came a chink of light. A board creaked and Sammie stood rigid. Some one stirred. Sammie stood quiet there—his gun in his hand.

He made his way inch by inch to the place behind the bar. Had the place been lighted he could not have known more clearly where stood the bottle which meant to him life, and in the darkness his hand struck against a glass and it fell crashing to the floor. Then from the other room there came a voice.

"You've come, Laura," it said.

The door was pushed open quietly and Ned Warren stood there. Sammie's hand was round the bottle.

"Where are you, Laura?" asked the voice. There was a long silence. Sammie's hand tightened on his bottle.

"Where are you, Laura?" the voice repeated. "Don't be scared to speak, girl"

Again the long silence—and then the striking of a match and Ned Warren cried at him:

"It's you, to it! It's you—you devil!"

With a leap he was on Sammie, twisting the hand in which he held the bottle. Then Sammie fired.

The noise which shattered the silence of the night was music to Sammie's heart. A feeling of gladness surged up in him. Then he remembered the broken bottle at his feet—and suddenly it was as if the stars of heaven circled about him—there was a flash of glory——

WHEN Callender came in the morning he found them there. He stood looking at them—then his eyes fell on the broken bottle on the floor. He picked it up and read Sammie's name on the wrapping. Stray bits of gossip which he had heard came together in his mind. He touched Warren with his foot.

"You low hound!" he said.

Then, suddenly the room was full of people, as if the news of disaster had been cried through the town—women on their way to the morning's marketing, and men —Llewellyn among them. Then there was the sound of fast-driven horses and Tracy came in. He listened to their shrill conjectures—to Callender's theory—to the little commiserating notes of the women with their,

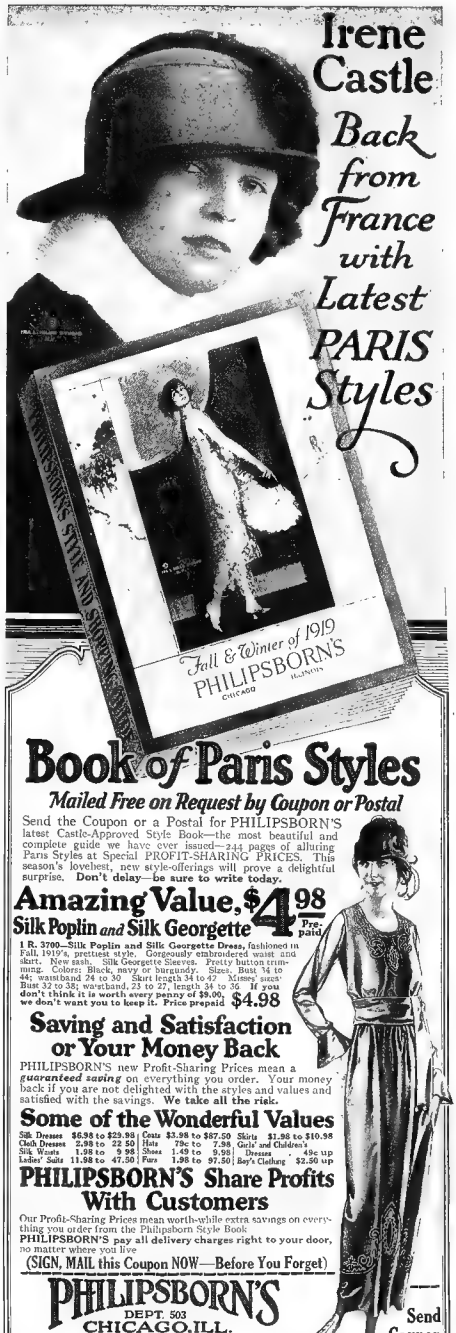
"Poor thing! She'll be better off without him, now he's gone."

Others joined in. They all were ready to head a mournful procession to Laura Pitt's to "break it to her." They were willing to help Sammie now—they who in life had never helped him.

"I'll take him home," said Callender. "It's only right I should."

And suddenly Tracy saw red. With his menacing gentleness,

"You won't none of you touch him! Where's one of you that's been a friend to him or to her? It is me that'll take Sammie back to Laura Pitt!" he cried.



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THE HOUSEWIVES' FORUM

A Page for Home Problems and Their Solution

Conducted by
Jenoise Brown Short
Home Economics Specialist and Practical Housekeeper

THE BUSINESS OF HOME-MAKING

THIS department will be a touchstone of all that is newest and best in the home-making world to-day—a key to what the housekeeper should have, and a record of what the world is now ready to give her. Women, home, food, freedom, peace—it is hard to separate these five simple words. As long as the world has been, they have been bound and wound and tied together in some form. As long as the world shall be, they must continue to go on together in some way.

To make the combination smooth, to reach the happy end—good food for our people, freedom for our women, peace for the home, prosperity for our country—that is not only one of the world's big jobs at the moment, but, because whatever happens in the home makes the world outside, it is perhaps the biggest job of all in this era of world rebuilding.

Housework without Work — Kitchens without Drudgery

THE one who actually buys the food for the family is naturally most interested in the economic side of the food question, and is constantly on the watch for ways and means of reducing the food bills without affecting the proper nourishment of the family.

Shall We Use Dried Eggs?

Shall we, or shall we not, buy eggs? This is a serious question in many parts of the country during these days of high prices. Now comes the word that dried eggs are good for many kinds of cooking and are an inexpensive substitute for fresh eggs.

Miss Lois Lhamon, of the University of Missouri, has made some thorough tests of desiccated or dried eggs. The results of her investigations which concerned dried eggs and not the so called egg-savers or egg-substitutes are very favorable to a general use of this product in cooking. The housewife should become acquainted with dried eggs, and should urge that eggs in this form be retailed in large quantities.

With egg-powder at eighty cents a pound, a quantity equal to one dozen eggs would cost only a little over twenty-five cents, making eggs for cooking in this form reasonable in price. The acceptance of dried eggs by the housewife means the saving of thousands of eggs that would otherwise be wasted, for a large percentage of the broken eggs, known commercially as "checks" or "cracks," and the shaken "held" eggs, could be dried. Miss Lhamon says if these eggs were so utilized there would be an annual saving of $4,400,000.

Dried eggs require but very little space for storage and last well if kept in not too high a temperature. It is also an advantage to be able to buy a product of uniform quality at any time.

Miss Lhdmon's experiments show that one slightly rounded tablespoonful of dried egg is equivalent to a fresh egg in cooking. To this measure of dried egg three tablespoonfuls of water are added, and the mixture allowed to stand from one-half to three quarters of an hour. It is well to stir or beat the mixture frequently.

Miss Lhamon used the dried egg in many practical tests with good results. She found the dried eggs satisfactory for scrambled eggs, and in plain and French omelets in which the yolks and whites are not separated. She suggests that when serving the dried eggs in a dish that is a meat-substitute, it increases the nutritive value to soak the egg in skim-milk instead of water.

When the dried eggs were used in hard and soft custards, both kinds were satisfactory from the standpoint of consistency and appearance, but there was what is described as an "aftertaste."

Muffins and popovers were made using a standard recipe, and it was impossible to distinguish those made with the dried egg from those made with fresh eggs. The cream-puff shells in which dried egg was used were good. Equally good results were obtained when "butter cakes were made with dried and fresh eggs."

The sponge-cake of dried eggs was "fairly satisfactory," but it was found that in order to make the cake rise well the baking-powder had to be used, adding one-half of a teaspoonful as a substitute for the air incorporated in each egg white when fresh eggs are used.

Desiccated eggs should not be used without cooking, because of the dangerous organisms that may be present, which will be destroyed by heating.

Have You a Dish-washer?

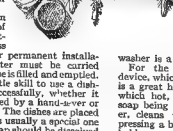
A LETTER comes to me just as I start to write this article, "Tell me something about dish-washing machines. I am weary of dishes. Would a machine be a help to me in battling with the eternal round I face daily?"

And I can not help but think of the French comedy which says, "The tiresome thing about dishes is that no sooner do you put them away than you have to put them out again."

It would be difficult to answer the inquiry of the woman who "is weary of dishes"—she surely has many companions —by a simple yes or no.

There are dish-washing machines and dish-washing machines, and before buying a thorough investigation should always be made of the various kinds on the market, watching the device work and seeing just what it can and can not do. For, unfortunately, like all the other so-called labor-saving devices, there have been several dish-washing machines which have proved only space-takers in the kitchen.

It should be remembered, when considering the purchase of a machine, that the preliminary work, that is, the scraping and sorting must be done before the dishes are ready for the machine. The most efficient one could not be expected to take care of scraps of food, nor will it take care of cooking dishes unless they be of proper shape and do not require scouring. Dishwashing machines are not primarily designed for these utensils.



It can readily be seen that the efficiency of such a device is greatly decreased unless provision is made for permanent installation. Otherwise water must be carried every time the machine is filled and emptied.

It requires very little skill to use a dish-washing machine successfully, whether it be of the type operated by a hand-power or by an electric motor. The dishes are placed in a rack, and there is usually a special one for the silver. The soap should be dissolved before adding to the water. A powder is often used, but care should be taken to see that it is not harmful to gold decorated china. Too much soap should not be added, as an over-supply interferes with the distribution of the water. If the first water is too hot any particles of food on the dishes, *especially* egg, will be cooked on. Either by a hand or a power device the soapy water is thrown in a fine forceful spray against the dishes thus the cleansing process is accomplished. This water is then drained off and clean hot water circulated over the dishes. With the draining off of the second water, the dishes are left dry. The silver and glass may need additional polishing. The machine automatically cleans itself.

In an electric machine the entire process of washing and rinsing takes about three minutes. The hand machine naturally takes somewhat longer, but it is still a great timesaver compared with the usual method of washing dishes. The cost of operating an electric dish-washer is almost negligible.

Rather remarkable stories are told by some of the proud possessors of dish-washing machines. Many have been able to let one servant go, and some women have found that so much time and drudgery are thus saved, that no household assistant is required. And these stories are not to be believable when we consider the length of time consumed daily in the average family "battling" with dishes. In addition to being a time-saver, this method of dish-washing proves a real dish "conserver," for many less are broken and chipped than by the hand method. The power machine requires no physical effort to operate. It is possible to use very hot water in the dish-washing machine, much hotter than the hand could possibly bear, an added advantage from the sanitary side.

Several of the dish-washing machines come in the form of metal cylinders which are conveniently installed in a corner. Another good type of machine is combined with a kitchen table. This makes the device doubly useful, where space is at a premium, as it is in many of the modern kitchens.

It would hardly seem practical for the very small family, certainly not if money must be considered, to go to the expense of buying an expensive piece of kitchen apparatus just for washing dishes, but for the family of six or more, sometimes even for the family of four, a mechanical dish-washer is a good investment.

For the small family, an inexpensive device, which can be attached to the faucet, is a great help. A bristle brush through which hot, soapy water flows, a cake of soap being secreted within the brush-holder, cleans the dishes, then, by merely pressing a button in the top of the brush-holder, a stream of clear water rinses the same dish. A stronger brush is provided for cleaning the pots and pans, and a wire basket for holding the washed dishes. This labor-saver is shown in the illustration at the top of the page.

The Book-shelf

IT IS difficult in this limited space to do justice to a series of books entitled "Lippincott's Home Manuals" (Lippincott), which includes "Housewifery," by Lucy R. Balderston; "Home and Community Hygiene," by Jean Broadhurst; "Clothing for Women," by Laura I. Baldt; "Successful Canning and Preserving," by Ola Powell; and "The Business of the Household," by C. W. Taber.

Each of the first three books was written by a specialist in her own department in the School of Practical Arts, Teachers' College, Columbia University. Miss Powell, author of the book on canning, is an assistant in Home Demonstration Work, the States Relation Service, United States Department of Agriculture. Mr. C. W. Taber, who wrote "The Business of the Household," prepared Taber's Dietetic Charts, and was assisted in his book by two of the faculty of Simmons College, Boston.

The series is intended for use in the home, but is equally valuable to the teacher and student of home economics. This fact makes the books rather unique.

Somewhere in "Housewifery" Miss Balderston quotes, "The poetry of life always has a practical side to it, and the most practical affairs rightly worked out are full of poetry."

Sometimes it seems as tho it were a far cry from the management of the home to poetry. But Miss Balderston has made the business of the "home-manager" attractive, and has given her splendid working principles by which to run her job. We are shown how to lighten the household duties, and save time, energy, and money. A glance at the table of contents gives an idea of the scope. Some of the most interesting of the chapters are the ones on "Plumbing," "Equipment and Labor-Saving Devices," and "Cleaning and Care of Rooms, Beds, Bathrooms, Kitchens, Metals."

"Housewifery" is thoroughly modern. The author has given to her readers the results of years of experience as a practical housekeeper and as a teacher of "Housewifery."

Your Child's School Lunch

"DORIS JAMES?"
"Fifty-three pounds."
Henry Dougherty?"
"Seventy-four pounds."
"Mary Elizabeth Andrews?"
"Sixty pounds."

What kind of a class could this be? I thought I was visiting a cooking-class of fourth grade children in one of New York's most progressive schools. And so it proved to be. The wise teacher, realizing the direct relation between weight and health, asked each child to answer roll-call by telling his weight. The children were encouraged to weigh themselves weekly and then compare their weights with those on the weight and height chart hanging on the wall. Besides these there were other charts showing the relative value of different foods. These boys and girls were getting elementary health education with an emphasis on good food habits. For just as soon as the discussion about "why Jane was underweight" and "John was just right" was over, the class started to prepare such a luncheon as is needed by boys and girls of their age.

Unfortunately the school lunch of every one of America's children is not so closely watched and its preparation so carefully supervised as that of this little fourth-grade class. If it were, the luncheon away from home might not be a menace to the child's health, as it often is.

It is almost time for our boys and girls to go back to school. Many of them, because they live near enough, go home for the noonday meal. This meal should not be bolted and the child allowed to rush back to school. For this means improper digestion, resulting in ill-health and poor school work.

There are thousands of children who eat their luncheons at school. This meal may then become a double responsibility to the mother, because she may have to prepare but can not supervise the eating of it. Or perhaps the school furnishes the lunch; or, possibly, the mother and the school authorities co-operate, the school providing a hot dish to supplement the lunch-box.

This same lunch-box, which so many children carry, is at best not ideal, and the school authorities should see that it is supplemented by hot soup, cocoa, or another hot dish. In the rural school this hot dish is often prepared by the older girls. These girls learn food preparation in a practical manner, at the same time benefiting the health of all the pupils. Such a plan also brings the children together socially.

The basket luncheon is absolutely "up to mother," for if it be sufficiently difficult for her, with her many duties, to see that substantial, but not too heavy, food is prepared daily, the school lunch appears like a fourth meal to many mothers. Certain it is that the luncheon for the growing boy and girl is deserving of more thought than it often receives.

A pamphlet, "Diet for the School Child," just issued by the Department of the In-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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CRISCO
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CRISCO'S richness is responsible for the tender flakiness of Crisco pie-crust. Crisco is as rich a shortening as can be made, yet it is wholesome and nutritious, because it is entirely vegetable—simply a thick, white cream of edible vegetable oils. It will make your pies as digestible as they are delicious.

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And you can depend on having this unusually good crust every time, because Crisco, being a manufactured shortening, is ***always*** uniform in quality. It stays pure and sweet indefinitely, without being kept on ice. This is an advantage you should not overlook.

Use Crisco for pastry, for cake making, biscuits and frying. You need no other cooking fat. Crisco is *never* sold in bulk. There is nothing else like it. It comes in sanitary packages, weighing one pound, net, and upward.

Here's the Tested Recipe for Crisco Peach Pie

Pastry recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

1½ cupfuls pastry flour — ½ cupful Crisco
1 teaspoonful salt — 4 to 6 tablespoonfuls cold water
(Use accurate level measurements)

sliced fresh peaches — sugar

Sift flour and salt and cut Crisco into flour with two knives until finely divided. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually sufficient water to make stiff paste. Water should be added sparingly and mixed with a knife through dry ingredients. Form lightly and quickly into dough; roll out on slightly floured board until about one-quarter inch thick. Use light motion in handling rolling pin and roll from center outward. Sufficient for one small pie. Brush over the lower crust with a little beaten egg white before adding the sliced fresh peaches. (The egg forms a hard surface between the crust and juice but does not prevent crust from baking properly.) Sprinkle liberally with sugar. Bake in hot oven.

Send only 10 cents for this 25 cent book

"The Whys of Cooking". In it Janet McKenzie Hill—founder of the Boston Cooking School and editor of "American Cookery"—tells how to set the table and serve meals correctly; answers almost 200 questions about all kinds of cooking; gives over 150 new, appetizing recipes. You will enjoy cooking and eating these different dishes. Address Department N-9. The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON, the famous motion picture actress who now appears at the head of her own company, says: *"Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum, which tastes like a combination of delicious fruits, is the most delightful and refined flavor that I have ever found in any gum."*

Virginia Pearson

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Leaks in the Family Budget

Turn Them into Savings to Cut Down the Bills

By ELNA HARWOOD WHARTON

DON'T, for heaven's sake, talk to me any more about not wasting!" cried one of my friends as I casually mentioned to her the general program for 1919 thrift which the United States Treasury is carrying on. "I've Hooverized in my pantry and camouflaged my old clothes until it would be an absolute joy to have a few days of wild, unthinking extravagance. Besides, I don't think there is one single, little, specific household economy you can tell me about that I haven't already put into practise a hundred times. You see, I've been reading 'How to Make Things Do' more than my Bible these strenuous months. And I'm tired of being careful. It makes you feel so poor." Even while she protested, however, I observed that my friend was turning the cuffs on one of her husband's shirts, and presently she jumped up to rescue a single little pearl button her housewifely eye discovered peeping out from under the rug.

"Those buttons are fifteen cents a dozen," she apologized, and added under her breath, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

"You've got the habit, anyway," I laughed. "That's what the government wants everybody to acquire—simply an automatic response to any thrift impulse, which will turn us into a nation of savers instead of spenders. You're a cent and a quarter richer than you were a few minutes ago because that button didn't get into the vacuum cleaner," I concluded accusingly.

"Yes," she retorted, "and while I pick up buttons John will probably let the cellar light burn all night or little Johnny will lose his cap on the way home from school. Families are like that. A mother can't be thrifty all by herself, and I'm sick of having economies pointed out."

What she said was quite true. Almost everything that has been urged during these war months on the subject of avoiding waste has been directed to the housekeepers and mothers—the very ones who are most careful anyway. It used to be an old sarcasm that a woman could throw out more with a teaspoon than her husband could bring in with a shovel. My sympathies, however, lie largely with my rebellious friend and the American women she typifies. If she has erred at all during this period when she has been so sharply put to the test, it is undoubtedly because she has had to fix her attention too closely on the teaspoon details, so that larger economies and preventable expenditures were sometimes overlooked.

I am sure that there is some other housekeeper who has had an experience parallel to one which brought tears of exasperation to my eyes last Winter. I was utterly tired out by a day of unduly strenuous work which ranged from substituting myself for the laundress I could not get, to patching the children's underwear in the hope of getting through the cold weather without buying more woolens. I forgot to see that the ice-box on the back porch was tightly closed—it has a treacherous hasp—and a neighbor's dog got a whole, beautiful leg of lamb out of it—the first we had indulged in for many weeks!

Team-work Needed

WE NEED *family co-operation* to become a nation of savers. The causes for lack of team-work differ in every household. In ours it is mainly inattention, carelessness. The boys are inveterate losers—they never seem able to keep or find anything of their own, and any possession of mine once borrowed is apt to be gone forever. It's not lack of policing, or having proper places for things, as some of my relatives attempt to suggest; it's a deeper defect, like a bad temper or a faulty memory. My own belief is that this stage will be outgrown eventually, as their sense of values is intensified, particularly when they interpret possessions in terms of the work it requires to earn them. Meantime the corrective process of being hastened as much as anything by the growing cards of green stamps in my top bureau-drawer. If you have to replace a lost hammer your allowance won't buy the three thrift stamps you were counting on!

My daughter, who is the personified soul of economy, fails us chiefly when her head goes into the clouds. China is broken or food is spilled because her mind and eyes are not on the thing she is doing. She comes to me weeping over the rent in her new dress, and even offers to mend it, but I have small hope that it will be the last, so long as jumping over the hedge is more fascinating than coming in by the gate. Father's unthrift is usually that curious masculine refusal to inquire the price of anything in a store, and with it, an absolute abhorrence toward any information about the cost of home commodities. If some one inadvertently tells him the steak cost two dollars—or the stewed ripe thirty cents—he is likely to eat no more of either. This, I maintain, is a ridiculous attitude on his part; he ought to be shocked in the one case and gratified in the other; but husbands are usually past reform. My own wastes occur when I juggle too many balls in the air at once—like the day the dog got the meat; one of them always crashes to the ground in a second of forgetfulness. Burnt toast is the most frequent instance of this sort of waste. Another waste for which I have to blame myself more than any one else is a certain dilatoriness about getting things fixed when they get out of order. The days are so full, and it seems so hard to stop and find a glazier because a baseball came through the living-room window, or to go out and buy glass and putty for repairs; the hole grows bigger and the house colder—or the flies come in. Probably all the time I am cherishing my mother's hope that some one else will take the time and trouble to attend to the matter!

In another home the leakages due to lack of co-operation may be of quite a different character. Running up the ordinary public utility bills needlessly are very common: excess telephone calls, lights not turned off, gas burned extravagantly. Twice recently I have made observing visits, the impulse to turn out a light after removing my wraps in the bedroom was checked by my hostess—"We like lots of lights going; it's so much more cheerful!" Somebody has had to dig for longer hours in a coal mine so that women like these could be "so much more cheerful!" The father of one family I know always insists that there be a superabundance of food on the table. In spite of Mr. Hoover, he likes to hear himself urge more food after every one has been well helped. It makes him feel prosperous and bountiful.

Too Many Food Tastes

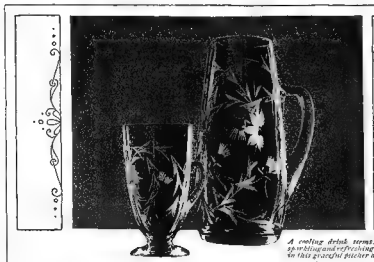
TOO many diverse food tastes and a demand for unseasonable dainties will undermine all the mother's economies in another home. A dearth of likes in the household means either an undue tax on some one else's strength or unnecessary service hired. Special entertainment on a lavish scale may be demanded by certain members of the family. Others may have formed the present-exchanging habit to an extent that encroaches on the rights of those nearer and dearer than the recipients of the gifts.

These are but suggestions as to the ways in which big avoidable wastes are occasioned by lack of team-work. How often these can be laid at the mother's door! During 1918 our greatest incentive to overcome the bad habits that crept in was the fact that combined effort we all made to help the government for patriotic reasons. Now, having tucked away our folders of green "War Savers" in the safety deposit vault, we are anxious for purely personal motives to duplicate them with blue ones.

What my friend said about "hating to feel poor" is, in a way, the keynote to American character. Whether we ought to be careful or not, we all tend to cultivate the feeling of prosperity that comes from spending money freely for things we count more or less as luxuries. Even ignoring obvious petty economies, lying, like the pearl button, underneath our feet. Lighting cigars with good paper money, or wrapping up the cheese in a twenty-franc note, as one of the soldier-stories runs, may not be common practises, but they illustrate the silly extremes to which the human mind can go in its effort to "feel rich." The love of handling money and spending it without real need can be developed at an alarmingly early age.

A young child who has the penny-candy habit would far rather trot to the store and exchange his treasured copper for some doubtfully tasting concoction than to store it up and accept mother's good home-made peppermints instead. The money transaction gave him a peculiar psychological satisfaction; the other was no more interesting than so much bread and butter. I remember the dominance of this effort to "feel rich" during my college days. It was an annual custom for my best friend and myself to celebrate each other's birthdays by an expensive luncheon at the best hotel in town. All the rest of the year we walked to save car-fare, we made our own hats, we denied ourselves soda-water, and then for two blissful hours we sat, on equal footing, among the silks and satins of the rich and great.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



A cooling drink, verily, even there in sparkling and refreshing relief to this graceful pitcher and glass

Glass of exquisite cut design and so inexpensive!

Tracings as fine as the most delicate of Valenciennes lace, and patterns as painstakingly made, make the new pieces of Heisey glass *very* desirable!

On every piece

And they're so inexpensive to replace that you don't mind if they are fragile. You just use them every day and enjoy their beauty without worrying about how often they're used! If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from A. H. HEISEY & CO., Dept. 70, Newark, Ohio

HEISEY'S GLASSWARE FOR THE TABLE

You have been waiting for this new super-convenient Vacuette Suction Sweeper

Just a touch at the handle starts the revolving bristle brush and suction fan, so lightly does it run.

The Vacuette Suction Sweeper is

not an electric

It goes anywhere for dust, up and down halls and in and out of closets as fancy and time dictate, in complete independence of trailing wires and electrical connections.

Its seven pounds of lightness permit quick, easy journeys up and down stairs.

Sold thru leading stores only—write us for name of local dealer and descriptive matter. Then ask for demonstration of this remarkable sweeper. The price will amaze you—it brings superior cleaning convenience within the reach of all.

THE SCOTT-FETZER CO.
11405 Locust Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Vacuette Suction Sweeper

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This Wonderful Range With Two Ovens

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Bakes Bread, Cake, Pies, Biscuits-Broils Steak and Cooks Nine Different Vegetables and Cereals All At One Time.

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—it "Makes Cooking Easy"

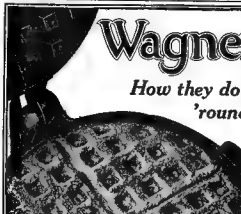
Gold Medal Glenwood

Write for handsome free booklet 170 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass. Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

Wagner Waffles

How they do make folks crowd 'round the breakfast table!



CRISP, delicious, light waffles—Wagner Waffles! a really cheerful beginning for any sort of day. Folks just love them—they seem never to tire of Wagner Waffles—the real breakfast "success."

You'll be surprised how easily and quickly you can make the "just right" waffles when you use a Wagner Ball Bearing Waffle Iron—either Cast Aluminum or Cast Iron.

Sizes to suit all kinds of stoves. Ask your dealer to show you Wagner Waffle Irons—or write us and we will tell you where to get them. Remember to insist upon the genuine Wagner Iron if you want the BEST Waffles.

The Wagner Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 93 Sidney, O.

Demand the Green Package of Best Grocers

KELLOGG'S BRAN

ADVICE FOR A SICK CANARY

"I see that a lady asks what to do for a sick bird. Permit me to suggest to her to get a cake of the Philadelphia Bird Food Company's Bird Manna for 15c (same price by mail) and she will find full directions how to use it.

"The Phila. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa., publish a booklet which any one can have free by writing for it. It tells all about the little bird's ills and how to treat them."

I Am Making a Low Factory Price On 9,999 Cookers

My Rapid roasts, bakes, fries, steams or stews. Saves you work—saves you steps—saves you standing over hot cook stove. Try my

Rapid

Aluminum Lined Fireless Cooker

30 days on my personal money back guarantee. Then write the entire family. I don't say that better but better cooked meals—if you don't say you did it with far less work, send cooker right back and I will return every cent.

Send for Free Book
Write postal TODAY.
The Wm. Campbell Co.
Dept. 49 Detroit, Mich.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I Stammered after stammering for 30 years.

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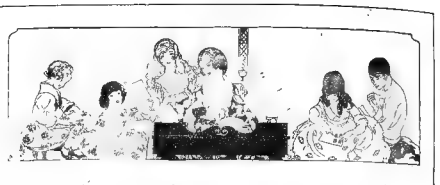

Leaks in the Family Budget

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

And yet, the very ones who, according to our analysis, might feel entitled to stop counting pennies, are inclined to be most careful. A story which made a very definite impression on me some years ago dealt with a rich old man and one of his employees. They were shopping together and the younger man looked at some shirts for a dollar. "They are selling the same thing across the street for ninety-four cents," remarked the older man. "Oh, well, I wouldn't be bothered to walk across for the difference," replied the employee, grandly.

"It takes a dollar a year to earn six cents," was the older man's quiet comment.

IT IS this sort of senseless waste, accompanying the effort to stop feeling poor, or the hope of impressing somebody, which can and should be checked in our American spending habits. Men make fun of women's "bargains," where only a cent or two seems to be knocked off the cost of some little commodity. But women who are acquainted with prices and values, and who buy a hundred articles in the course of a week, realize that the cent or two on each separate purchase may mean a dollar or two saved all together.

When I was a little girl the Sunday Schools used to give a tiny illustrated card to each child who could say the day's text correctly. When you had a dozen of these little tickets you exchanged them for a larger one. A dozen of the big ones entitled you to a Bible or some other appropriate reward. Obviously it took about three years of effort to reach the goal, and I don't recollect anybody's actually achieving it; but how we all worked to learn our verses and save our cards! The thrift stamp plan is exactly like this, when one stops to think of it, and has the added advantage over the other game that it can be practised at any time instead of only on Sundays.

All salvage is not necessarily valuable. The point about the rich man's impulse to save six cents was not the *amount* involved, but its relation to the dollar transaction. This is a phase of the entire economy problem which men are apt to grasp better than women because they operate on less cluttered horizons.

This is the view-point that must be maintained when the mother of the family can market a part of her time without detriment to the children. She must actually find out in dollars and cents whether, if she earns fifty cents an hour and pays a substitute twenty cents, she can count the difference as gain; or whether because of breakage, waste, and generally poorer management, she expends just as much as she earns. If her time will actually bring her fifty cents an hour, it would be ridiculous to use any of it making repairs which only prevent the expenditure of a quarter for a new article; but if she has no way of selling her services she is wasteful if she buys when the repaired article will do.

THE requirement of real thrift is that the family shall live in sufficient present comfort at a reduced expenditure which permits provision for future enjoyment and comfort. We have seen that the first step in accomplishing this end is wise buying—investing every dollar in the best possible way. By avoiding needless waste we get the full usage out of what our spending has procured.

The Housewives' Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

terior, Bureau of Education, at Washington, D. C., gives many valuable ideas as to suitable basket luncheons for the school child. Sandwiches, dessert, fruit, and a bottle of milk are suggested as the basis for the lunch. The pamphlet says, "For sandwiches use the most nourishing kinds of bread, such as whole-wheat, oatmeal, brown, raisin, or nut bread. Appetizing fillings may be egg, chopped meat, cheese (American), fresh cottage cheese, plain or combined with dried fruit, sliced tomatoes, chopped vegetables, such as beets or lettuce, and jelly, or peanut-butter and chopped raisins or dates.

"Where possible, a baked custard adds variety.

"If fruit is not included in the filling, a small glass jar of some stewed fruit or apple sauce may be added, or some fresh ripe fruit, or a few dates.

"For dessert plain cookies, ginger cookies, or these with cheese, date cookies, sponge cake, gingerbread, or sweet chocolate. It is easy to get a small jar with a tight screw-top for sauce, puddings, and custards, and to get a bottle for carrying milk."

It might be added here that the thermos bottle proves a good way to carry a hot drink.

If the basket luncheon is not sufficiently attractive, satisfying, and well packed, it very likely will not be eaten when the noon-hour comes around, and a poor substitute for the luncheon purchased with spare pennies.

BOYS and girls are usually very particular about the container for the lunch, and while some of them are willing to carry a lunch-box that may be used day after day, many prefer a pasteboard box or a bag that may be thrown away.

Some of the best of our schools provide not only the hot dish to supplement the cold luncheon from home, but serve the entire meal at noon. This, of course, is the ideal plan, for the choice of the pupils may be supervised, or guided.

The luncheon of the younger children should always be extremely simple in character and one that is easily served. An adequate menu is provided if they have a choice of two or three hot dishes, always including soup, some form of bread, and a choice of sweet dishes, in addition to fruit, and cocoa or milk.

The menu for the high-school student may be more varied, and should still be a simple one. It may include the following from which to select: soup, hot dishes, such as macaroni and cheese, a hot meat sandwich, salads, sandwiches, fruit, milk and cocoa, simple cakes, ice-cream, plain puddings, and sweet chocolate.

In many schools, because children are so prone to rush off without taking sufficient time to eat, or because of improper breakfasts, a bite to eat is given at recess. This need is especially felt by the younger children, who are just beginning school and have been accustomed to the mid-morning lunch. Such a lunch should be only a glass of milk, a bowl of cereal and milk, or a piece of bread and butter.

These lunches have proved of great benefit to children, resulting in noticeable increase in weight and improvement in general health and behavior.

In the lunch-room of the Horace Mann School, Columbia University, New York, the following plan is used. The menu for the day is put on a blackboard which every child must pass before getting his lunch. The caloric value and the cost of each dish is given. One day's menu as presented to the children is given below.

Suggestions for Luncheon for Children

	CALORIES	PRICE
Vegetable Soup ...	125	.05
Lamb, Parsley, Potatoes	300	.25
or		
Scalloped Macaroni and Cheese	250	.15
Vegetables	100	.05
or		
Pineapple Cheese Salad	225	.15
Junket	60	.05
or		
Ice-cream	300	.10
Milk	150	.06
or		
Cocoa	150	.05

Everywhere progressive women are taking an interest in the school lunch, and many of them are going into the schools to help with the preparation in co-operation with the school authorities, when there are not sufficient funds or equipment for the school to undertake the responsibility alone.

A well-organized school lunch-room offers a splendid opportunity to teach the pupils food values and the proper selection of food.

Where to Find Out More about School Lunches

Feeding the Family, by Mary S. Rose (MacMillan).

School Lunches, Farmer's Bulletin, No. 712, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Diet for the School Child, Dept. of Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

Food for School Boys and Girls, Mary S. Rose, Technical Education Bulletin, No. 34, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

They've Solved the Servant Problem!

Letters from Satisfied Housekeepers and Home Assistants

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since the appearance of "Wanted: A Home Assistant" in the June number of PICTORIAL REVIEW, many interesting letters have been received from housekeepers and assistants themselves. These show that the part-time help system in various forms is being used successfully in many sections of the country.

The letters on this page have been selected with the idea of giving a variety of personal experiences which will be helpful to those readers who are struggling with the servant problem. They also contain suggestions for the woman who must add to the family income by doing a few hours' work each day outside her home.

"Mary"—A Home Assistant

By E. F. D——, Massachusetts

I HAVE read with interest in the June number of your article about the coming "Home Assistant," and want to tell you that I have had one for almost a year—altho I hadn't known it. You see, we call her "Mary"!

I am a young mother, with a five-year-old daughter and a four-year-old son. I had tried several maids, finding them inefficient or indifferent, and, in my opinion, the present arrangement is by far the best. Mary had been a general housework girl before marriage, and lives near.

I prepare our simple breakfast, the cereal having been in the fireless cooker over night, and Mary comes at 8:30, in time to do the dishes. Later I tell her what is to be done through the morning—whether cleaning or cooking—and any special instructions or recipes are written out. We have divided the laundry, and she does starched things on Monday morning, and soft things, not needing ironing, on some morning toward the last of the week, depending upon the weather. This arrangement is so that she will not become too tired doing it all, hurriedly, on Monday, and because neither of us wants a laundress around, with her dinner to get and her troubles to hear! I send the sheets, pillow-slips, shirts, and collars to the laundry.

As my husband comes home at noon, our substantial meal is at that time, and Mary serves this at 12:30. In the afternoon, if I am to be at home, or it is rainy, I give her the afternoon, as I try not to forget that she is running her own home as well as helping me run mine. I pay her $6.00 a week, and she doesn't come Sundays, unless I have company. If she knows this, she always offers to come, and seems glad to feel she is obliging me. Recently when I gave a luncheon I paid her $2.00 extra, but she seems to appreciate more the extra afternoons.

I prepare our suppers, except, occasionally, when I want to be away for dinner, and then we arrange beforehand so she can be in the house. When I am going out in the evening she comes over to my house—and, in that case, I give her the afternoon whenever possible.

As Sunday seems to be the one time in the week that our family can be together, we like the freedom of being alone. The Sunday dinner is cooking in the fireless while we are at church, and the dessert has been made Saturday. On pleasant days we can pack children and supper in the car and go off afternoons together.

One of the advantages of an assistant is that one has the maximum of help, with a minimum of responsibility. We do not have to wait up evenings, or give her "the key" to be used at a midnight hour after a dance or a movie.

I think a home should never be run exactly like a factory, and the *human* element omitted. In a modern home the same cooperation and consideration are as necessary between Home Manager and Home Assistant as in the arrangement between mistress and maid, if there is to be harmony as well as efficiency.

A Married Helper

By F. M. C——, Michigan

OUR household consisted last Summer of myself and husband, so my schedule left me the freedom of several hours daily. I arranged with a Mrs. K. to work for her about four hours each day, excepting Sunday, at the rate of $5 per week. She had an eight-room house and three in family, herself and husband in the family. However, her aged mother visited her all Summer, and her married sister for three months. She had had a maid, but had worried about the late hours the girl had kept, and so had discharged her.

I started each day at 8:30 and left at 12:30. Monday I washed (electric washing-machine) and while waiting for each cylinder to be finished, I used the duster and dust-mop over the house. Tuesday there were the ironing and cleaning up. Wednesday the up-stairs was thoroughly cleaned. Thursday, I did dishes, baked, straightened up the house, and took care of things generally. Friday, the down-stairs was thoroughly cleaned. Saturday, I baked, prepared vegetables for Saturday dinner, and Sunday meals, and used the duster and dust-mop through the house.

Mrs. K. had been a domestic science teacher and loved to cook, so, with the aid of prepared vegetables and the baking I had done, it took scarcely any of her time, and yet allowed the family to enjoy her cooking. Mrs. K. always made her bed, and on washing and ironing days did the dishes as well.

She said she thoroughly appreciated the arrangement, because it left her so free. The work after one week needed no further directing, and when Mrs. K. and her mother went for a month's visit to the married sister, I came as usual, and with the extra time gained from less laundering work, took care of all extra details for Mr. K.

When Mrs. K. returned, she entertained more, but prepared the meals and served the family herself. If she had extra company, or her club, she hired the services of a young married woman for each dinner, at the rate of $2.00 an evening.

Mrs. K. said she saved on the arrangement, and felt free to visit as she liked, because she knew things would be kept up. She had none of the disadvantages, but most of the advantages of home help.

High-School Girl Helps

By E. A. H——, Pennsylvania

MY EXPERIENCE with a part-time servant, while, perhaps, not unique, may afford suggestions to others.

My home is in a very large city where the servant problem is acutely felt. I have a small apartment, consisting of living-room, bedroom, kitchenette, and bath. In the large living-room a small gate-legged table and a tea-wagon to use in serving are all that I need in the way of a dining-room for my husband, myself, and the occasional guests for dinner. My husband is gone all day and I am often away mornings so that my plan has worked most successfully for us.

An advertisement brought me a neat, bright, colored girl of fourteen, willing to give her time after school and on Saturdays for $3.50 a week and her dinners. She comes at 2:30 and remains until 7:00; if guests at dinner make her a little later in getting home to her lessons, I pay her 25 cents extra.

Each morning I stack the few breakfast dishes, write out a plan for the day, and leave it on the kitchen table. Usually these directions tell her to give the living-room a light cleaning, to go on some errand, to wash the dishes after making the bed-room, clean the bath, and start dinner. Of course, I do some of my cooking, but with a written outline my little maid can now prepare any simple dinner.

On Saturday morning with our basket we go to the market where Rose has also learned how to buy, so that, if necessary, she can go alone. On this day she gives the apartment its thorough weekly cleaning, but certainly there is time in the afternoon for her to get a lesson or to go down-town.

I have found that frequent inquiries about her school-work, occasional help with a difficulty in a lesson, and consideration for her happiness and her health, have rewarded me with an assistant who takes a real interest in my home and gives me the use of mind, as well as hands. Her faithfulness and resourcefulness are a real joy in this day of housework problems.

From a Middle-aged Woman

By A. B——, Michigan

I WOULD like to give my humble opinion of housework from a working standpoint.

I am a middle-aged woman and had my own home until a few years ago. I have been employed now in one home for almost six years, work six days a week and have every Sunday free.

I come early in the morning and often get a number of little things done before the family are up for breakfast. If I want to go out for an errand at any time I can and I generally find I have a good two hours of freedom in the afternoon—sometimes more. I can do the work in my own time and my own way, and if I can't get everything done as it should be done, I am never found fault with. Sometimes even hired help gets tired.

I room outside and find it the best way to do. When I get to my room I can rest and be away from the work. Sunday is a holiday and day of rest for everybody but houseworkers, and why should not living be simplified for that day so as to give home-help as much rest as possible?

I bake bread on Friday or Saturday and do other baking for Sunday; pare potatoes and put them in ice-box. The sweeping and cleaning are all done, and almost any housewife could get a dinner for the family with little trouble. Why should there be such a big dinner on Sunday, anyway?

The eight-hour day will be expensive for people with moderate means who need help, and as you know it is not as easy to put the work of a home into the eight-hour limit as it is a man's business down-town. One trouble has been that everything going wrong has always been laid to the help, when often it is the mistress herself who is to blame. She will slip in little expenses which are laid to the maid's extravagance, and the maid can say nothing.

There must be lots of women like myself who are obliged to work for a living and who find women in general hard to work for, because in many cases they don't know themselves how the work should be done. They give orders which are hard to follow, or else their manner is such that it is unpleasant to work for them.

When mistresses learn to overlook a lot of small things and learn to give and take, the problem of help can be solved without very much argument.

Two "Part-Time" Servants

By E. P——, Maryland

THIS is how two women of my acquaintance are meeting the present help situation. Both have "part-time" servants, but as their methods are entirely different, both may be described.

Mrs. A. lives in a modern apartment of six rooms and has four in family, including two children, six and eight years of age. She does most of her own sewing and takes entire charge of the children, devoting much time to them daily. She prepares a simple breakfast and light luncheon for the family, does her own bed-making and daily dusting.

At four o'clock the maid comes in and prepares a good dinner of three or four courses. While this cooks she washes the breakfast and luncheon dishes and cleans the kitchen. Then she serves the dinner and waits on table, staying afterward to put everything in nice order and prepare for breakfast. She takes the wash home on Monday, usually returning it on Tuesday afternoon. The ironing she and Mrs. A. do together on Wednesday afternoon, Jane coming an hour earlier for that purpose, and Mrs. A. finishing at her leisure what is not then accomplished.

On Friday Jane spends the day with Mrs. A., sweeping, window-cleaning, oiling floors, etc. For these regular duties she receives the sum of four dollars a week, and the arrangement is mutually satisfactory. Jane has time to do either laundry work or cleaning for other patrons on five forenoons a week, while Mrs. A. is much better pleased to be alone with her family a good share of the time than to have an unneeded servant always at hand.

The other housekeeper, Mrs. B., employs a maid who has a family of her own and can not take what she calls a "reg'lar service place." The household consists of Mrs. B., her husband and themselves, and the home is an eight-room suburban cottage with modern conveniences. Mrs. B. gets breakfast and does her own bedroom work except on sweeping days.

Eliza comes to her place after getting her own husband off to work and her children to school, and about 9:30 a.m. o'clock dinner is ready to serve. Then she goes home to prepare her own evening meal. Mrs. B. serves dinner and clears it away, but leaves the dishes for Eliza to do next day. If there are invited guests, Eliza arranges to stay an hour or two longer. Between the hours of nine-thirty A.M. and six P.M., Eliza does the work of a general housemaid, washing and ironing included, while Mrs. B. supplements her efforts by keeping up all "loose ends." Eliza's wages amount to five dollars a week and she is a much more steady and dependable servant than many of the young ones whose aim seems to be only to do enough work to make the collecting of wages possible.

Both women feel that they can afford to pay enough to insure good service, as by this arrangement neither servant has more than one meal daily at her employer's expense and the planning and handling of supplies is wholly in the mistresses' hands. So, whatever may be said of others, both Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. are ardent advocates of the "part-time" system.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

SANI-FLUSH is so easy to use. Simply sprinkle a little of it into the closet bowl, follow the directions carefully and flush.

You'll be surprised to see how quickly stains, incrustations and every trace of rust disappear leaving the bowl and trap glistening white.

And *Sani-Flush* cleans so *thoroughly* that you don't need to use disinfectants.

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takes all the odor out of perspiration

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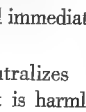
Try "Mum" today.



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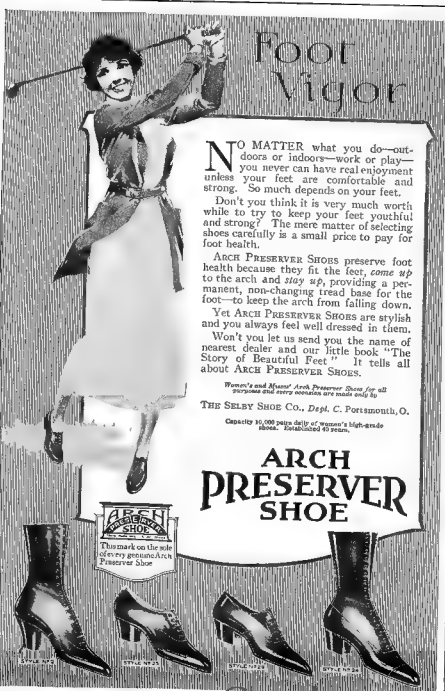

NO MATTER what you do—out-doors or indoors—work or play—you never can have real enjoyment unless your feet are comfortable and strong. So much depends on your feet.

Don't you think it is very much worth while to try to keep your feet youthful and strong? The mere matter of selecting shoes carefully is a small price to pay for foot health.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOES preserve foot health because they fit the feet, *come up* to the arch and *stay up*, providing a permanent, non-changing tread base for the foot—to keep the arch from falling down.

Yet ARCH PRESERVER SHOES are stylish and you always feel well dressed in them.

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Capacity 10,000 pairs daily of women's high-grade shoes. Established 45 years.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Rough Road to Motherhood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

much assistance to their families and communities as they would have been if strong and well.

Cities, of course, by reason of their closely gathered population, their wealth, are able to maintain hospitals, dispensaries, doctors, and visiting nurses to attend such cases as are not in the hands of private practitioners; but it is the rural communities, the backbone of the country, that offer the real problem, to meet which the Children's Bureau has outlined the "elements which seem essential to any plan of adequate prenatal and obstetrical care for a rural community.

"These are:

"*First*—A rural nursing service, centering in the county seat, with nurses especially equipped to discern the danger-signs of pregnancy.

"*Second*—An accessible county center for maternal and infant welfare, with substations throughout the county.

"*Third*—A county maternity hospital, or beds in a general hospital.

"*Fourth*—Provision for obtaining temporary household help for mothers, whether confined at home or in the hospital.

"*Fifth*—Skilled attendance at confinement attainable by all women in the county."

THIS plan has obvious advantages. The most striking one is that it will provide at a slight cost, or free, skilled care for American mothers at the time they need it most. Better still, the plan has no taint of charity. The rural nursing service will be on the same footing with the public schools—a service provided for the people by the people, available to all—the rich and the poor and the millions in between. There is not a man or woman in the land who feels that he is accepting charity in sending his child to school. Indeed, it is a reproach, and in most States a legal offense, for a parent not to allow his child to be educated. Yet the public schools cost the country millions of dollars each year. Far worse off is the child who grows up without health than the one who grows up without education. Children must be given the chance to be well born just as they are given the chance to be well educated. Until they are, we may expect the result shown in the recent draft when one-third of the men examined were rejected on account of physical defects, the majority of which could have been corrected in childhood

If babies were well born and well cared for, the infant death rate would almost cease to exist. If mothers were well cared for at the time described as "their greatest usefulness to the State," the maternal death rate would almost cease to exist. Sir Arthur Newsholme, medical officer of the British local government board, is authority for the first statement. The United States Children's Bureau supports the second. It is indeed time a country offering and providing as much as America does for its citizens should at last take an interest in seeing that they come into life unhandicapped.

"But this nursing plan," people will say, "will cost money."

Of course, a lot of it. But it would be hard to find a better way to spend money than in protecting the lives of American mothers and American babies. The Federal Government spent $500,000 last year in an effort to stamp out tuberculosis among cattle; other large sums are available for work in checking and eradicating other animal diseases. And the money is well spent. But we need not confine the efforts to securing a higher health rate to animals. The appropriation for human beings (made to the National Public Health Service) last year was only $72,000!

Before Congress went out of existence on March 4th of this year, "the lady from Montana," Miss Jeanette Rankin, introduced a measure known as the Maternity Bill. This was designed to make a reality of the Children's Bureau plan for a rural nursing service by giving it Federal aid. A hearing was held and the bill was favorably reported out of committee, but it never came up for a vote, caught as it was in the final jam and filibuster. According to the provisions of the bill, $10,000 would immediately become available to any State establishing a State board of maternity aid and infant hygiene. This board would consist of a physician from the State board of health, a graduate nurse, and a representative from the teaching profession, chosen either from the State university or school of agriculture. Plans must be submitted by this board to the Chief of the Children's Bureau and the Secretary of the Department of Labor before Federal funds, in addition to the initial $10,000, will be available for carrying on the work. Any State evolving a suitable plan for furnishing medical and nursing care for mothers and infants through public health nursing, consultation centers, and university extension courses in rural districts, will receive from the Federal government annually a sum in proportion to the rural population of the State, and dollar for dollar what the State legislature itself appropriates for the work.

The Maternity Bill will undoubtedly come up for a vote at this session of Congress. If the women of America, regarding its passage as an act of simple justice, urge their Congressmen and Senators to vote for the bill, it will pass. But if the Congress feels that the country is uninterested, they, too, are likely to be uninterested. Then people will get what they demand. When Congress convenes, write to your Senator and to your Representative and ask them to vote for the bill; get your women's clubs and your civic organizations interested and have them write, too. The more pressure, the surer the passage. Then when the bill is finally passed, see that your State takes advantage of it.

Life is of infinitely greater importance than property; therefore, a well-equipped hospital should overtop any court-house dome, and the command of its officials rank alongside a subpena. If justice courts can be held in every hamlet, so can dispensaries be established; and if a bailiff can go ten miles into a country to levy on some poor old negro's mule, so can a doctor and a nurse go to a woman in childbirth.

This is not a private matter or a family affair. It concerns the whole nation. It is our duty and our right to safeguard every life, young and old; for by all laws, a life belongs not to itself alone, but to the State. It is even a punishable crime to attempt suicide; and a woman may not refuse to bear her husband children. The law compels railroads and manufacturers to use every device to protect the lives of employees. What kind of a factory would it be that neglected to install apparatus to save its buildings and raw material from fire, or use lubricating oil to make the machinery run smoothly? The law demands life-belts and boats for those who go down to the sea in ships. Why should it provide nothing for the millions of women who go down into the valley of the shadow of death every time they bring a child into the world?

EQUAL in importance to the life of the millionaire who contributes to a campaign fund is the life of the mother who bore him. The woman on the mountain dies but once; no more does the woman in the palace.

Private charity is wholly inadequate to cope with this gigantic wrong. It belongs to the State. To inaugurate such a system would require legislation, National, State, county, municipal. Legislation takes time.

After *twenty years* of endeavor, the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs, with the help of a few men who consider their daughters of some value, succeeded in persuading the legislature of that State to raise the age of consent from *ten to fourteen* years. If it took twenty years of steady effort to dent the armor of Georgia's feelings toward her women-children—Georgia, whose Congressional Representatives have been, to a man, against suffrage, what hope can there be for, and how long will it take to get, an appropriation of money, or anything else, to save women from pain and death? Why, that money might be spent to construct a highway in some obscure district and thus clinch a goodly number of recidivist voters; it might carry a committee of legislators joyriding to inspect a State institution. The time spent in considering such a measure might be devoted to debating the subject of creating new counties out of old ones, thus increasing the power of some political party. Waste it on Women! Nonsense!

And every year, fifteen thousand women of these United States die in childbirth, and three hundred thousand babies from causes that might be prevented!

It is all very well for men to talk "pedestal stuff" to avoid giving women what is theirs by right; but until women secure the voice to say where a highway shall be located, until they feel they have an equal right to travel that road; not until then will hospitals that are anything but charitable institutions be built, nor corps of outside helpers be secured, and the whole system placed on the same footing as our present legal procedure.

Get behind this bill when it goes up before Congress. Keep behind it. Push it through. Let the women of America concentrate their efforts on this one thing—mark the word concentration, not divided efforts—and all the male politicians in the world can not defeat them. Then when the bill goes through, your work is just begun. Make it a real Maternity Bill and follow it up by protecting the mothers of men as men themselves are protected by a dozen or more methods.

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Torrington ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

Stop wasting beautiful afternoons

EVERY afternoon that you work to clean or dust your house is a wasted afternoon. Every afternoon that you are tired from cleaning in the morning is wasted. Every afternoon that you spend with your house not clean and bright and dustless is not as pleasant as it ought to be.

When you buy a TORRINGTON Electric Vacuum Cleaner you buy happy afternoons —*lazy* afternoons if you want them. The TORRINGTON brings you time to read, to play, to go out—a house you are glad to have people enter.

The TORRINGTON does its work so thoroughly, so quickly, so well, that you punish yourself and waste your time and strength by not owning one.

Cost? You can buy a TORRINGTON Cleaner on period payments, and you *will* too, if you stop thinking of a sweeping machine and think of what it will *do* for you. Three cents' worth of electricity a week will keep your house clean.

Take a few minutes of your time to have a dealer demonstrate the TORRINGTON Electric Cleaner to you. Tell him to show you how perfectly the brush helps the air current to remove both surface litter and trodden-in dirt. The minutes you spend doing this may mean free afternoons for years to come.

Send us your address so we can send you a booklet and information about a free trial

The Torrington Company *National Sweeper Division*
11 Laurel Street, Torrington, Connecticut

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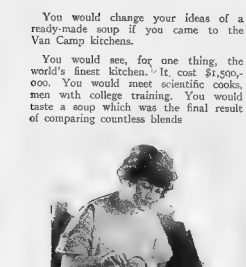
When Two Cooks Meet

The New Way of Soup Making

You would change your ideas of a ready-made soup if you came to the Van Camp kitchens.

You would see, for one thing, the world's finest kitchen. It cost $1,500,000. You would meet scientific cooks, men with college training. You would taste a soup which was the final result of comparing countless blends ingredient. They compare countless blends and methods. And they never stop until they attain the utmost in that soup. It takes several years, sometimes.

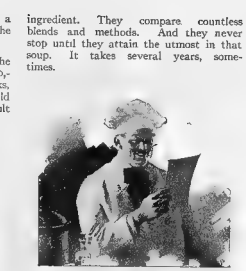


Haphazard Ways

The old ways of soup making were very inexact. The ablest chefs could never make soup twice alike. Home-made soups varied enormously.

In the Van Camp way we take a prize Parisian recipe. A noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris makes the basic soup.

Then our culinary experts study to perfect it. They fix standards for every



They Never Vary

Then every detail is fixed in a formula. And the Van Camp chefs forever follow it exactly.

The results are these: Every Van Camp Soup is the finest of its kind in existence. It cannot be matched anywhere in the world, by any hotel or home.

The soups never vary. They come to you ready-prepared. And they cost no more than ordinary soups. They cost much less than home-made.

Compare these Van Camp Soups with others. See what our skill and our care have accomplished. It will be a revelation.

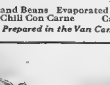
VAN CAMP'S Soups 18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

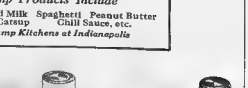
Van Camp's Pork and Beans

The sauce baked with them was evolved by testing 856 formulas.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe perfected in the same way as our soups.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new grade made from blended peanuts with every bitter germ removed. 535

The Grapes of the San Jacinto

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

yard, matters of investment in the money. She had an insatiable love of power.

She and Max were forever watching each other now. He was more careful than she was. He would not eat anything unless she first ate some of whatever the dish might be she had cooked. He would not drink his tea unless he himself had poured it out and then only if he saw that she had already sipped hers. She was amused by his stubborn but silent watchfulness. Her care was more subtle. She carried all the sharp knives in the house into her room at night, but she took care that it was so long after he had fallen asleep that he should not hear her.

SO AFFAIRS ran along for a month. The cement dried. Max learned to walk upon it without dreading it. And Mrs. Doremus watched him and smiled. And she might have rested content for a long time except for one thing. The half-witted Mexican boy paused as he laid down the armful of wood he was bringing into the house one morning, and imbued with a desire for conversation volunteered a bit of information.

"José's sister come to see him."

Mrs. Doremus was peeling potatoes. She gave a little snort. "Lazier 'n all time, I bet," she mumbled.

The Mexican boy grinned. "Yes."

"Paquita's pretty. She live with José, down there. Max come to see Paquita," the boy rambled on. "He come to see her every night."

Mrs. Doremus dropped the half-peeled potato back into the water and laid her knife down.

"How long has this Paquita been here?" she asked.

"A lot of days," the boy replied.

"Get out!" said Mrs. Doremus abruptly. She set down the pan and rose quickly. She was possessed with a sudden fright. This was what she had always been afraid of, since she and Max had become wealthy, that some woman would get a hold on Max. Now he was going to see Paquita every night. Max was not a light, easy man with women. If he went to see a Mexican woman every night he was going with one big, serious purpose. She knew what that purpose was. She stumbled dizzily to the window. What it would mean to her, exactly, came to her as she looked down where the miles of vineyard unrolled under the shimmering waves of heat. Max owned half of all that! Half of all that rich territory was his. And she was old. If Max married it would be quite possible that he and his wife would scheme and connive to squeeze her out as she and Max had snuffed out the Hollidays. And of course that Mexican woman, once she got a hold on Max, would be clever enough to insist on marriage. And Max, besotted fool, would be putty in her hands.

"Oh, my God!" croaked Mrs. Doremus weakly.

After a moment she went to the door and called the half-witted boy.

"Send José up here," she told him.

There was such a drumming in her ears that she scarcely heard José's timid knock when he arrived. In some dazed way she opened the door.

She saw his quick eyes dart to her face and she knew he was frightened.

"I want you to send your sister, Paquita, away!" she ordered.

"What for, Senora? Paquita's a good girl."

Mrs. Doremus was shaken with rage. She controlled it after a moment.

"I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll send her away—now—to-day!" she told him.

She saw a crafty wisdom in his eyes. He shook his head stubbornly.

She wanted to strike him. Instead she said pleasantly, "I'll make it seventy-five dollars. But that's flat! Not a cent more!"

José hesitated, but there was no yielding in her face, so he nodded.

She got out her secret hoard from under her narrow, dirty little bed and gave José a roll of torn and crumpled bills.

"Get her out to-day," she said sternly. After José was gone she was shaken again with the horrible fear that would not leave her. How far had Max gone with the miserable woman? Did she already have a claim on him, perhaps? Well, she had disposed of the woman, at least temporarily. She went about her work with a sense of reprieve.

That evening Max made no excuses to leave for a moment, as he had been in the habit of doing, night after night, such innocent excuses that she had been completely taken in, had never once suspected him. To-night he sat sullenly at the dinner-table long after it was cleared. He smoked a pipe for a little while, and then laid it down. He roamed around the house like a prowling cat. Mrs. Doremus felt uneasy. After a few moments more of stirring around, Max took his old hat down from its peg.

"I'm going out," he said briefly.

"Very well," Mrs. Doremus said. Then with a faint hint of curiosity, "Where you going?"

"I thought I'd go down by the quarters. One of the Mexicans was telling me to-day that there's a whole wall pretty near ready to fall out.

As well as she had followed him through the night Mrs. Doremus knew exactly where he was going. He was going to José. And when he saw José, he would know what she had done. She burned with rage and shivered with a sort of terror, and finally crept over to peer out at the big square of cement. For a long time she stood staring down at it steadfastly, her face the countenance of a lonely old fury. Presently she came in decisively and shut the door, and went hurriedly off to bed.

An hour later Max came in. She could hear him through the thin walls, tossing on his bed. Still later in the night a wagon rumbled by on the road. She listened intently, wondering who was abroad, but finally dropped asleep, secure in her knowledge that Paquita was gone and Max asleep in his room. She woke in the morning with her sense of security arming her against the fury she felt sure that Max would turn upon her. To her astonishment, however, he ate his breakfast in his usual silent fashion and went off to the vineyard without a word. When she had made sure that he was gone she called the half-witted boy to the door.

"José's sister gone?" she asked him.

"She go, yesterday. Come back last night," said the boy, beamingly.

Mrs. Doremus's voice was like a clean, sharp sword.

"Who brought her back?" she asked.

"José got her, last night," the boy replied.

Mrs. Doremus glared about her in a bewildered fashion.

"You go tell José to come up here this minute," she was finally able to say.

This time the boy met her with a malicious grin.

"José drunk. He got lots of money. Oh, maybe two-three hundred dollars. He drunk!"

Max had done this! Max had paid José to go and bring his sister back! Mrs. Doremus began to shake as with a heavy chill. All that money, good yellow gold, thrown away on a lazy brown Mexican woman! What dupes they were for these Mexicans. José was drunk on her money! For, after all, every cent of this money was hers, by right. Without her Max could never have owned the entire San Jacinto vineyard. How much of a hold did that woman have on Max? Would he marry her? Perhaps he already had!

She began biting her knuckles nervously. "Go away!" she said to the staring boy.

ALL her plans began to crystallize rapidly. If under the pressure of her uneasiness her work must be done and done quickly. It was now or never, before Max got in so deep that the miserable Mexican woman would have a hold on him. He might marry her any day now! All day the haunting thought dogged her heels.

She prepared an excellent supper for Max, a rarity, for the meals were usually austerely frugal and simple. When he sat down at the table, with its array of steaming dishes, he grunted approvingly and began to eat.

After a while he pushed back his plate with a clatter and reached in his pocket for he pipe. "Good supper, Ma," he condescended.

His mother pushed back her plate, too, with its greasy load of untouched food, and rested her elbows on the table.

"Max, I been thinkin' of something, to-day," she began, suavely.

After a moment, during which he waited vainly for her to proceed, Max mumbled. "What?"

"We own most of the valley now, you and me, Max. And we're rich. And we're going to be richer. That's what I been thinkin' about to-day."

"Well?" Max said, sourly.

"I been thinkin' of my sister Betsy back in Nebraska," Mrs. Doremus said softly.

"You aint heard from her, have you?" he asked sharply.

Mrs. Doremus gave a good imitation of a woman about to tell a lie. She dropped her eyes nervously, hesitated, and then in a troubled tone, "No—not lately."

Max was alert now. His eyes were fastened on her with a mixture of anger and appeal.

"Well, what about Aunt Bet?" he prodded.

"Noth—nothing. I was just wondering how Betsy was gettin' along. She was poor as a church mouse when we pulled out. And that son of hers—he was a waster. I'll bet he ain't done nothing for his mother." Mrs. Doremus seemed wrapped in her own thoughts.

"Well, it ain't none of your business," Max said uneasily. As his mother did not answer, he persisted, "It ain't none of your business, Ma."

Mrs. Doremus cut him short. "She's my own sister," she said sharply

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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The Cost of Building Bodies

Protein is the body-builder. Also the costliest element in food.

Quaker Oats yield 16.7 per cent protein, which is more than sirloin steak. Potatoes yield less than 2 per cent—bread about 9 per cent.

That's one reason why oats dominate as food for growing children. They excel all other grains in this body-building element.

Figuring protein alone, this is what it costs at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein
Per Pound

In Quaker Oats	$ .63
In White Bread	1.30
In Potatoes	1.48
In Beef, about	2.00
In Ham	3.63
In Eggs	2.32

Thus body-building with Quaker Oats costs half what it costs with bread, and a fraction of the cost with meat.

What Energy Costs

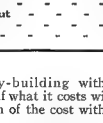
Energy value is another food essential. Most of our food consumption goes to supply it.

Quaker Oats yield twice the energy of round steak, six times as much as potatoes, and 1½ times bread.

At present writing energy costs in essential foods as follows:

Cost of Energy
Per 1000 Calories

In Quaker Oats	$ .05
In Round Steak	.41
In Veal Cutlets	.57
In Average Fish	.60
In Chipped Beef	.75
In Hubbard Squash	.75



5 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

60 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

75 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

9 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

Thus meat and fish foods average ten times Quaker Oats cost for the same energy value.

This doesn't suggest an exclusive oat diet. Other foods are necessary. But this food costs—the greatest food that grows—should form your basic breakfast.

It means supreme nutrition, and the saving will average up your costlier foods for dinner.

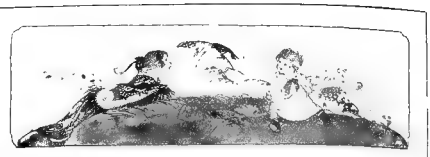
Quaker Oats

The Delicious Flakes

Get Quaker Oats because of their matchless flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such extra flavor costs no extra price you should get it.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover



The Grapes of the San Jacinto

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Max pushed back his chair, irritably and grunted.

"If anything should happen to me, Bet would get part of what belonged to me, wouldn't she?" Mrs. Doremus asked, a trifle wistfully.

A SOUND came from Max that was almost a groan. After a moment's silence he suggested hopefully, "Maybe she's dead."

Mrs. Doremus said quickly. "Oh, no, she's not!"

Max leaned forward threateningly, "How do you know?" he demanded.

"Oh—just because!" and Mrs. Doremus looked away from him guiltily.

After a few silent moments Max rose and took his hat.

"Thought I'd see how they was getting along with that wall," he said awkwardly. "José is doing the job."

His mother nodded. After he was gone she went out and stood looking down at the cement again, queerly. When he returned she was in bed.

At breakfast, Max said, "Let's go to town to-day, Ma." He attempted to say it lightly, but his voice was hoarse.

Mrs. Doremus gave him a sharp look. "What for?" she asked bruskly.

"Why—I kinda thought you might want to make a will—seeing as how you wouldn't want Aunt Bet to come in here and rob me of none of this land."

Getting no reply, Max asked nervously. "You wouldn't want that, Ma?" "You surely wouldn't want that?"

Mrs. Doremus hesitated. "No," she granted after a moment. But before his sigh of relief had spent itself she continued, "But I ain't making no wills, neither!"

"Aw—sply, Ma!"

"Well, I'm old and if I make a will——"

She left the unended sentence hanging suspended between them like a sharp sword.

Max rose from the table in a ponderous attempt at humor. "Come on, Ma! You make your will and I'll make one, too. We'd ought to do it for each other. It ain't right that strangers could be coming in here and doing up you or me for our land. That ain't fair, is it, Ma?"

"No—o."

"Aw, come on, Ma!"

"Well, if you make a will, I'll make one, too," she finally granted.

Max had the wagon around within half an hour and the trip to town was accomplished in complete silence. The wills were made and Max and his mother set out for home. On the homeward way Max was unusually talkative, but his mother had fallen into a meditative silence, her cruel eyes brooding on the pale blues and lavenders of the distant foot-hills.

Max made an excuse, almost before he had put the horse in, to go down to the Mexican quarters. His mother smiled a very little, a smile of quiet contentment.

"Get José to set your supper for you," she suggested, without a trace of malice.

Max gave her a swift glance, but her innocent face disarmed him.

"Mebbe I will," he answered carelessly and strode out.

Face to face with the thing that she had planned openly and completely for months and months, and incompletely and vaguely for years, Mrs. Doremus wasted no time in thought. She went down to where the vineyard began, with its first sprawling row of gaunt vines, and squatting on her haunches she began feeling of the long tendrils of the vines. Some of them were too old. They were brittle, and broke in her hand. Some were too young, tender and pliant and easily snapped. But presently her crawling hand reached a vine. With a heavy sigh she hewed herself a scanty armful of the long tough creepers and returned to the house. She carried the plunder in to her bedroom on the off chance that Max might return. She felt practically certain that he would not. The Mexican woman would entrance him, but she did not intend to spoil anything by her carelessness.

When the desert dusk fell, she took the armful of uncanny tentacles and went out where the cement made a spot of pale cold gray in the gray light.

Her move were as sure as the steady weaving of a spider. With quick fingers she caught the tendrils to insignificant posts in the ground, to places where the wall of the shack offered foothold, to a small sapling standing some distance across the plateau. When she had finished it was almost dark. But it was not so dark that her evil old eyes failed to see her completed handiwork. About six inches from the ground, for five feet from the plateau, spread a tough web of tendrils, interlaced and crossed. An antelope, sure-footed, might have stepped through it, in safety. But no awkward human foot would ever tread through it.

She sighed. Her hands were sore, and she caressed them with a soft whimpering. Then she went indoors and lighted all the lamps. A flood of lamplight poured through the open door. By inspection she found that the net was faintly visible, so she carefully shut the door. Then she set about preparations for supper.

She was counting, now, on habit and on greed. Even the fascinations of the Mexican woman would not keep Max, if she had judged him rightly, from bringing up the first-class grapes, and packing them for the morning shipment.

She ate her simple supper and cleared away the dishes. Afterward she sat down to wait. Eight o'clock came, but the only sound was the scuttling of lizards on the roof. Five minutes past eight! Ten minutes passed. Down in the quarters she heard a guitar and some Mexicans singing. Twenty-five minutes past eight! There was a silence so intent that her ear-drums hurt. Would he come? Or had he and the Mexican girl gone off to be married? Suppose they had? Suppose all her plans were useless! Her lips tightened grimly.

At eight-thirty he came! She heard the familiar shuffle that betokened that he was struggling up the little rise from the vineyard with his loaded baskets. She stood up by the bare table, her talon-like hands clawing into the sides of it. Her eyes were shining!

There came the sound she was waiting for! A sharp, scuffling sound, a swift cry, the crash of the falling baskets and then a duller thud, a muffled sound! She sat down and folded her hands in her lap, patiently. For over an hour by the wide-faced clock she sat steadily in her chair. Outside the doorsteer little sounds gradually faded away until the whole valley was silent once more.

At the end of the long silent period she opened the door, cautiously, and, skirting the cement, with the dark mass sprawled upon it, carefully, she set about cutting the tendrils loose with her big knife.

With her armful she re-entered the house. Her eyes were gleaming. She sat down in front of the stove where the fire she had built for her supper was still burning, and fed the tendrils to the flames. Then she undressed, carefully and methodically, watching to see that nothing she was doing should leave the veriest wisp of a clue.

In her scant, rough nightgown she deliberately opened the door again. Her plan was as clear and distinct before her as a map. She would go, now, through all the pretense of discovering Max, out there, even to the tell-tale signs of blood.

Then she would snatch a cloak and slippers and run down to the quarters for aid. She had even, with cold forethought, laid her long cloak over a chair and thrown her slippers into a huddled heap beside it.

She came over in her bare feet to the sprawled figure and the hair of the baskets and fallen grapes and got down stiffly on her old knees. She raised the head as she might have raised a basket of grapes, and laid it upon her shoulder. A wide, horrible gash laid open the side of his head. The blood made her feel cold, as it soaked through her thin covering of cotton. She began to shiver a little.

A lizard came scuttling across the doorway and paused in the welcome flood of light, squatting statue-still.

MAX'S head rolled heavily on her shoulder so that his face lay upturned to hers. The lips had a twisted look. And the clammy feel of him increased her chill. Her teeth began to chatter. Surely she had done enough now. She must get her coat. She was cold. She put the heavy figure down and rose. The lizard sat still and watched her with beady eyes.

Who was that child standing looking at her across the cement? A white child! How had a white child come climbing up here? It must be a child of one of the two or three white growers left in the valley. But how had it come here? And at just this moment, too? There was a fog coming up. Strange, for the valley never had fogs. She brushed her hand across her eyes. The child was still there! My God! My God! It was Max, her baby, Max! She'd forgotten after all these years how Max had looked when he was a baby! Then who was this man who lay dead at her feet? Not Max, for Max was standing across the cement looking at her with his wide eyes, a baby's eyes. My God! She was seeing things! She'd go across that cement and when she got there she'd find that there was nothing there. It was her eyes. And she was cold. Her feet felt numb. But she'd go across there and make sure. She'd hurry, and it was a dead child it couldn't run fast enough to escape her.

She sprang to the cement. As she did, the sickish-sweet smell of crushed grapes rose in her nostrils. Grapes! All the grapes in the San Jacinto were hers, now!

Suddenly she knew that something was wrong. The cement was slimy. Her feet were slipping! The grapes! The crushed grapes! She gave a scream, a horrible, strangling scream, flung up her arms—and fell!

The lizard squattered there in the lamplight for almost an hour.

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The Lure of the Sweater

No. 569—Ladies' Knitted Silk Sweater

Knitting Directions No. 569, 15 cents. A novel and charming sleeveless slip-over sweater of white knitting silk to wear with sports frocks. If preferred the purling may be placed lower down and square blocks substituted.

Knitting Directions No. 570, 15 cents. This is another attractive sleeveless sweater knitted in silk or Shetland floss. It opens in a deep V in front. The stitch, in block effect, is both new and smart.

No. 570—Knitted Silk Sleeveless Sweater

No. 571—Knitted Sweater in Russian Blouse Effect

No. 152—Ladies' Sleeveless Filet Crochet Sweater with Knitted Back

No. 153—Child's Sweater in Filet Crochet

Filet Crochet and Knitting Directions No. 152, 15 cents. Illustrated above is a fascinating novelty in sweaters, the front worked in filet crochet while the back is knitted. If preferred, however, the back may be of filet crochet to correspond with the front.

No. 510—Ladies' Knitted Slip-on Sweater

Knitting Directions No. 571, 15 cents. At the center of the page is illustrated the new sleeveless Russian blouse knitted sweater which is a distinct novelty in sweaters. It is of white and canary yellow vicuna yarn and may be made with or without sleeves. Directions for making the sleeves are provided.

Filet Crochet Directions No. 153, 15 cents. For the little girl this sleeveless sweater of filet crochet is ideal. Seven balls of Shetland floss make this sweater and any two contrasting colors such as maize and blue and white may be used.

Knitting Directions No. 510, 15 cents. Illustrated at the foot of the page (left) is a very good-looking short slip-over knitted sweater fashioned of vicuna yarn. It is knitted in plain stitch with four inches of purling at the waistline and three inches forming the cuff.

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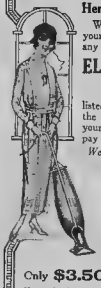

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Go-gle

The Charm of Exquisitely Embroidered Linens Appeals to Every Housekeeper

No. 12538

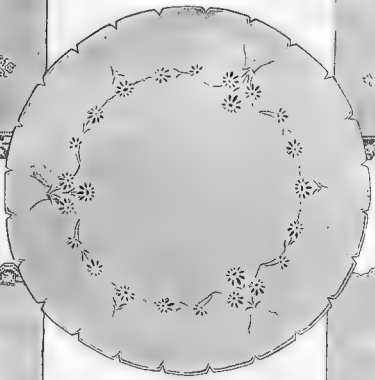
Transfer Pattern 12538, blue, 15 cents. Here is an attractive design worked out in eyelets and cut-work, the embroidery enclosing a filet crochet medallion. The transfer pattern provides sufficient design for one pair of guest-towels and a working diagram of the filet medallion. Buttonholed scallops may be substituted for the filet lace edging, and the pattern provides for these scallops.

No. 12537

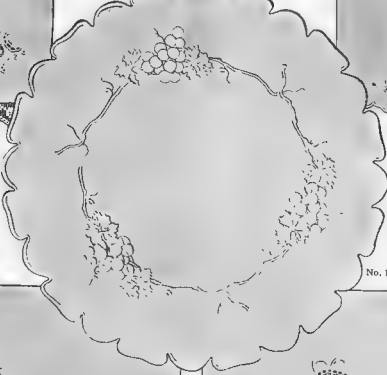
Transfer Pattern 12537, blue, 15 cents. Here is another attractive design for beautifying guest-towels. The pattern provides enough for two as well as a working diagram of the filet crochet edging and medallions. The design which is carried out in cut-work and eyelets measures 5½ inches high by 15 inches wide including the scallops which are not illustrated. This would be an attractive design applied to scalloped ends for a dressing-table or buffet.

Transfer Pattern 12533, blue, 15 cents. This very charming embroidery is applied to the centerpiece illustrated just below. The centerpiece is 21 inches in diameter and the embroidery is worked in eyelets, raised satin, and buttonhole stitches. Firm white linen should form a foundation. An attractive feature of the centerpiece is the oddly shaped square scallop that finishes the edge.

No. 12533

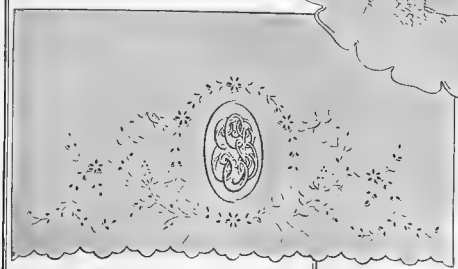


Transfer Pattern 12534, blue, 15 cents. Below is shown a very beautiful centerpiece embroidered in grapes, vines, and leaves.



No. 12534

No. 12535

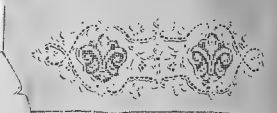


Transfer Pattern 12535, blue, 20 cents. A very good-looking embroidery design for one pair of pillow-cases or two towels. The design measures 10¾ by 22 inches. The monogram shown is not provided, but a perforated pattern, style 620, in any three letters 5 inches high will be sent for 60 cents.

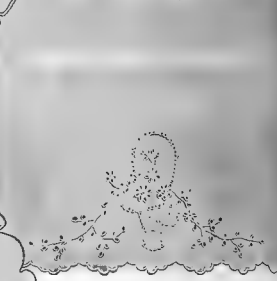
No. 12536

Transfer Pattern 12536, blue, 20 cents. A handsome design in baskets and trailing vines suitable for a pair of pillow-cases or towels.

No. 12539



Transfer Pattern 12539, blue, 15 cents. There is quite a fad just now for enclosing filet medallions in embroidery as a decoration for guest- and show-towels. The one illustrated above supplies design and scallops for one pair of guest-towels and a working diagram for the filet crochet medallion and lace edge. The scallops are not illustrated but they may be substituted for the lace edge.



No. 12540

Transfer Pattern 12540, blue, 15 cents. A very graceful basket design is shown above, enough embroidery and scallops being provided in the pattern for two guest-towels. The embroidery including the scallops is 6½ inches high by 14 inches wide, and may be worked in white cotton in eyelet, stem, and buttonhole stitches on white linen huckaback. The design is also appropriate for the ends of white linen dresser- and buffet-scarfs.

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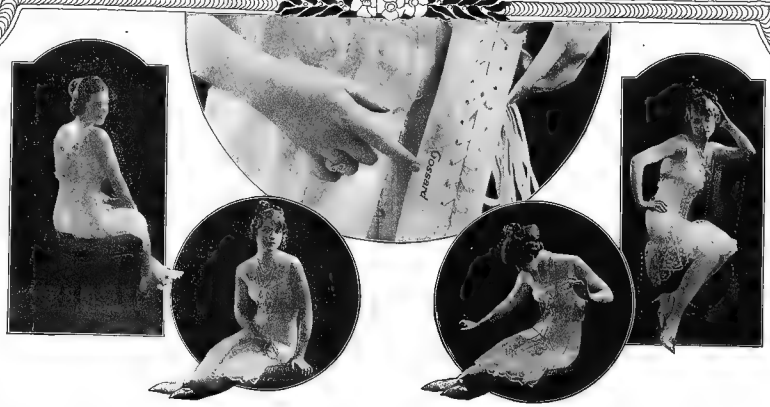

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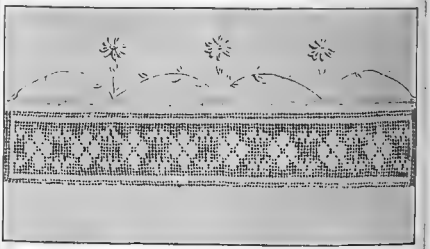
Scarf Embroideries of Distinctly Unusual Charm

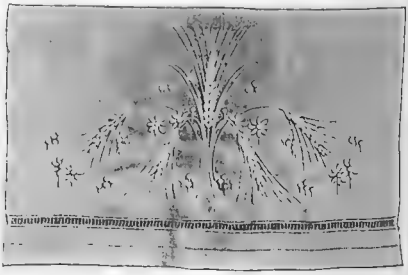
Transfer Pattern 12387, blue, 20 cents. The pattern provides duplicates for the embroidery design illustrated as well as 10 other motifs. The design is 9 by 19½ inches. Directions for the filet crochet medallion can not be supplied

Transfer Pattern 11905, blue, 15 cents; supplying 6 tiger lily sprays 7¾ to 11 inches high. Directions for the filet crochet border, 10 cents.

Transfer Pattern 12160, blue, 15 cents. Four dupcaries of this embroidery design provided with directions for filet crochet, are



Transfer Pattern 12390, blue, 20 cents. A charming daisy design is illustrated which is suitable for a table runner, and the pattern provides in addition design for three towel ends. No directions given for the filet crochet insertion



Transfer Pattern 12025, blue, 10 cents. An unusually attractive design is illustrated above combining daisies and wheat. It may be carried out in colors or in all white, and it is suitable for a table runner or a side-board scarf.

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The Kodak Album.

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

A Galaxy of Beauties From That "Rosebud Garden of Girls," Ziegfeld Follies

RUTH TAYLOR, one of the beautiful members of the Ziegfeld Follies, shows the vogue of lace in the very charming gown she is wearing (below).

A VERY attractive feature of the new Follies is Marilynn Miller's dancing. Miss Miller looks unusually charming in the photograph above in which she wears one of the fashionable transparent brim hats.

PERHAPS it is this truly adorable frock that inspires Mauresette in her wonderful dancing. The bunched-up tunic of charmeuse is trimmed with fruit. Bands of paillette net that give a filled effect to the low bodice and silver lace skirt, are combined to make the beautiful ensemble.

IN THE present edition of the Follies, Jessie Reed (above) repeats her former success. Her statuesque beauty is at its best in floating draperies of tulle.

WHERE all are so lovely comparisons are distinctly invidious, but Betty Hale (at top of page, left) certainly has a distinctive beauty and charm that are most appealing.

IF IT were not for the very stunning embroidery which is an outstanding feature of Mildred Sinclair's hat she might easily pose as a charming young widow in the costume at the right.

Google

Dame Fashion Approves Suits, Coats, and Wraps

Coat 8475
Skirt 8203

Jacket 8440
Skirt 8404

8475—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch white polo cloth—3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. Length at center-back 36 inches. No. 8203—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch black velvet. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For informal and sports wear this makes a most attractive costume, the coat of white polo cloth trimmed at the bottom with a deep band that may be left open to form pockets. The skirt of black velvet is a two-piece gathered model closing at left side seam.

8440—Ladies' Jacket Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch gabardine—1 yard 36-inch white tricolet for vest—3½ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. For the Fall suit you may choose a jacket as long as this model or a shorter one may be selected. Many and varied lengths and styles are allowed. A long rolling collar turns back from an inset vest.

8475—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch velvet—3¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch plaid worsted. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. An attractive coat for separate and sports wear to be fashioned of velvet or any of the modish cloths. It is worn here with a simple two-piece skirt of plaid. Notably interesting is the collar in choker style buttoning at the side, and the belt crosses in front and buttons on the coat.

8440—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch shepherd check—⅞ yard 48-inch white broadcloth for vest. Checks of various sizes share favor for Autumn suits with the plain serges and tricotines. The suit may be varied by wearing vests of different materials and colors. The collar extends into revers that roll back from the inserted vest, the revers extending quite to the belt. Bone buttons may trim the long plain two-piece sleeves,

Wrap 8430

Wrap 8437

Coat 8475
Skirt 7830

Overblouse 8485

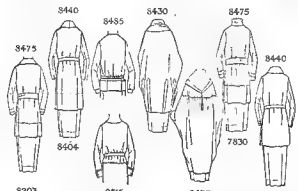
Blouse 8516
Beading 12321

8485—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 2 yards 36-inch tricolet. This is one of the fashionable new overblouses that are worn with waists of white Georgette crêpe and voile. This model slips on over the head and closes in surplice style. It may be trimmed with stitched bands.

8516—Ladies' Slip-over Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch organdy. A charming blouse gathered in front below a shaped yoke which may be embroidered or beaded in design 12321. The yoke is collarless and is cut in square outline in front. Embroidery or braiding may be substituted for beading.

8430—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch plaid velours—⅛ yard plain velours for collar and pipings—3 yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. A stunning wrap for informal wear with fulness through the hips and narrowing in at the lower edge.

8437—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—⅜ yard 36-inch velvet for trimming. A picturesque wrap gathered below a deep yoke that extends down to form the fronts.



Jacket 8440
Skirt 8215

and at each side of the jacket pockets are inserted, finished with pocket laps. The skirt closes at left side seam.

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"The pretties, the dainties, the flimsies"

*"La, la, my dear, their washing is an art. It requires wisdom, genius and discretion fine as the clothes are fine."**

HOW *did* women ever keep their fine things dainty before they learned of Lux? In those old days—when cake soap was rubbed right on to fine fabrics, and particles of soap became firmly wedged between the delicate threads!

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Washable Taffeta	Sweaters	Washable Spats
Voiles	Silk Underwear	Men's Silk Shirts

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The distinctive styles that New York will see on Fifth Avenue in December you can see NOW in the wonderful book of Styles that

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5R11 Ultra Smart Dolman Coat of beautiful All-Wool Silver Cloth—trimmed with Gray Chinchilla Fur Cloth; flowered satin lining. Comes in the new Hiuna shade, a rich Brown, or the new Ghent Blue. 32 to 46 bust..... $34.75
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2R5 Tunic Blouse of finest silk Georgette Crepe, richly embroidered. Colors—Plum, Navy Blue, Taupe Gray or Flesh Pink. 32 to 46 bust. $8.98
Postage 6c extra

5R12 Smart Short Dress Coat of Black Silk Seal Plush; flowered silk poplin lining. 33 inches long. 32 to 46 bust..... $22.50
Postage 12c extra

6R17 Chic Turban of Silk Velvet and genuine Ostrich Feather Tips in Purple, with Purple and Cerise feathers; Navy Blue with Navy and Copenhagen — also all Black ... $4.98
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Write a Postal for Our Catalogue

Our catalogue of Fall and Winter Styles, now ready, is easily the most representative showing of New York styles, for the final choice of styles was not made until long after the usual catalogues were being printed. Be sure to ask for your copy of this catalogue. Write for it *today;* a postal card addressed simply to Bellas Hess & Co., New York City, will bring you a copy *by return mail* FREE.

This is a picture of the notable fashion catalogue issued by Bellas Hess & Co.—a practical guide to Dressing Well and Shopping Easily. Send for it TODAY. *It is* FREE.

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The Newest Fashions for Girls Are Smartly Simple

8494—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—2⅛ yards 5-inch ribbon for sash—1⅜ yard 36-inch net for top of skirt. The dress closes at the back and three straight gathered flounces are arranged on the two-piece gathered skirt.

8146—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen. A cunning frock for the small maid closing in front and with short-waisted body section joined to a gathered skirt. A round collar makes an attractive finish for the neck, and there are smart turn-bac cuffs for the one-piece sleeves.

8173—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 27-inch chambray. At drop-shoulder line tiny puff sleeves are attached. The dress closes in front and pockets are inserted in the skirt.

8308—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch linen. Below a round yoke the dress is gathered back and front. It is slashed at left side-front for the closing and finished with a pipping.

8227—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 27-inch chambray. The dress is slipped on over the head and fastens on the shoulder. It is in kimono style cut in one with the short sleeves.

7931—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch poplin. Here is an attractive dress for the little maid in kimono style cut in one with the sleeves. The one-piece skirt is gathered.

7948—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch gingham. A full-length panel is arranged on the front of this dress, the waist of which closes at center-back, while the four-piece side-plaited skirt closes at left side-back.

8499—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 44-inch organdy. A charming dress for party and best wear with the new Grecian drapery on the front of the blouse. The blouse closes at the back and the gathered skirt at left side seam. Appropriate for any soft fabric.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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Now Is the Time to Plan School Clothes

7940—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge. The acme of simplicity is this frock buttoning at the back and with an attractive border design in worsted on the round neck and pockets. The embroidery is design 12461.

7844—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch check serge—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. A wide panel is formed on the front and back of this frock which closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

8321—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch gingham. Nothing is better for school wear than simple frocks like this in kimono style and slipping on over the head. It buttons on the shoulders.

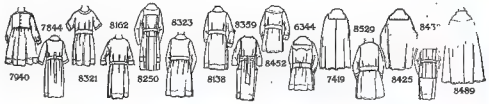
8162—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. Here is a very attractive school frock slipping on over the head and with sleeves attached at low shoulder-line. The dress is slashed below the belt for inserted pockets.

8250—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch white voile for collar. Under the panel the waist closes at center-front and the attached two-piece skirt is plaited front and back and gathered at the sides. Bone buttons may be used as a trimming on the panel which extends a little below the belt onto the skirt. Worsted embroidery, too, makes a smart trimming.

8323—Girls' and Juniors' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 44-inch serge for dress—⅞ yard 36-inch voile for guimpe. A round collar finishes the neck of the front-closing guimpe. The waist of the dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, while the two-piece gathered skirt closes at the left side seam.

8138—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check serge—⅜ yard 44-inch plain serge for collar and trimming. The closing of this box-plaited dress is arranged on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



Girls' Dress 8162
Juniors' Dress 8250
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8323
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8138
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8359

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Advance Modes for Autumn Afternoon Wear

8523—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch blue serge—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. One of the first necessities for Autumn wearing is the serge or tricotine frock developed along simple lines. Many of the newest models are trimmed like this with bands of self-material.

8493—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch green and white check taffeta—⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Ideal for luncheons, teas, and other informal afternoon social functions is this frock of check taffeta to which gathered ruffles applied between the hips and the knees give the new silhouette.

Dress 8523

Dress 8493

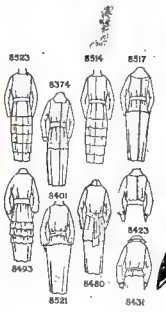
Dress 8514

Blouse 8401
Skirt 8521

Dress 8517
Beading 12506

Blouse 8423
Beading 12505

Blouse 8431
Beading 12511



Dress 8374
Embroidery 12512

Dress 8480
Embroidery 12276

8423—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The blouse closes at the back and over the front is arranged a panel which with the rolling collar is beaded in design 12505. White, flesh, or any preferred shade of Georgette crêpe may be used, and the beads may be in self-color or some decided contrast.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

8431—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders and a smart new touch is given by the Robespierre collar flaring in points. Another attractive touch is the beading on the fronts carried out in design 12511. Embroidery may be substituted for the beading.

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Frocks Disclose New Lines and Newer Trimmings

7872—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8530—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch gabardine—⅝ yard white taffeta for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The vogue of trimming-bands of self-material is attractively exemplified in this model, the skirt of which is almost completely covered with shaped bands.

8255—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch white satin for collar—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The touch of hand-work that is a feature of the newest tailored frocks is carried out in braiding in design 12443.

Blouse 8397
Skirt 8404

Dress 8514

Dress 8408
Beading 12505

8408—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The dress is attractively beaded in design 12505.

Dress 8255
Braiding 12443

Blouse 7872
Skirt 8530

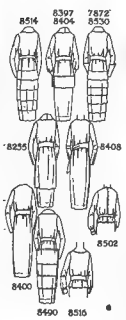
8514—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta—1⅜ yard 44-inch serge—½ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar and vest—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for gores. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Low waist-lines are as fashionable as ever, in fact as the season progresses they seem to grow in favor. This frock shows a combination of taffeta and serge, the serge taking the form of trimming-bands on the two-piece skirt which is attached at low waist-line.

8397—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch moire for collar—¼ yard white taffeta for vest facing. There is a smart air of style to this street frock of blue serge with its natty tunic blouse. It is finished with a fashionable cowl collar of moire. White taffeta vest facing gives a touch of lightness, and an interesting feature is the band applied to the lower edge of the blouse which gives the effect of a cuff hem. The waist-line of the skirt is raised two inches, and the closing is at left side seam. The skirt is severely plain.

Dress 8400

Dress 8490

8400—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch velvet—3⅞ yards fur banding—⅜ yard moire for revers and girdle—⅜ yard white satin for vest facing. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The distinctly simple in line the trimming of this frock of velvet gives it an air of elaboration which adapts it to afternoon service. The dress slips on over the head and it is cut down in a deep V in front from which turn back small revers of moire. A novel feature is the moire girdle made from bias strips doubled and stitched together.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

Blouse 8516

Blouse 8502

8516—Ladies' Slip-over Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—7¼ yards Valenciennes lace for trimming. To wear with tailored suits there is nothing quite so attractive as these tablier blouses with the tablier trimmed in lace or plaited net. The blouse slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders.

8502—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile—1½ yard picot-edge ribbon. A gathered frill of the voile run with ribbon finishes the round neck of the blouse which closes at the back. Box plaits are formed on the front, and the sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs finished with turn-back sections.

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Clever Designing Makes These Becoming to Stout Women

Blouse 8407

Blouse 8248

8248—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch black taffeta—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar and vest—2¾ yards soutache—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Stout women to whom the lines of this blouse are very becoming will find it a good model for dress wear.

8407—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1½ yards narrow velvet ribbon for trimming—1⅛ yard Georgette plaiting. A touch of style is given to this simple blouse by the edging of narrow velvet ribbon.

8500—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for underskirt and trimming—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for vest facing—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Here is another attractive afternoon street dress for the woman of full figure. The blouse and the three-piece tunic are separate and are joined under the girdle.

8496—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch velvet —2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The combination of velvet and Georgette crêpe adapts this dress admirably to service for afternoon or social functions. Both materials may be of the same color or contrasting colors may be used.

Dress 8500

Dress 8496

Tunic Blouse 8497 Skirt 8295

Tunic Blouse 8473 Skirt 8295

Dress 8400

8531 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¼ yard 36-inch white satin for flaring collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The lines of this frock are particularly good for stout women and the simplicity of the design will make a strong appeal to the woman who has to be her own dressmaker.

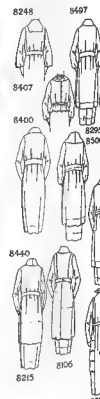
Dress 8106 Braiding 12474

Jacket 8440 Skirt 8215

8440—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch taffeta for vest—¾ yard 36-inch moire for collar—3⅛ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 40½ inches. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The open front of the jacket of this smart suit is filled in with a vest that may be of white taffeta, crêpe de Chine, or moire and the collar of moire extends into revers that reach to the narrow belt. The side seams of the jacket may be open as far up as desired.

8497—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 54-inch serge—½ yard 36-inch white taffeta for collar and tucked vest. There is nothing smarter for early Fall wear than frocks of serge and tricotine lightened up as in this case by collar and vest of white taffeta, Georgette crêpe, or satin. The tunic is a two-piece model attached at one-inch raised waist-line to the simple blouse and closed at left side seam. Under this is worn a two-piece dart-fitted skirt closing at the back and with waist-line raised 2½ inches.

8473—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch check cloth—⅝ yard 36-inch white tricolet for collar and vest—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The surplice lines of this tunic blouse admirably camouflage the stout figure and it may be developed in serge or tricotine with equally good results. The skirt because of the darts taken up on the front and back fits smoothly over the hips.



Dress 8531

8106—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch white taffeta for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The long tunic blouse has a deep braided border, the braiding carried out in soutache in design 12474. The woman of full figure will find this a very becoming type of frock for early Fall street wear in any of the fashionable wool fabrics such as serge, tricotine, Poiret twill, duvetyn, or light-weight velours.

8400—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch shepherd check —⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest and collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Delightfully simple is this frock that slips on over the head and is open almost to the waist-line in a deep V to show an inserted vest of Georgette crêpe. Pendant ornaments of crochet trim the front of the blouse effectively, and tiny jet buttons are applied to the sleeves along the outside from elbow to wrist.

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Fascinating Models for the Woman of Discrimination

8392—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8462—Ladies' Four-tier Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch check taffeta—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest and collar—3½ yards grosgrain ribbon—3⅜ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores. With the more frivolous frocks the three and four-tier skirt has returned to favor and it is especially attractive in soft silks, nets, laces, and Georgette crêpe. Check taffeta is one of the fashionable fabrics for afternoon frocks and it is very effective when lightened up with a collar of Georgette crêpe or organdy. The kimono blouse closes at the back and a bias collar finishes the deep U-shaped neck. The skirt consists of four flounces mounted on a two-piece skirt that closes at the left side seam.

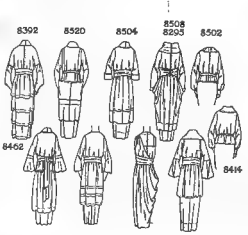
8502—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard Georgette crêpe plaiting. The blouse closes at the back and has three box plaits formed on the front.

8414—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and cuffs. This is one of the fashionable slip-over blouses closing on the shoulders gathered in front below a shaped yoke.

8471—Ladies' Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch satin—1¼ yard 36-inch metal brocade—2⅜ yards 36-inch lining for foundation. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Again we have the formal evening gown. The fashionable evening gown is of two distinct types, the fluffy one of net or chiffon for dancing, and the more stately gown of satin or taffeta for formal evening functions. This very charming model shows a graceful drapery of satin over metal brocade.

Dress 8471

8484—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard white Georgette for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A long shawl collar finishes the neck of this blouse which is open to the waist-line disclosing a vest mounted on a front-closing underbody. The tunic is finished with a narrow frill heading and is applied to the two-piece gathered skirt at yoke depth. Soft satin or moire ribbon may be used for the girdle or it may be of Georgette crêpe with a band of narrow picot-edge ribbon through the center.



8804—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin—2⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—5 yards plaiting—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. A narrow plaited frill of the satin finishes the long shawl collar, turn back cuffs, and the scalloped trimming-band on the tunic. For the scallops, design 12177 is suggested.

Blouse 8508
Skirt 8295

Blouse 8477
Embroidery 12352
Skirt 8295

8520—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard organdy for collar and vest—3¾ yards fringe—5 yards lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Deep trimming-bands finished with narrow fringe, the upper one forming outstanding pockets, are attractively featured on this good-looking afternoon frock. The back panels are looped under and tacked near the lower edge of the skirt. The long collar of organdy and lace is smart. Width at lower edge 1⅞ yard

Descriptions continued on page 99

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Dressy Gowns Feature Tunics of Varied Types

Dress 8500

8500—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch plaid cloth—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for vest—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of gores. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. For the Fall there is a revival of interest in the redingote frock cut on lines similar to this model with simple blouse and gathered tunic. From a front-buttoning vest, long revers roll back that end in a notched collar. The tunic is mounted on a two-piece skirt which also closes in front.

Tunic Blouse 8510
Skirt 8295

8510—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5½ yards 44-inch gray serge—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. There is a suggestion of the fashionable long waist-line in this model, the blouse of which has extensions in front that cross in surplice style and form a girdle. It is attached to a one-piece gathered tunic and under this is worn a two-piece skirt fitted by darts front and back and closing at the back. The waist-line is raised 2½ inches.

Tunic Blouse 8497
Skirt 8295

8497—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch check taffeta—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and tucked vest—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for top of gores. Charming for afternoon wear is this frock of check taffeta with its tucked vest and large round collar of crisp white organdy. The blouse closes in front and is attached to a two-piece gathered tunic. The foundation skirt is a plain model fitted closely with darts front and back.

8470—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8506—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅜ yard organdy for over-collar—1¾ yard filet banding—¾ yards fringe insertion—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. There is a delightful feminine note to this frock with its fichu collar crossing in front and its softly gathered skirt drawn into a narrow band at the foot. The blouse is gathered in front and over the large fichu falls a smaller round collar. The gathered tunic falls in a point at one side and is dropped over a gathered skirt that by means of a band at the foot is given the new narrowed-in silhouette.

Blouse 8470
Skirt 8506

Blouse 8486
Skirt 8295

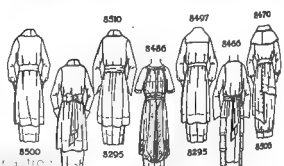
8486 — Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8482 — Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 40-inch fish-net—4½ yards 36-inch moire for skirt and trimming. There is a decided revival of interest in laces and nets of all sorts and many handsome afternoon and evening gowns are fashioned of net in combination with taffeta, satin, or moire. Moire was chosen for this gown, the blouse of which is in kimono style crossing at the back and with long gathered tunic of the fish-net banded deeply with moire. Narrow bands of moire trim the blouse extending down onto the tunic.

Blouse 8466
Braiding 12319
Skirt 8482

Dress 8476
Beading 12505

8466—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8482—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7⅜ yards 36-inch velvet—1¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard silver lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An interesting feature of this attractive frock is the tie-around bodice of velvet which is worn over a kimono blouse of Georgette crêpe with flowing sleeves. The sleeves have a braided border in design 12319. Equally interesting is the skirt, a two-piece gathered model with tunic effect at the sides which is formed of three plain flounces surmounted by a slightly gathered flounce

8476—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch satin—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. For informal afternoon wear a frock like this is exceedingly useful as it is dressy without being too fussy. A very charming design in beading is applied to the tunic forming a border, and for this design 12505 may be used. On a front-closing underbody is mounted a vest cut straight across the top and from this revers roll back that extend around to form the collar. Turn-back cuffs finish the long plain sleeves, and over this two-piece gathered skirt is arranged a two-piece gathered tunic closing at left side seam. The tunic is attached to the blouse under the girdle at one-inch raised waist-line.



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8336—Ladies' Slip-on House-dress. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch percale—1 yard 27-inch chambray for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The vest and the pockets are braided in cotton soutache for which design 11290 is suitable. Easy to make is this dress which slips on over the head.

House-dress 8336
Braiding 11290

House-dress 8219

8219—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—1¼ yard 27-inch chambray for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

House-dress 8297
Embroidery 12377

House-dress 8226

House-dress 8230
Embroidery 12510

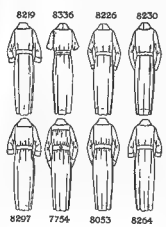
8297—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard 27-inch piqué for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The collar is embroidered in mercerized floss in design 12377.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

House-dress 7754
Embroidery 11751

House-dress 8053

Apron 8264
Cross-stitch 12460



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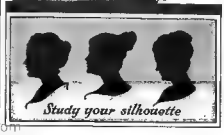

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Captivating New Styles in Blouses and Skirts

7867 Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch satin. An oddly shaped collar gives a touch of novelty to this smart tailored blouse.

7589—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. The collar and vest are scalloped in a novel way

8290—Ladies' Slip-on Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse—2⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta for skirt. Jet beading forms an attractive border for the blouse and also outlines the oval neck. For this bead embroidery, design 12372 may be used.

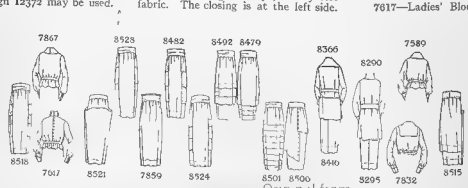
8518—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Two deep bands trim the side gores of this good-looking skirt.

8482 Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Above three plain shaped flounces one gathered flounce is applied at the sides of this skirt which is admirable for silk, satin, Georgette crêpe, or any soft fabric. The closing is at the left side.

8366—Ladies' Slip-on Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge. No. 8416—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 44-inch plaid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Plain and plaid or check serge may be combined effectively in this model, the blouse of which shows the fashionable hem pockets embroidered in design 12276.

7832—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch French voile—¾ yards lace edging. The collar which may be round or square is attached to long soft revers tucked at the top and edged with lace to match the trimming on the vest.

7617—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Here is one of the fashionable new high collared blouses suitable to wear with suits.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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Alluring in their Charm Are Misses' Dance Frocks

Dress 8483

8483—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¼ yards 36-inch satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Very picturesque in style is this Georgette frock with its quaint fichu collar of organdy crossing in front forming a girdle. Tucks are formed in the two-piece gathered tunic which is mounted on a two-piece skirt closing at center-front.

8488—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch organdy—⅝ yard satin for girdle—6½ yards ribbon for trimming—2¾ yards wide, 2¾ yards narrow plaiting—2⅞ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores. Here is a charming frock for afternoon dress to be fashioned of orchid or maize organdy and showing the new balloon tunic. The kimono blouse is gathered and mounted on an underbody closing at back. Lower-edge width 1⅛ yard.

8505—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch taffeta—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The tunic which is featured in the Fall fashions forms part of this frock. Scalloped in design 12177.

Dress 8488

Dress 8505
Scallop 12177

Dress 8449

Dress 8460

Dress 8453
Beading 12503

Dress 8519
Embroidery 12372

8519 — Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch satin—3 yards picot-edge ribbon—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The skirt drawn in at the bottom to a band makes this frock a very up-to-date affair. The blouse is embroidered in soft wool design 12372.

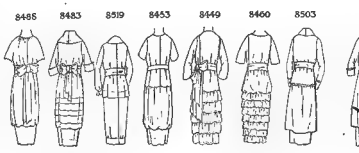
8449 — Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3 yards velvet ribbon—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. There is a delightfully frivolous note to the new dance frock which is especially pretty in the soft sheer fabrics like net, Georgette crêpe, and chiffon. The blouse of this frock closes on the left shoulder and under the arm and is mounted on a front-closing underbody. Five gathered frills are arranged on the two-piece skirt.

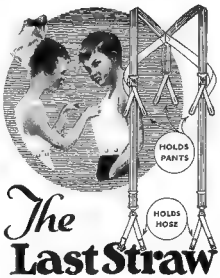
8460—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 7⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. There is a classic touch to the drapery on the blouse of this adorable dance frock for the young girl. Drapery is arranged on a front-closing kimono blouse cut in one with the short sleeves. The short bouffant tunic with innumerable little frills makes this an ideal dance frock.

8453 — Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch satin—2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards ribbon for girdle—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a skirt of satin is arranged the new balloon tunic of Georgette crêpe beaded in motifs that give the effect of an all over beaded fabric. The dress closes at the back and for the beading, design 12503 may be used. Beaded motifs are also applied to the blouse which is cut down in a deep U in front.

Dress 8503

8503 — Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3½ yards 36-inch satin—4 yards banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The deep opening of the neck is filled in with a tucked vest and on the two-piece skirt is arranged at yoke depth a two-piece tunic. Lower-edge width 1⅜ yard.





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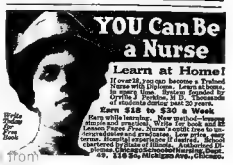

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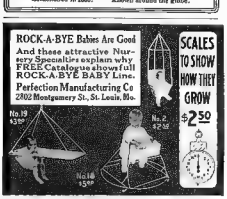

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Misses' Frocks Show Distended Pockets and Trimming-Bands

8527—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch satin—1⅞ yard 44-inch serge—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for gores. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Combinations of materials would work out very attractively in this model which emphasizes the fashionable long waist-line. The closing may be arranged at left side-front or center-front, and the two-piece skirt is trimmed with bands of serge.

8478—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch gabardine—4⅛ yards braid—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy for vestee and collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Here is a delightful little frock for early Fall street wear fashioned of serge or tricotine and belted narrowly at normal waist-line. It is made with sleeveless overdress closing on the left shoulder and at left side-front, while the underwaist closes at center-front and has a convertible collar.

Dress 8513

Dress 8527 Dress 8478

Dress 8519

8513—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard.

8383—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 50-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. An attractive design in soutache braiding outlines the front edges of the panel of the tunic blouse. This panel extends around the sides to form deep outstanding pockets. The braiding is in design 11809.

Dress 8463

Dress 8383
Braiding 11809

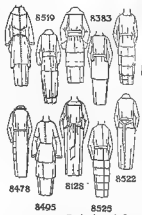
Dress 8495

Dress 8128
Braiding 11433

Dress 8525

Dress 8522

8403—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch velvet —1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In the popular overblouse style is this frock of velvet with blouse of Georgette crêpe.



8519—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch check taffeta—2½ yards grosgrain ribbon for sash—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This is a very good-looking afternoon frock closing at the back. It has a square neck finished with a rolling collar. The side gores of the three-piece skirt have a deep tuck at the hips giving a tunic effect. A small tuck is formed on the front gore, and the tuck on the side gores extends across the back.

8495—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch navy blue satin—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for vest and revers—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Long flowing sections lengthen the short kimono sleeves which are cut in one with the blouse which is finished to be worn outside the skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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Some Autumn Wardrobe Requirements of the Young Girl

8507—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet for collar and vest—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Here is one of the new coat dresses that are so smart for Fall street wear. The blouse gives the effect of a jacket falling open in front to show a vest of tricolet. The two-piece gathered skirt is attached to the underbody and closes at left side seam.

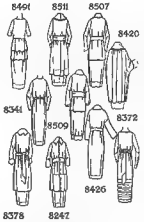
8511—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—4¾ yards banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A gathered tunic and tie-around blouse are charming features of this taffeta frock for the young girl. A vest of white Georgette crêpe is mounted on the front-closing underbody which is attached to the two-piece gathered skirt. Over this is arranged a one-piece gathered tunic closing at left side. Lower-edge width 1¼ yard.

8420—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The simple lines of this frock make it peculiarly adapted to the needs of a young girl. It is made without lining and slips on over the head. The flowing sleeves are adjusted at lowered shoulder-line and a cord girdle holds in the waist-line fulness. Embroidered motifs are applied in design 12469.

8420—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch satin—4¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. Over Autumn frocks these wraps of satin or taffeta are very effective, fashioned of black, dark blue, or tan.

8491—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch black satin—⅝ yard white satin for chemisette—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This is one of the new frilly frocks with semifitting long-waisted bodice to which the two flounces are adjusted giving a double peplum effect. The blouse is braided in design 12321.

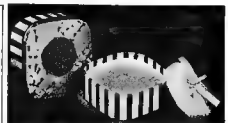
8372—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch extra taffeta for trimming-bands—¾ yard plaiting for neck frill 2½ yards velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The dress closes at left side-front under a tuck.



8509—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch white tricotine—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. A tunic blouse is combined with one of the new drawn-in skirts to form this model which is fashioned of white tricotine. The vest, embroidered in design 12372, is mounted on a front-closing underbody to which is attached the two-piece gathered skirt, which is drawn in at the bottom to a straight band.

8341—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch velvet—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A border of embroidery in design 12443 finishes the skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



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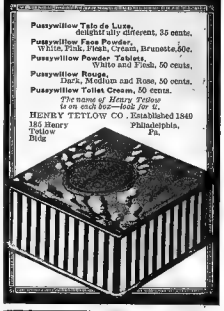

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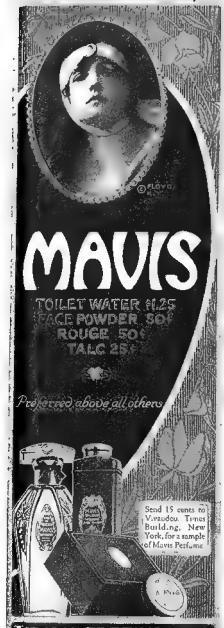

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Lingerie and Pajamas Show a Note of Frivolity

7741—Ladies' Empire Negligée. For small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅛ yards 18-inch allover shadow lace—2 yards wide ribbon for girdle—6¼ yards narrow ribbon. Over a foundation formed by attaching a two-piece skirt to a short-waisted body section is arranged a graceful coatee of lace slashed at the side-front and side-back for the belt.

7969—Ladies' Envelop Chemise. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch washable satin—1½ yard wide, 6 yards narrow lace banding. This is cut with straight band top and shoulder straps.

Chemise 7969

Negligée 7741

Negligée 8344

Pajamas 8234

Brassiere 8229
Petticoat 7424

Dressing-sack 7803
Petticoat 7893
Boudoir Cap 6327

8344—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A charmingly graceful negligée with cape falling over the shoulders to form a sleeve effect. The cape is cut in one with the front.

8229—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires ⅜ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—⅞ yard Cluny lace banding. No. 7424—Ladies' Four-piece Petticoat. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—1½ yards Cluny insertion—2¾ yards Cluny edging—2¾ yards ribbon.

Pajamas 8069
Boudoir Cap 6327

Pajamas 8459

8234—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5¾ yards 27-inch Japanese crêpe—¾ yard 27-inch plain crêpe for trimming—3½ yards ribbon. Very charming are these pajamas with shirred coat.

8459—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch batiste—4 yards frilling. Quite novel in style are these pajamas with fichu collar and outstanding pockets finished with frills.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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Frills, Laces, and Ribbons Trim Lingerie and Negligées

7788—Ladies' and Misses' Empire Kimono. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 7⅛ yards 27-inch crinkled crêpe—½ yard 27-inch plain crêpe for trimming-band, and bow.

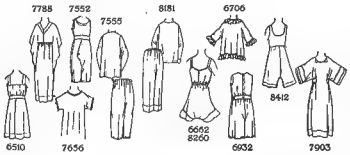
7903—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 4¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅛ yards lace—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. No. 6327—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires ¾ yard 27-inch allover lace.

6662—Ladies' and Misses' Camisole. Designed for 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yard 36-inch batiste—1⅜ yard filet banding. No. 8260—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch batiste—1⅛ yard lace.

6938—Misses' One-piece Combination. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch longcloth. This combination closes at the back.

8412—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch longcloth. This is admirable to stout women, the top forming a brassiere.

6510—Ladies' and Misses' Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch washable satin—1¼ yard wide lace banding—1 yard narrow lace banding—3¾ yards edging—2½ yards ribbon. This combination consists of a straight cut corset cover and circular open drawers.



7656—Misses' and Girls' Nightgown. Designed for 6 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch batiste. The short sleeves are cut in one with the body of the nightgown and may be fashioned with narrow frill. No. 5018—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires ⅝ yard 27-inch net.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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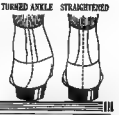

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

8144—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires for dress with jumper 3⅜ yards 36-inch voile. The closing is arranged at the back and the jumper closes on the left shoulder.

7674—Juniors' Middy Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch white linen for blouse—2¼ yards 44-inch serge for skirt, cuffs, and collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The plaited skirt is attached to an underwaist of lining and over this is arranged a middy blouse which slips on over the head.

7482—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge. The collar may be worn high or low as preferred.

8046—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch check coating—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The collar instead of being buttoned up to the neck may be rolled low if preferred.

7505—Child's Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet—2⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining.

8115—Child's Shirred Coat. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

8369—Child's Cape. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch serge—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining. The cape is gathered to a round three-piece yoke.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

8359—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch gingham. Here is a charming little frock for the small maid, closing at left side-front and with the fashionable outstanding pockets.

8458—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch serge—⅓ yard white linen for collar and cuffs. Buttonholed scallops finish the collar and cuffs, and for the scallops, design 11061 may be used.

6344—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—⅓ yard contrasting linen for collar. The straight lines of this little frock are very becoming to the small wearer. It is suitable for linen or serge.

7419—Child's and Girls' Circular Cape. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. For early Fall wear capes are very suitable in serge or tricotine.

8425—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch tricotine—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining. This is quite a novelty in capes and is suitable for any of the woolen materials.

8529—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch velours. The collar may be worn high or low making it adaptable for all sorts of weather. Outstanding pockets are just as fashionable for little girls as for their mothers and sisters and this attractive feature is introduced on this coat by means of a deep trimming-band which may be stitched in with the side seams of the coat. It is stitched to the coat across the center-front at the top but is open at the sides to form the outstanding pocket effect. Straight straps may hold in the sleeves at the wrist, and the belt is crossed in front and buttoned to the coat. For early Fall wear this coat may be fashioned of serge or tricotine, while for cold weather the handsome soft velours, Bolivia cloth, silvertone, and the Scotch and English coatings are suitable. No trimming is necessary save stitching, altho if preferred, the collar may be fashioned of velvet.

8488—Girls' and Juniors' Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 54-inch plaid velours. The suit consists of a single-breasted jacket in Norfolk style with trimming-straps applied below a square yoke, and a separate two-piece skirt. There is nothing nattier for early Fall school wear than Norfolk suits like this to be made of tweed, stripe or plaid suitings, serge or tricotine. The jacket is a very smart looking model, and the skirt has suspender straps and is gathered at the top. The closing is arranged at the left side seam. Of course no skirt is complete without pockets, and this may have square patch pockets turned over at the top to form pocket laps.

8489—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth. The cape is gathered at the collar and back below a yoke and the front is in coat style. These capes are very popular for school wear during the cool days of early Autumn when the heavy winter coat is burdensome and feels much too warm.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

8517—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch blue tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The fashionable distended pockets are displayed on this good-looking street frock to which added style is given by the embroidery on the skirt which may be carried out in design 12506 in heavy floss or wool.

8514—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch navy blue serge—3⅝ yards 36-inch black satin. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Fabric combinations are just as fashionable as ever and among the most favored are navy blue serge and tricotine with satin, moire, or taffeta. This frock shows the fashionable long waist-line to which the two-piece skirt which is trimmed with shaped bands is attached.

8401—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8521—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—1 yard 36-inch broadcloth —⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and vest. A cowl collar outlines the deep U-shaped opening of the blouse of this frock which combines in a most interesting manner broadcloth and taffeta. The skirt is arranged to form the popular distended pockets.

8374—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge—¼ yard 36-inch white tricolet for the collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A tuck is formed on the skirt of this simple frock just below the hips which gives the effect of a tunic blouse. The closing is at the back. For the embroidery which gives such style, design 12512 is suitable.

8490—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch brown tricotine—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The tunic blouse rolls back in revers from an embroidered vest which is mounted on a front-closing underbody, and the narrow double belt is slipped through slashes in the side-front. The skirt closes at the left side and is attached to the underbody. The fashionable embroidered trimming is worked out in design 12276.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

8490—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch plaid cloth—¾ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar—⅝ yard tucked Georgette for vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The tendency toward closer fitted effects is attractively illustrated in the lines of this frock which closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm and is cut down in U-shaping to show an inserted vest of Georgette crêpe. A deep band is attached onto the two-piece gathered skirt which gives the effect of a tunic.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

8481—Ladies' Draped Blouse. Designed for 32 to 42 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. For dressy afternoon frocks nothing ever seems able to oust Georgette crêpe and most women are wondering what on earth they did before it came into fashion. It is particularly effective in the new gracefully draped blouses and tunic skirts like this model. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and the underbody at center-front, while the tucked tunic closes at the left side. The skirt is a plain dart-fitted model closing at the back.

8508—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge bout 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 44-inch plaid serge—1 yard 36-inch satin for trimming—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Plaids are prominent in the new season's fashions and they form very smart frocks for informal wear. An oddly shaped collar is an attractive feature of the blouse, the fronts of which are draped around to form a girdle. It is attached to a gathered tunic with outstanding pockets. The skirt is fitted by darts front and back and closes at the back.

8477—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅞ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar. The simple surplice blouse is mounted on a kimono underblouse with flowing sleeves and an embroidered tunic section is attached at the sides and back. For the embroidery which may be carried out in silk or wool, design 12352 is suitable.

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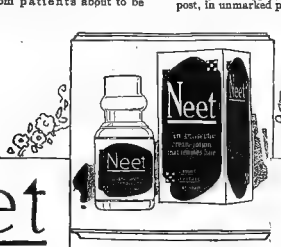

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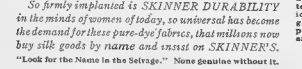

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

8286—Ladies' One-piece House-dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch gingham —⅞ yard 36 inch white lawn for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

8230—Ladies' One-piece House-dress Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch percale—⅞ yard 27-inch chambray for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The revers are embroidered with mercerized floss in design 12510.

7754—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch percale—⅞ yard 36-inch white voile for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. A full-length panel is arranged at center-front and the dress is gathered front and back below a square yoke. For the embroidery which appears in the corners of the collar design 11751 is suitable

8053—Ladies' House or Morning Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch percale—1¾ yard 27-inch rep for collar, cuffs, and belt. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard.

8204—Ladies' Apron Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32 inch plaid gingham—⅞ yard 36-inch linen for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A cross-stitch is applied to the collar and pockets in design 12460.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

8824—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3½ yards 44-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Deep tucks are arranged at the sides of this skirt which is plain in front and gathered at the back. The closing is at left side-front.

8492—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch satin—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for top of underskirt. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The tunic is beaded in design 12512

8479—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch tricolet—2⅛ yards 36 inch lining for top of skirt. Below the tunic circular flounces are stitched onto the skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8501—Ladies' Two-piece Tucked Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard.

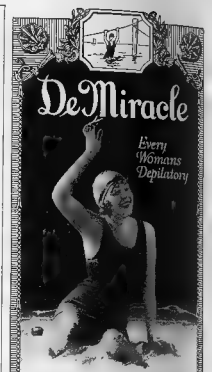
8506—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch check velours. The closing is arranged at center-back and the waistline is raised two inches. The gathered tunic also closes at the center-back and is braided in design 12089. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8515—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch serge—3½ yards braiding. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The skirt is made with gathered tunic at the back which is caught in with the side seams of the skirt. On the front of the skirt oddly shaped pockets may be applied. The pockets are rolled over at the center. If the material is not alike on both sides, it will have to be faced where it is rolled over. The pockets may be attached to the skirt with stitching or buttons. Another attractive feature of this skirt is the girdle which is somewhat in waistcoat effect dipping down in a point at each side in front. The waist-line is raised two inches, and the straight lower edge of the skirt adapts it to the use of all sorts of flouncings and bordered effects. It closes at the left side seam.

8521—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The skirt is attached front and back to a yoke-like section with the sides outstanding to form the fashionable distended pockets. These are accentuated by braiding in design 12423. The closing is at left side seam

8328—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. A deep tuck is formed on the side gores which gives a tunic effect. The closing is at left side-front. If desired the tuck may be hemstitched and the front and back of the skirt form a full-length panel gathered just a trifle at the top. The waist-line is raised two inches and a crushed girdle forms an attractive finish. The girdle closes in line with the closing of the skirt. A skirt of this sort is adapted for satine, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, and all the silk fabrics as well as soft woolens.

7869—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch tricolet. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The skirt closes at left side seam.



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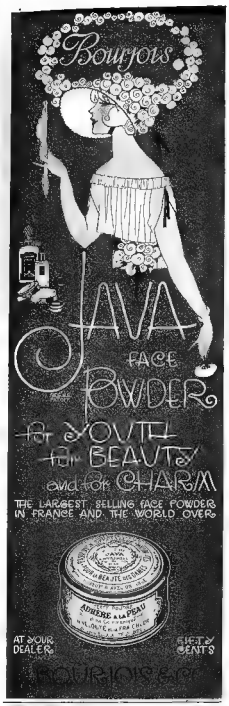

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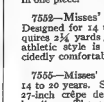

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

8128—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch check serge—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Girlishly simple is this little frock with the front gore of the skirt extending around to the sides forming the fashionable distended pockets. Soutache braiding trims the panel effectively, and for this a smart design would be 12453.

8525—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch serge—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for gores. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. One of the newest methods of trimming the fashionable serge frock is with bands of self-material. On this frock they are applied to give the effect of innumerable flounces. The bands are cut quite straight tho they are sloped up a little bit toward the top at the back edges. If the material is thin and soft the bands may be doubled with the upper edges turned in and stitched together. If, however, the material is heavy and wiry, it is better to face the bands or finish them with a hem. The lower edge of the upper band laps over the top edge of the band directly underneath, so that the foundation skirt does not show between the bands. If the material of which the dress is made is of heavy quality the foundation skirt may be of lining in the same color as the fabric. The skirt is attached at the fashionable low waist-line and the bands start at this joining line. The closing is at the back.

8522—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 42-inch plaid serge—⅞ yard 50-inch plain serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This frock which combines plain and plaid serge shows the modish silhouette, wide at the hips and narrowing in toward the foot. The closing is on the left shoulder and under the left arm. At low waist-line the skirt is attached to the upper part of the dress fastening onto the front with buttons. At the sides it is left free at the top and pockets are formed giving the fashionable distended pocket effect. The top of the skirt should be faced with self or contrasting material. The waist is sloshed at the side-front and the edges may be laced together or they may be finished with buttons and buttonholes. A patent leather belt may be worn or, if preferred, there may be one of self-material crossed in front and drawn to the back with the ends looped.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

8247—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅜ yard 36-inch moire for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A distinctive air of style is given this frock by the cowl collar of moire and the embroidered pockets. The embroidery is worked out in design 12510.

8278—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. An elaborately braided vest is inserted in the long tunic blouse of this frock. The braiding is worked out in design 12426.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

8069—Ladies' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch batiste—1⅝ yards ribbon. No. 6987—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires ¾ yard 27-inch allover lace.

7903—Ladies' Dressing-sack. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe. No. 7895—Ladies' Two-piece Petticoat. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch flowered taffeta. No. 6987—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires ⅝ yard 27-inch net or lace.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

6706—Ladies' and Misses' Short Kimono. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 27-inch flowered crêpe —⅞ yard 36-inch voile for ruffles. The easiest thing in the world to make is this kimono, as it fronts, back, and sleeves are cut in one piece.

7552—Misses' Athletic Combination. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch China silk. This athletic style is quite new and is decidedly comfortable.

7555—Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 27-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards lace banding. The coat trims with V-shaped neck slips on over the head.

8181—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 6¾ yards 27-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards net for frills. Many women prefer pajamas to nightgowns and these are frequently fashioned of crêpe de Chine and batiste.

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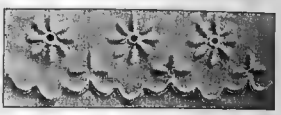
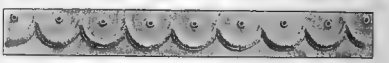


Transfer Pattern 11498, blue, 15 cents Three yards and six corners of 1¾-inch scallops are provided in this pattern



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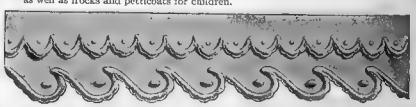

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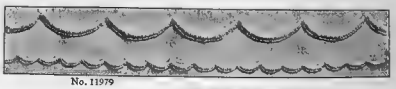
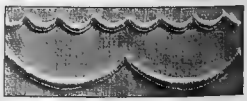


No. 11979

Transfer Pattern 11979, blue, 15 cents. The scallops on the lower part of the illustration would be just the thing for finishing baby's dresses, petticoats, and bibs The upper scallops are suitable for household linens The pattern provides 3 yards and four corners of each style.



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No 12067

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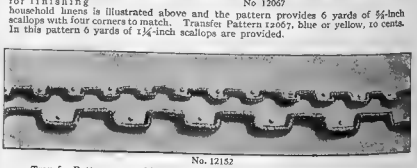

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Transfer Pattern 12152, blue, 10 cents. These are charming for centerpieces or dresser-scarfs, as well as for finishing children's clothes The scallops are ½- and 1 inch wide and the pattern supplies 1 yards of each size

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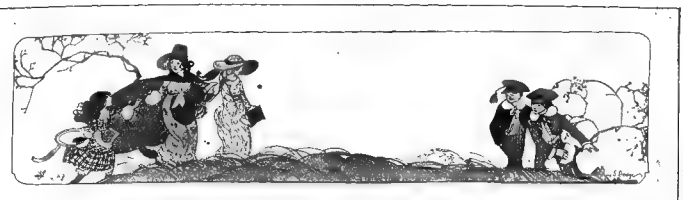

The Honorable Gentleman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"The book?" Tsing laughed. "O priest, what you can not find in the written book, the brook will whisper to you—the brook in the soul of the loved one"—and he pointed through the window at his little snug flat across the street that winked through the malicious, faltering maze of Chinatown with golden eyes.

"Such love," brutally said Tsing Yat, head of his clan, "is the love of the eye. And your honorable wife has no oil in her eyes"—using the Chinese smile for a blind person.

"Indeed!" gravely assented Tsing Yu-ch'ing. "She is blind."

And he added under his breath:

"For which praised be the Goddess of Mercy!"

"For which groised be the Goddess of Mercy!"

The prayer was always in his heart; often on his lips when—since Harvard had not touched the roots of his life, his faith, his traditions, and ancient racial inhibitions—he entered the joss temple around the corner and burned there Hung Shu incense-sticks before the purple-faced image.

"PRAISED be the Goddess of Mercy!" he mumbled when Minnie, in a sudden wild, choking longing for the unattainable, would wave inarticulate, stammering arms and complain about the hard fate which was hers.

"If I could only see! Only for one minute! If I could see your face! For I know you are beautiful, beautiful—my lover, my sweetheart, my husband! As beautiful as your soul—your heart!"

And she would take his face between her white hands and touch the ugly, flat nose, the thin eyebrows, the broad, narrow-lipped gash of a mouth, the high angular cheek-bones with the sallowish, yellow skin drawn tight across so that it looked like crackly egg-shell porcelain, the ludicrous lantern jaw, the skinny, emaciated neck which supported the repulsive head as a slimy stalk supports an evil, leering jungle flower.

"I know you are beautiful, best beloved in all the world!" she repeated, kissing his lips. "And I want to see your beautiful face—if only for a minute!"

Then fear—nameless fear of the unknown, unknowable—crept into Tsing Yu-ch'ing's heart on silent, unclean feet, and in all Pell Street there were only two who understood him: Tsing Yat, the head of his clan, and Mrs. Levinsky.

The former would listen politely when his young cousin came to him and clothed his brooding fear in clumsy, stuttering words. He would busy himself with his opium layout, the tasseled bamboo pipe that had been colored a deep, golden brown by a "thousand and ten thousand smokes" as he put it, the box filled with treacly chandoo, the yen-hok, and the yen-shi-goow, and reply calmly,

"Do not give wings to trouble. It flies swiftly without them."

Mrs. Levinsky told him the same thing in her slightly more crisp phrasology.

"Forget it," she said. "It'll all come out in the wash. You'll cross that there bridge when ye get to it—and ye never will. Minnie is blind, ain't she? *She'll* never see that ugly mug of your'n!"

On her very death-bed, a year later, she repeated her advice:

"Cut it out! Don't be a fool!"

And she passed from the neuphitic chaos of Pell Street into another world, serene to the last in her faith that that there yeller China was all right and sure he'd see to it that there wasn't no sorrow would ever come to her little blind gal—blessed be the dear Saints!

About a year later Tsing Yu-ch'ing, coming back from his newspaper office, found Minnie in animated conversation with a visitor, an American, who rose at his entry, slapped him heartily on the back, and hailed him by his old Harvard nickname.

"Well—old Tsingaloo! It's a coon's age since I've seen you. Five years, I wager."

"Nearly six," smiled Tsing, shaking hands with the other, a tall, dark man with a thin face ending in a projecting, rather pugnacious chin and a domed forehead furrowed by the abyss of deep set, sparklingly intelligent eyes. "I'm awfully glad you hooked me up, Hardwick. How did you find me?"

"Oh—what's the chap's name—countryman of yours who went to Chicago and became consul there?"

"You mean Ma Lu-k'un?"

"The same. I ran across him the other day when I ran up to the Windy City to see a patient. We spoke of old times, including your noble self. He gave me your address. And here I am—and here you are! Regular married, tired business man, aren't you? Completely Americanised, eh?—with mission furniture and a victrola and Axminster rugs and cold tea in the ice-chest and"—he laughed—"you know I've always been a tactless brute—a pretty little golden-haired wife!"

Minnie smiled, while Tsing inclined his head.

"I am all you say, old man," he replied. "And what have *you* been doing with yourself since I saw you last, Hardwick?"

"I?" The other heaved a mock-dramatic sigh. "*We travail!*" he quoted more or less appropriately. "Do you mean to say that Pell Street hasn't heard of me, the little boy wonder of his chosen profession? That you have not heard of Travers Hardwick, the—"

Suddenly he checked himself. Afterward he could have sworn that, simultaneously with Minnie's cry, "You are the eye-specialist—the famous eye-specialist!" he heard a deep, strange, "Hush—for God's sake, hush!" issuing from between Tsing's tightly compressed lips. But he was not looking at the latter, could not read the brooding, sinister tragedy in his heart. He only saw the tragedy in Minnie's unseeing, sea-green eyes, the commingling of awe and fear and hope—and then her words, flat, slurring, hectic.

"Doctor—doctor Hardwick—please!"

And, a second later, Tsing's voice cutting in, even, clear, yet somehow marred and tainted by something unknown, something racially unknown,

"Doctor—will you—oh—?"

"Of course. Let me see." He consulted a little note-book. "Yes. Come to my office to-morrow at half past two. Here's my card. I'll make a thorough examination;" and he launched into cold, passionless, professional talk while Minnie looked at him out of her blind eyes as she might at her Savior.

"Perhaps, dear! Perhaps I shall see—*you!* You—strong and fine and beautiful!" she sobbed in her husband's arms after the doctor had left, caressing his repulsive face with her narrow hands.

"Yes."

Tsing's voice was numb, like the dull stroke of a passing-bell. Then, incongruously it seemed, he told her again what he had said to her that time when he had asked her to marry him, five years earlier.

"Everything shall I give to you, except sorrow."

IT WAS twenty-four hours later, and Tsing Yat, head of the Tsing clan, his amorphous form wrapped in baby-blue embroidered satin, silently and gently pushed the warm bamboo pipe aside and substituted for it one of carved ivory with a bowl of jade. Leaning his left cheek against the leather cushion, he looked hard at his visitor, Tsing Yu-ch'ing.

"It is said in the book of Tzeu," he drawled dreamily, "that he who can not fulfil his charge must resign it."

Having spoken his judgment, he smoked two pipes after the custom. The kindly drug poured a spirit of tolerance into his soul, and he smiled.

"It is not the question of love being right or wrong," he continued, kneading the amber opium cube over the flame. "I, personally, being wise and old and fat, believe that love is like wings upon a cat, like rabbits' horns, like ropes made of tortoise hair. You, being young, look for the impossible. You look for flowers in the sky. You put self-exertion above Fate."

"One can not argue about love," agreed the younger man. "It is or is not. But, love or no love, I am a literatus, a gentleman. I can not break the faith I have once given, nor the trust. I promised her that I would give everything to her, except sorrow. I can not lose face, O wise and older brother."

"Indeed!" Tsing Yat refilled his pipe. The opium in the lamp boiled over, and the opalescent smoke rolled in heavy clouds over the mats. "You can not lose face. For, if the precious vase be broken in pieces, shall not the treasure of ancient precepts be lost forever? There are also your honorable ancestors to be considered."

For a while he smoked in silence. Then he asked,

"You have thought it out well? You have thought left and thought right?"

"Yes," came Tsing Yu-ch'ing's reply, dry and passionless.

"You are sure the foreign doctor speaks the truth?"

"He says that, without doubt, the operation will be successful. He has already arranged for a room in the hospital and a nurse. Inside of a month, perhaps six weeks, she will see. She will see—me!" he added in a curiously lifeless voice.

"And then?" asked the other, replacing the ivory pipe with one of speckled tortoise shell; and, when his cousin did not reply, he laughed, rather gratingly, and went on, "You think she will see you as you are—and, O little brother, you are not beautiful—and the love of her soul will choke and die in the disgust of her eyes!"

Tsing Yu-ch'ing shrugged his lean shoulders.

"I do not know," he replied. "Perhaps the love of her soul will be stronger than the disgust of her eyes. Perhaps not. Perhaps—having always thought me beautiful—the honey of five years' happiness and peace and sweetness will turn into bitter, stinking gall when her seeing eyes show her the living lie. I know—" he spread his lean hands like the sticks of a fan to show the futility of his words, the futility of life itself—"nothing—except the immutability of my honorable oath that I shall give to her everything, but sorrow."

"There is also the possibility of your honorably committing suicide," calmly suggested Tsing Yat.

"Of that, too, have I thought. For suicide is *fah-tien*—approved in the law. But if now, before the operation, I through my own hands should ascend the dragon, the shock of it might kill her and her lust hours would then be hours of sorrow. If I should wait until after the operation, she will see me on my death bed, perhaps in my coffin while the last rites are being celebrated.

"And then again, perhaps, seeing me as I am—me, whom she thought beautiful—the honey of the past years will turn into the gall of disgust—of hatred."

TSING YAT raised himself on his elbow and looked closely at his visitor, his almond eyes, almost hidden beneath the opium-swollen lids, flashing a look that was strangely mocking and strangely pitying.

"You have decided, little brother?" he asked.

"Yes."

Tsing Yu-ch'ing made a great gesture. It was more than a mere moving of hand and arm. It seemed like an incident which ran through the brown, smoke-wreathed stillness like a tragic shadow. Pell Street, America, the white man's law and prejudices and inhibitions, seemed very far away.

"There is only one way," he continued. "I myself shall carry the burden of sorrow and unhappiness and loneliness through the many years. Without her, my life shall be an empty, meaningless shell. But there is my honorable love, my honorable promise. Too, there is her love for me. I shall make it eternal. I shall kill her—lest her eyes see the living lie of my repulsive face."

"Ah," gently breathed Tsing Yat, kneading the opium once again into pipe. "Presently I shall rise and speak to Lu Hsi, the hatchetman. He has a poison which leaves no trace. You can give it to your wife to-night; in a cup of hot tea. The white devils will never know."

Then, after a pause,

"Will you smoke?"—courteously indicating the carved ivory *tory* filled with opium.

"Yes," replied Tsing Yu-ch'ing.

Outside, the wicked, saturnine lights of Pell Street hiccoughed through the trailing dusk.

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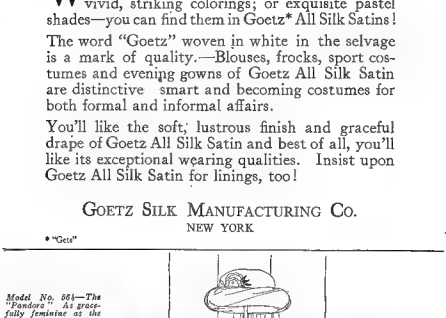

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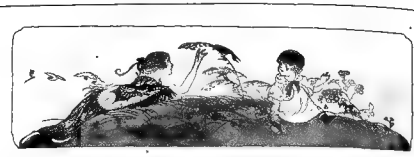

What Makes a "Man" a "Husband"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

A few weeks later, addressing him as "Right worshipful master," she calls him "mine own sweetheart," and ends up, as she frequently does, "your servant and bedeswoman." Some months later, a few weeks after marriage, she addresses her husband in the correct manner of the time as "Right reverend and worshipful husband," asking him to buy her a gown as she is weary of wearing her present one, it is so cumbrous. Five years later she refers to "all" the babies, and writes in haste, "Right reverend and worshipful Sir. In my most humble wise I recommend me unto you as lowly as I can," etc., tho she adds in a postscript: "Please you to send for me for I think long since I lay in your arms." If we turn to another wife of the Paston family, a little earlier in the century, Margaret Paston, whose husband's name also was John, we find the same attitude even more distinctly expressed. She always addresses him in her most familiar letters showing affectionate concern for his welfare, as "Right reverend and worshipful husband," or "Right worshipful master." It is seldom that he writes to her at all, but when he writes, the superscription is simply "To my mistress Paston," or "my cousin," with little greeting at either beginning or end. Once only, with unexampled effusion, he writes to her as "My own dear sovereign lady."

IF WE turn to France the relation of the wife to her husband was the same, or even more definitely dependent, for he occupied the place of father to her as well as of husband and sovereign, in this respect carrying on a tradition of Roman Law. She was her husband's "wife and subject;" she signed herself "Vostre humble obéissante fille et amye." If also we turn to the "Book of the Chevalier de la Tour-Landry" in Anjou, written at the end of the fourteenth century, we find a picture of the relation of women to men in marriage comparable to that presented in the "Paston Letters," tho of a different order. This book was written for the instruction of his daughters by a Knight who seems to have been a fairly average man of his time in his beliefs, and in character, save that he is described, probably above it, "a man of the world, a Christian, a parent, and a gentleman." His book is full of interesting light on the customs and manners of his day, tho it is mainly a picture of what the writer thought ought to be rather than what always was. Herein the Knight is sagacious and moderate, much of his advice is admirably sound for every age; he is less concerned with affirming the authority of husbands than with assuring the happiness and well-being of his dearly loved daughters. But he clearly finds this bound up with the recognition of the authority of the husband, and the demands he makes are fairly concordant with the relationships we see established among the Pastons. The Knight abounds in illustrations, from Lot's daughters down to his own time, for the example or the warning of his daughters, and he takes for granted that even the most outrageous stories are perfectly intelligible to them. One would like to know what duties the Knight inculcated on husbands, but the corresponding book he wrote for the guidance of his sons appears no longer to be extant.

On the whole, the fundamental traditions of our western world concerning the duties of husbands and wives are well summed up in what the Latin and Maitland term "that curious cabinet of antiquities, the marriage ritual of the English Church." Here we find that the husband promises to love and cherish the wife, but she promises not only to love and cherish but also to obey him, tho, it may be noted, this point was not introduced into English marriage rites until the fourteenth century when the wife promised to be "buxom" (which then meant submissive) and "bonair" (courteous and kind), while in some French and Spanish rites it has never been introduced at all. But we may take it to be generally implied. In the final address to the married couple the priest admonishes the bride that the husband is the head of the wife, and that her part is submission. In some more primitive local rituals this point was further driven home, and on the delivery of the ring the bride knelt and kissed the bridegroom's right foot. In course of time this was modified, at all events in France, and she simply dropped the ring, so that her symbol of stooping was regarded as for the purpose of picking it up. I note that change, for it is significant of the ways in which we modify the traditions of the past, not quite abandoning them, but pretending that they have other than the fundamentally original motives. We see just the same thing in the use of the ring, which was in the first place a part of the bride-price, frequently accompanied by money, a proof that the wife had been duly purchased. It was thus made easy to regard the ring as really a golden fetter.

That idea soon became offensive, and the new idea was originated that the ring was a pledge of affection; thus, quite early in some countries, the husband also wore a wedding ring.

The marriage order illustrated by the "Paston Letters" and the "Book of the Chevalier de la Tour-Landry" before the Reformation, and the Anglican "Book of Common Prayer" afterward, has never been definitely broken; it is a part of our living tradition to-day. But during recent centuries it has been overlaid by the growth of new fashions and sentiments which have softened its hard outlines to the view. It has been disguised, notably during the eighteenth century, by the development of a new feeling of social equality, chiefly initiated in France which, in an atmosphere of public intercourse largely regulated by women, made the ostentatious assertion of the husband's headship over his wife displeasing and even ridiculous. Then, especially in the nineteenth century, there began another movement, chiefly initiated in England and carried further in America, which affected the foundations of the husband's position from beneath. This is movement connected in a great number of legislative measures and judicial pronouncements and administrative orders—each small in itself and never co-ordinated—which taken altogether have had a cumulative effect of immensely increasing the rights of the wife independently of her husband or even in opposition to him.

Yet, it is important to realize, altho the husband's domestic throne has been in appearance elegantly re-covered and in substance has become more convenient it still stands and still retains its ancient shape and structure. There has never been a French Revolution in the home, and that Revolution itself, which modified society so extensively, scarcely modified the legal supremacy of the husband at all, even in France under the "Code Napoléon," and still less anywhere else. Interwoven with all the new developments, and however less obtrusive it may have become, the old tradition still continues among us. Since, also, the husband is conventionally, and in large measure really the economic support of the home—the work of the wife and even actual financial contributions brought by her not being held to affect that convention—this state of things is held to be justified.

Thus when a man enters the home as a husband, to seat himself on the antique domestic throne and to play the part assigned to him of old, he is involuntarily, even unconsciously, following an ancient tradition and taking his place in a procession of husbands which began long ages before he was born. It thus comes about that a man, even after he is married, and a husband are two different persons, so that his wife who mainly knows him as a husband may be unable to form any just idea of what he is like as a man. As a husband he has stepped out of the path that belongs to him in the world, and takes on another part which has called out altogether different reactions. So he is sometimes a much more admirable person in one of these spheres—whichever it may be—than in the other.

WE MUST not be surprised if the husband's position has sometimes developed those qualities which from the modern point of view are the less admirable. In this respect the sovereign husband resembles the sovereign State. The sovereign State, as it has survived from Renaissance days in our modern world, may be made up of admirable people, yet as a State they are forced into an attitude of helpless egoism which nowadays fails to command itself to the outside world. It is so with the husband in the home. He was thrust by ancient tradition into a position of sovereignty which impelled him to play a part of helpless egoism. He was a celestial body in the home around which all the other inmates were revolving satellites. The hours of rising and retiring, the times of meals and their nature and substance, all the activities of the household—in which he himself takes little or no part—are still arranged primarily with his work, his play, and his tastes. This is an accepted matter of course, and not the result of any violent self-assertion on his part. It is equally an accepted matter of course that the wife should be constantly occupied in keeping this little solar system in easy harmonious movement, revolving from it, if she has the skill, the music of the spheres. She has no recognized independent personality of her own, nor even any right to go away by herself for a little change and recreation. Any work of her own, play of her own, tastes of her own, must be strictly subordinated, if not suppressed altogether.

In the old days from which our domestic traditions proceed, little hardship was thus

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G. P. 404.

What Makes a "Man" a "Husband"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

inflicted on the wife. Her rights and privileges were, indeed, far less than those of the modern woman, but for that very reason the home offered her a larger field; beneath the shelter of her husband the irresponsible wife might exert a maximum of influential activity with a minimum of rights and privileges of her own. To many men, even to-day, that state of things seems the realization of an ideal.

Yet to women it seems increasingly less so, and of necessity since the cleavage between the position of woman in society and law, and the position of the wife in the sacramental bonds of wedlock is daily becoming greater. To-day a woman, who possibly for ten years has been leading her own life of independent work, earning her own living, choosing her own conditions in accordance with her own needs, and selecting her own periods of recreation in accordance with her own tastes, whether or not this may have included the society of a man friend—such a woman suddenly finds on marriage and without any assertion of authority on her husband's part, that all the outward circumstances of her life are reversed and all her inner spontaneous movements arrested. There may be no signs of this on the surface of her conduct. She loves her husband too much to wish to hurt his feelings by explaining the situation, and she values domestic peace too much to risk friction by making unexpected claims.

But beneath the surface there is often a profound discontent, and, even in women who thought they had gained an insight into life, a sense of disillusion. Every one knows this who is privileged to catch a glimpse into the hearts of women—often women of most distinguished intelligence as well as women of quite ordinary nature—who leave a life of spontaneous activity in the world to enter the home.

IT IS not to be supposed that in this presentation of the situation in the home, as it is to-day visible to those who are privileged to see beneath the surface, any accusation is brought against the husband. He is no more guilty of an unreasonable conservatism than the wife is guilty of an unreasonable radicalism. Each of them is the outcome of a tradition. The point is that the events of the past hundred years have produced a discrepancy in the two lines of tradition, with a resultant lack of harmony independent of the goodwill of either husband or wife.

Olive Schreiner in her "Woman and Labour" has eloquently set forth the tendency to parasitism which civilization produces in women. they no longer exercise the arts and industries which were theirs in former ages, and so they become economically dependent on men, losing their energies and aptitudes, and becoming like those dull parasitic animals which live as blood-suckers of their host. That picture, which was of course never true of all women, is now ceasing to be true of any but a negligible minority; it presents, moreover, a parasitism limited to the economic side of life. For, if the wife has often been a lazy gold-sucking parasite on her husband in the world, the husband has yet oftener been a helpless service-absorbing parasite on his wife in the home. There is, that is to say, not only an economic parasitism with no adequate return for financial support, but a still more prevalent domestic parasitism, with an absorption of services for which no return would be adequate. There are many helpful husbands in the home, but there are a larger number who are helpless and have never been trained to be anything else but helpless, even by their wives, who would often detest a rival in household work and management. The average husband enjoys the total effect of his home but is usually unable to contribute any of the details of work and organization that make it enjoyable. He can not keep it in order and cleanliness and regulated movement; he seldom knows how to buy the things that are needed for its upkeep nor how to prepare and cook and present a decent meal; he can not even attend to his own domestic needs. It is the wife's consolation that most husbands are not always at home.

It is in the considerable group of cases where the husband's work separates him but little from the home that the pressure on the wife is most severe, and without the relief and variety secured by his frequent absence. She has perhaps led a life of her own before marriage, she knows how to be economically independent; now they occupy a small dwelling, they have, maybe, one or two small children, they can afford only one helper in the work or none at all, and in this busy little hive husband and wife are constantly tumbling over each other. It is little wonder if the wife feels a deep discontent beneath her willing ministrations, and misses the devotion of the lover in the claims of the husband.

But the difficulty is not settled if she persuades him to take a room outside. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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What Makes a "Man" a "Husband"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

is devoted to his wife and his home, with good reason, for the wife makes the home and he is incapable of making a home. His new domestic arrangements sink into careless and sordid disorder, and he is conscious of profound discomfort. His wife soon realizes that it is a choice between his return to the home and complete separation. Most wives never get even as far as this attempt at solution of the difficulty and hide their secret discontent.

THIS is the situation which the Great War has to-day intensified and extended on a vast scale. We must not be surprised if it also brings that situation to the surface as it has never been brought before. The war has generalized the habit and the taste for freedom, adventure, and economic independence among millions of women in the belligerent countries who before had meekly trodden the ancient beaten paths, and we must not be so foolish as to suppose that they can suddenly renounce those habits and tastes at the threshold of marriage. Moreover, the war has also made it clear to men and to women alike, and for the first time, that the world can be remolded and that the claims for better conditions of work, for a higher standard of life, and for the attainment of leisure, which previously had only been feebly put forward, may now be asserted drastically. We see, therefore, to-day a great revolutionary movement, mainly on the part of man, in the world of Labor, and we see a corresponding movement, however less ostentatious, mainly on the part of women, in the world of the Home.

It may seem to some that this new movement of upheaval in the sphere of the Home is merely destructive. Timid souls have felt the like in every period of transition, and with as little reason. Just as we realize that the movement now in progress in the world of Labor for a higher standard of life and for, as it has been termed, a larger "leisure ration," represents a wholesome revolt against the crushing conditions of prolonged monotonous work—the most deadening of all work—and a real advance toward those ideals of democracy which are still so remote, so it is with the movement in the Home. That also is the claim for a new and fairer allotment of responsibility, of larger opportunities for freedom and leisure. If in the home the husband is still to be regarded as the capitalist and the wife as the laborer, then at all events it has to be recognized that he owes her not only the satisfaction of her physical needs of food and shelter and clothing, but the opportunity to satisfy the personal spontaneous claims of her own individual nature. Just as the re-adjustment of Labor is really only an approach to the long-recognized ideals of Democracy, so the re-adjustment of the Home, far from being subversive or revolutionary, is merely an approximation to the long-recognized ideal of marriage.

How in practise, one may finally ask, is this re-adjustment of the home, thus rendered more than ever necessary by the Great War, likely to be carried out?

In the first place we are justified in believing that in the future home men will no longer be so helpless, so domestically parasitic, as in the past. This change is indeed already upon us about. It is an inestimable benefit throughout life for a man to have been forcibly lifted out of the routine comforts and feminine services of the old-fashioned home and to be thrown into an alien and solitary environment, face to face with Nature and the essential domestic human needs (and in my own case I owe an inestimable debt to the chance that thus flung me into the Australian bush in early life), and the War has had, directly and indirectly, a remarkable influence in this direction. It has not only compelled women to exercise many enlarging and fortifying functions commonly counted as pertaining to men, it has also compelled men, deprived of accustomed feminine services, to develop a new independent ability for organizing domesticity, and that even when they have been permanently exercized in rendering domestic services, must yet always make clear the nature of domestic problems and tend to prevent the demand for unnecessary domestic services.

BUT there is another quite different and more general line along which we may expect this problem to be largely solved. That is by the simplification and organization of domestic life. If that process were carried to the full extent that is now becoming possible, a large part of the problem before us would be at once solved. To supply heat, light, and motive power even to the small household, to replace the wasteful, extravagant, and often inefficient home cookery by meals cooked outside, as well as to facilitate the growing social habit of taking meals in spacious public restaurants under more attractive, economical, and wholesome conditions than

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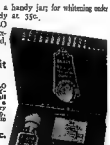

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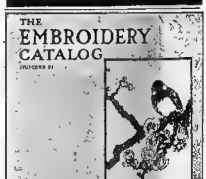

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What Makes a "Man" a "Husband"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

can usually be secured within the narrow confines of the home, to contract with specially trained workers from outside for all those routines of domestic drudgery which are often so inefficiently and laboriously carried on by the household worker, whether mistress or servant, and to seek perpetually by new devices to simplify, which often means to beautify, all the every-day processes of life—to effect this in any comprehensive degree is to transform the home from the intolerable burden it is sometimes felt to be into a possible haven of peace and joy. The trouble in the past, and even to-day has been, not in any difficulty in providing the facilities but in prevailing people to adopt them. Thus in England, even under the stress of the war, we have seen among the working population a considerable disinclination—founded on stupid conservatism and a meaningless pride—to take advantage of National Kitchens and National Restaurants, notwithstanding the superiority of the meals in quality, cheapness, and convenience to the workers' home meals, so that many of these establishments, tho fostered by the Government, have had to close their doors. Ancient traditions that have now become not only empty but mischievous, in these matters still fetter the wife even more than the husband. We can not regulate even the material side of life without cultivating that intelligence in the development of which civilization so largely consists.

Intelligence, and even something more than intelligence, is needed along the third line of progress toward the modernized home. Simplification and organization can effect nothing in the desired transformation if they merely end in themselves. They are only helpful in so far as they economize energy, offer a more ample leisure, and extend the opportunities for that play of the intellect, that liberation of the emotions with accompanying discipline of the primitive instincts, which are needed not only for the development of civilization in general, but in particular of the home. Domineering egotism, the assertion of greedy possessive rights, are out of place in the modern home. They are just as mischievous when exhibited by the wife as by the husband. We have seen, as we look back, the futility in the end of the ancient structure of the home, however reasonable it was at the beginning, under our different modern social conditions; and for women to attempt nowadays to re-introduce the same structure merely reversed would be not only mischievous but silly. That spirit of narrow exclusiveness and self-centered egotism—even if it were sometimes an *égoisme à deux*—evoked, half a century ago, the scathing sarcasm of James Hinton, who never wearied of denouncing those "happy Christian homes" which, he declared, are the true dark places of the earth, the "virtuous and happy homes" which he saw as "floating blossoms of verdure on a sea of filth." Such outbursts seem extravagant, but they were the extravagance of an idealist at the vision which, as a physician in touch with realities, he had seen beneath the surface of the home.

IT IS well to insist on the organization of the mechanical and material side of life. Some leaders of women movements feel this so strongly that they insist on nothing else. In old days it was conventionally supposed that woman's sphere was that of the feelings; the result has been that women now often take ostentatious pleasure in washing their hands of feeling and accusing men of "sentiment." But that wrongly debased word stands for the whole superstructure of life on the basis of material organization, for all the finer and higher parts of our nature, for the greater part of civilization. The elaboration of the mechanical side of life by itself may merely serve to speed up the pace of life instead of expanding leisure, to pile up the weary burden of luxury, and still further to dissipate the energy of life in petty or frivolous channels. To bring order into the region of soulless machinery running at random, to raise the superstructure of a genuinely human civilization, is not a task which either men or women can afford to fling contemptuously to the opposite sex. It concerns them both equally and can only be carried out by both equally, working side by side in the most intimate spirit of mutual comprehension, confiding trust, and the goodwill to conquer the demon of jealousy, that dragon which slays love with the pretence of keeping it alive.

This task, it may finally be added, is always an adventure. However well organized the foundations of life may be, life must always be full of risks. We may smile, therefore, when it is remarked that the future developments of the home are risky. Birds in the air and fishes in the sea, quite as much as our own ancestors on the earth, have always found life full of risks. It was the greatest risk of all when

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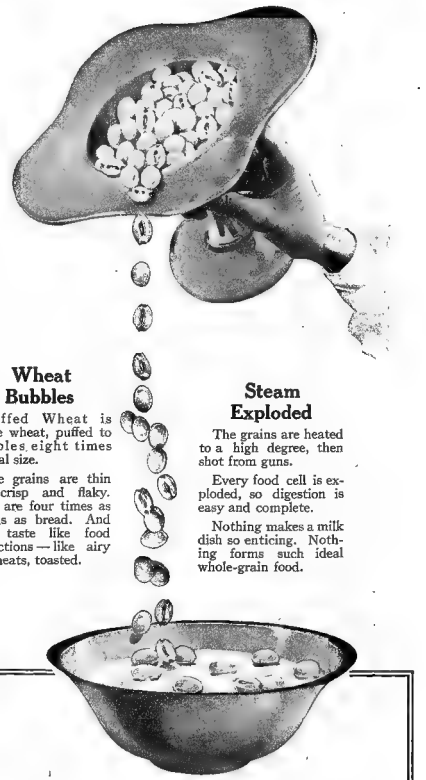

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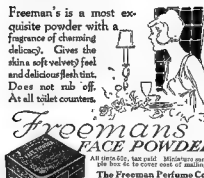

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What Makes a "Man" a "Husband"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

they insisted on continuing on the old outworn ways and so became extinct. If the home is an experiment, and a risky experiment, one can only say that life is always like that.

We have to see to it that in this central experiment, on which our happiness so largely depends, all our finest qualities are mobilized. Even the smallest homes under the new conditions can not be built to last with small minds and small hearts. Indeed the discipline of the home demands not only the best intellectual qualities that are available, but often involves—and in men as well as in women—a spiritual training fit to make sweeter and more generous saints than any cloister. The greater the freedom, the more complete the equality of husband and wife, the greater the possibilities of discipline and development.

IN VIEW of the rigidities and injustices of the law, many couples nowadays dispense with legal marriage, and form their own private contract; that method has sometimes proved more favorable to the fidelity and permanence of the love than external compulsion; it assists the husband to remain the lover, and it is often the lover more than the husband that the modern woman needs; but it has always to be remembered that in the present condition of law and social opinion a slur is cast on the children of such unions. No doubt, however, marriage and the home will undergo modifications which will tend to make these ancient institutions a little more flexible and to permit a greater degree of variation to meet special circumstances. We can occupy ourselves with no more essential task, whether as regards ourselves or the race, than to make more beautiful the House of Life for the dwelling of Love.

War-Time Thrift and Peace-Time Saving

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

I believe that we shall not fail, once we understand the real issue, once we realize that thrift, or frugality, or savings are not for ourselves, but for the same cause for which men died at St. Mihiel and Cantigny, for the same cause for which we struggled through darker days. It is not a petty personal ideal, but a great national vision. A government of the people and for the people, financed by the people, a people who have ceased to rely upon the gambling fever which can give success only to the few and have assumed the habit of mind and adopted the practise that promises comfort and prosperity to the many.

We have emerged triumphant from a great war. Nations fortunately unaccustomed to whirs expect from conflict the enjoyment of certain special spiritual rewards which shall testify to the manner in which they met the crisis. They regard the battles done as rungs on Jacob's ladder to lift them to a perfection for which a short, tho sharp, struggle is supposed to have made them immately fit. Knowing that they have met squarely and bravely vital issues of time and eternity, they may incline to believe themselves beyond any need of further struggle; and they may settle back into the lethargy of a conviction of good deeds done that has within it the seeds of national disintegration.

FOR just as it is true that no individual can live out his lifetime upon the glory of a single achievement, so it is equally true that no people can regard a war, however acute, however arousing it has been, as a final accomplishment of its integrity. Wars are wild and raging rivers upon the highroads of national progress; but that a people built good bridges for their crossing has never meant that the road was smooth to the end. A man may perform one task supremely well; but, unless he dies in its accomplishment, he must make up his mind that he has earned only the right to keep on doing other tasks well.

We Americans, being Americans, dwell in to-morrow rather than in yesterday, and so are less likely than others to fall into complacent retrospection. To us has fallen the glory of seeing the Promised Land. The sun of it shone from the banyons of the seventy-four thousand who will not come back. For them, for the dream they bore, for the vision they saw, and let us see with them, we shall not go back into Egypt. Not by our shouts, our acclaimings, our monuments, but by the standard of our daily lives, a standard that shall consider other men as we have learned to consider them, let us Americans remain crusaders of mankind, a salvation army, ready ever to give a helping hand to the man who is never "out."

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When Love Is Young

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

is to go home. Is—is to go home. And for all of this—I can thank Teddy."

Guilty or not, Teddy, too, had had his problems, not least of them an inexplicable messiness of attire, apparent even to him. He was pondering in a corner of the garage over several reasons for withholding his immediate presence from the family when Paul's head-lights flared up the driveway. Teddy's look changed to one of gulle.

The car came quickly past the spice-bush, rolled into the garage and stopped. Teddy giggled.

"Teddy!" hissed Paul, his face bot. "Is that you? Is it? Teddy!"

Snickering cautiously behind a grimy hand, Teddy came into view, chanting nasally in an undertone.

"Paulie's got a gur-rul! Paulie's got a gur-rul! Paulie——"

Whether or not Paul's need of secrecy was as sharp as his own, Teddy, at that instant, knew—as he had meant to know. Paul leaped.

"Shut up! Shut up, I tell you!" he choked. "Do you—do you want somebody—to hear you?"

"Leggo my collar," demanded Teddy instantly. "Leggo my collar or I'll yell blue murder. I ain't afraid of you! Jiminy Crickets, Paul," he added, inhaling noisily, "your coat smells somep'n fierce!"

It was never to be known that Teddy, steeped in the odors of a traveling menagerie, really smelled himself.

Paul flung back his head and closed his eyes.

"Grasshoppers!" he whispered. "Horrible! Horrible! And all afternoon I—I—O-o-o-oh! Teddy, I—I want you to do something for me. It's a very little thing. I want you to sit in the car—No, not the front seat. Here! Yes, yes, like that. Stop that giggling! Listen, Ted. If there was wind and we were ridin' along—ridin' along like this, do you—do you think you could smell my coat?"

"Sure!" said Teddy, nodding.

Paul slapped his arm. The victim of his passionate disappointment yelped and scrambled into the tonneau.

"Stop that screeching!" commanded Paul ferociously. "Teddy! Do you hear me? Do you want Father to come out?"

"I—I got m'foot in somep'n," gurgled Teddy excitedly. "M'foot——"

"Stand—stand perfectly still!" moaned Paul despairingly. "I think—I think I know what it is. Don't—move. If you do, you'll track it all over." He switched on a floor-light in the tonneau and reached for a chunk of waste, staring frenziedly at a small, thin leg that should have ended visibly in a foot. Instead it ended in a pie.

"Take your foot out!"

Staring greedily, Teddy dragged up a meringued foot and snickered.

"Pie, ain't it, Paul? Where'd you get it?"

Paul told him—icily. Hounded further he told it all, not omitting Teddy's part in the first disaster.

"Give me, an' I'll sneak it up the back stairs. If you don't," threatened Teddy treacherously, "I -I'll *tell*——"

"Teddy!"

"I only et a few things anyway," went on Teddy resentfully. "Mr. Flimmer's a tight-wad. He ain't gimme some popcorn an' peanuts, two jelly-pops, a brick o' ice-cream fur cleaning off a whole donkey——"

"You—you cleaned off a—a donkey!" Paul recoiled.

"An ol' donkey," explained Teddy, misreading Paul's quivering countenance a brotherly fear, "'n awful gentle. He fell down in some mud. I scraped him——"

Teddy picked up the pie and disappeared. White with purpose, Paul marched rapidly indoors.

MR. NORTHROP, partaking of his dinner in the bosom of a silent family preternaturally alert, pushed back his plate with a set look of expectancy and rose. For an hour and a half now he had waited.

"Father!" he cried hoarsely. "Father! I—I must give up my zoology!"

His attack was plainly unexpected.

"My clothes," went on Paul, wildly, the burning center of a family stare, "are full of grasshopper—grasshopper and alcohol. For all I know people who get beside me—people who *happen* to sit beside me—may think—I—I drink. I—I feel sick and queer. I've been riding around—riding around—riding around——"

His voice died in a gurgle. "Furthermore, Father," he added after a paralyzing minute of utter silence during which Grandma Northrop shot him a hot glance of sympathy and was caught in the act, "all of those errands—Circumstances," he began again. "Father," he finished, his voice loud and hollow, "I didn't get 'em done."

"The pie, Paul!"

"Mother! You told me—you told me to take a pie to the church. I—I took a pie to the church. Father, I—I think I'll go up to my room. I'm too sick and queer to care for any dinner——"

"I'll be up directly," said his father with deadly quietness. He sat down. "Katie, was that Teddy up-stairs a minute ago?"

"Yis, sor," said Katie. "He's takin' a bath. He said he'd be puttin' himself to bed without anny dinner or like as not somebody else would be doin' it for him."

Mr. Northrop stabbed his custard with a spoon.

"Very well," he said smoothly. "After I've had a little talk with Paul, I'll attend to him." He kept his word.

IT WAS, for Paul, a black and hungry evening. Even ais room, a sanctuary always in a crisis, had been wantonly invaded. It seemed, to his resentful fancy, full of his father's voice, a persistent voice, cold, monotonous, and measured. Paul sat his teeth in an agony of reminiscence, each mishap of the day, in review, a more humiliating canker. Misery after a time drove him to Maude's picture with a regularity that began to tell upon the tack. Groaning, he moved the bureau, hammered the tack in cautiously with the heel of his shoe, and abandoned himself immediately afterward to a brooding despair, sniffing critically at his clothes.

At ten o'clock, tired out, he went to bed.

An hour later, still awake, hair and mind in a crumpled state of much disorder, Paul sat up in bed, startled out of himself. A muffled wail came drifting along the corridor, subsided and began again Teddy, in the shuddering throes of nightmare, was incoherently urging Mr. Flimmer to take the proffered ear of a donkey and eat it himself. Paul sniffed.

"Serves him right," he grunted. "I'll bet a dollar he ate the rest of that pie. I wonder——" He climbed out hurriedly and went to Teddy's bed! "Teddy!" he whispered. "Where's that pie-pan?"

Teddy came groaningly to consciousness, a shock-haired little figure with miserable, heavy-lidded eyes full of wo.

"Jop walloped me," he moaned, "and mixed my stomach all up——"

"Where's the pan?"

"I—I hid it inside m'mattress cover. Underneath."

"Give it to me."

Prudently, Paul hid the pan himself.

The first threatened consequence of his refusal to eliminate zoology from his son's curriculum assailed Mr. Northrop's head the following morning through his ears. A tremendous beating sound arose directly under his window. The clothes-line creaked. Mrs. Northrop looked out wonderingly.

"Why!" she gasped. "It—it's Paul—"

Paul's father pushed the window higher.

"Paul, he demanded, "what on earth are you doing?"

Paul, carpet-beater in hand, looked up with the air of a pantomimist.

"Father," he said, "if I am to associate with human beings, the only thing I can do from day to day now-adays is to air my suit and walk in the wind. Unless," he added, "I can give up my zoology——"

"You can't," said Mr. Northrop, closing the window.

It was the least of the week's encounters.

"It is my honest opinion," observed Mr. Northrop on Friday, "that as a family we do more parading-by now-adays than any other group of individuals on the face of the earth."

Ann Northrop removed a row of pins from her mouth, her soft eyes weary.

"Last night," she said hopelessly, "I slipped over to Mother's to—to escape. And in five minutes we were all at it over there. Henry, Mr. Lee called up. He feels that Paul must be sincere and ill or very—talented. Every afternoon that week Paul's been excused at three o'clock, utterly unable to endure the odors in the laboratory. He goes out in the country to—to walk in the wind. If he leaves school at three he must walk—miles! He's almost never home in time for dinner. And his clothes! Dust and burrs—last night there was even hay in his collar——"

"Really, something's got to be done and soon. He even moans and mutters in his sleep. And he says the strangest things! Last night when the wind blew his door open, he snapped out suddenly: 'Buns! there are reasons of a private nature why at present I can not purchase you a sponge!' I spoke to him," went on Mrs. Northrop, "and he mumbled: 'Thank you, sir. I hope I shall be able to give you a lift some time.' He seemed quieter after that, but all at once, just as I was closing the door, he cried out sharply, 'Minnie! don't—don't look! He's washing off a donkey!'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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When Love Is Young

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

"Extraordinary! I suppose, Ann, the Minnie he was guarding from the washed donkey is the same Minnie you found behind the bureau. Well—if this thing keeps up—" Baffled, Mr. Northrop reached for his paper. "Think I'll read up here," he added warily. "It's about the only place I'm safe. Oh, by the way, I met old Mrs. Huff at the news-stand. The church supper was a great success. Your raisin pie made a hit—"

"It was lemon meringue," corrected Mrs. Northrop. "What is it, Marjory?"

Marjory, who had peeped in smiling, slipped in and closed the door

"Mummy, Uncle Farley's here. He said first he'd just dropped in to pay back some of Paul's calls. You know how dry and twinkly he is sometimes. And then he untied his suit—"

"Whose suit?"

"Paul's suit—his school suit. Uncle Farley found it in his hay-mow!"

"Depend upon it, Ann," Mr. Northrop said, folding up his paper, "it's just as I said. This thing's reached out somehow and nailed Uncle Farley. I'll invite him to dinner—"

"He—he talks back to Grandma so," fluttered Mrs. Northrop. "Henry——"

"She'll be furious," he admitted. "She may even stay in her room until he goes. But that may be for the best. Mother and I both need a furlough."

IT WAS prophetic. Grandma Northrop, on what Uncle Farley, immensely diverted, called her "high horse," refused to come down. She ate in her room. Paul, to his mother's growing disquiet, did not appear at all

"He's been late every night this week," she said anxiously.

"Beats me," commented Uncle Farley, packing an ancient corn-cob pipe, "where he's got to. He left my place at quarter past four."

"What time did he get there?"

Uncle Farley's keen and quizzical eyes retained a curious gravity.

"Four-ten," he said, stroking his chin. "Went directly into the barn to mend the harness——"

"Mend the harness!"

"Oh, Paul's nipped off the easy end of more'n one tough job, Henry. He nailed down a shingle last week and dug up a cabbage and all this week he's been up in the hay-mow off and on, tinkerin' with the harness. Most always comes off in ten minutes or so, tho, to tramp again in the fresh country air. The smell of the harness bothers him. It don't seem altogether reasonable to me, Ann, that he'd come all the way up to my place to change his clothes in my hay-mow, and yet to-day after that suit tumbled out—as I was sayin' to Henry before dinner, I've been puzzlin' some about Paul. He—he's so sociable. Paul let me live through quite a spell of healthy neglect and I kinda can't get used to seein' him so often. Last week he'd drop off the jitney same time every afternoon. Been driftin' in across fields lately and yesterday he come ridin' up on a load of hay."

Mrs. Northrop glanced sharply at Teddy.

"I think, son," she said gently, "that you'd better help Marjory down-stairs with Grandma's dishes. Uncle Farley," she added when Teddy reluctantly had disappeared, "does happen to be anywhere in your immediate neighborhood a young person by the name of—Minnie?"

"Well, by Gum!" exclaimed Uncle Farley blankly. "That comes of mindin' your own p's and q's in a neighborhood where there's a considerable stretch of fields in between. And I've been the stop-over, eh? Minnie Quinn!"

"Ah!"

"She's visitin' her grandmother."

"You see, Uncle Farley, to the Quinns and us, you've been the justification. That way he could 'happen in' without arousing comment. As for the suit in the hay-mow——"

Paul's father nodded—wearily.

"Grasshoppers!" he remarked.

UNCLE FARLEY stared. More than once in the past week he had reviewed the head records of the Northrops with a flicker of misgiving. Now, in a vague way, as he listened to his nephew's dignified summary of the week, he began to hunger for the peace and quiet of the farm. He said so with a twinkle.

"We'll all take you home in the car, Uncle Henry," offered Mrs. Northrop presently, when he rose to go. "Yes, Marjory?"

"Miss Spencer just telephoned about her pie-plate, mummy. I told her we'd return it in the morning."

"What pie-plate, dear?"

"She says Paul bought a pie on Monday."

Three miles to the north, the Northrop car passed a plodding figure, forging homeward through the night with an appalling air of purpose. Nobody knew it was Paul.

But Paul it was. No hint of recognition

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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When Love Is Young

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

in his weary eyes, he stared after the vanishing tail-light.

"Another one!" he grunted. "Never saw anything like it, never in my life! Everything going that way—nothing going this. Miles and miles—miles and miles—"

He plodded on with a hungry groan, his hobbling feet sore and unbearably tired, uppermost in his mind the crazed quarter of an hour he had wasted in Uncle Farley's hay-mow hunting for his school suit. Well, it had been that kind of a day. Even "Old Man Quinn," he remembered with venom, had, detestably, in Minnie's presence, called him "Sonny!"

THE town clock was striking eight when, concerned only at the finish with the nature of his greeting, Paul limped around his home corner in a final painful spurt of speed. Half way down the block he halted, staring, petrified apparently by the sight of an ash-can lid. It lay on the ground—up-turned like a pie-pan. Paul blinked, a sick look in his eyes. Pie-pans he had forgotten in the furor of the week. And yet, unless he took active measures to prevent it, his mother presently would have returned to her by some idiotic old lady with a memory for sizes—Miss Spencer's.

Somehow, before that plate came home to roost, he must smuggle into the church kitchen his mother's tin and take away Miss Spencer's.

Paul's formidable mental preparations for an entrance reaped anti-climax. The house was quiet, only Katie grumbling in the kitchen to a neighbor's maid. He accepted her cold and inattentive services in haughty silence, ate a great deal and went noiselessly up-stairs. The pie-plate, to his intense relief was safe, face down in the under part of his mattress cover.

A little later, quietly, he left the house.

Through a window in the church basement Paul once in a youthful attack of stage-fright had escaped a recitation. He made for it a second time that night. To his annoyance the window now was nailed shut. He was fumbling at it apprehensively for the third time, remembering vaguely that some one had stolen the church-spoons and scared the trustees into caution, when the basement door creaked and moved in a flurry of wind. Cautiously Paul pushed it open. Cat-like he slipped into the cavernous gloom of the kitchen.

His wait was short. The janitor's steps echoed loudly as he went out, banging the door. A key clicked. Paul's heart leaped. After that it was but the work of a minute to strike a match and find Miss Spencer's pie-pan in a pile by the sink. It was bigger than the others and near the bottom.

It came over him with a disagreeable contraction of his heart as he substituted his mother's tin and burned his fingers with the match, that he must in no case light the gas. If a policeman looked in—Rather hurriedly he groped his way back to the outer door, appalled at the creaky hush around him. Somewhat to his surprize, the old-fashioned lock, unlike the spring lock on the church door up-stairs, opened from the inside only with a key. He abandoned it with a startled grunt and found the stairs. The door at the top was locked. Paul caught his breath and struck a match. He must find now—a window—a window—not nailed.

Three quarters of an hour later he finished his third lap of the cellar in a partial state of hysteria. Two of them had been made in total darkness, his matches gone. Whatever windows the janitor used for the entrance of coal and air must lie beyond the locked doors of the coal-bin and the furnace-room. The rest were nailed. Hundreds of nails it seemed to him he had picked at with his pen-knife. His hands were sore and grimy. And he had lost his pan.

The old church creaked. Windows rattled noisily in the Spring wind. Paul flung himself face downward on a pile of Christmas curtains.

"Aw, hen, Minnie," he murmured hollowly, "the dungeon grew dark, only a faint light creeping through the grating."

WORN out, he fell asleep, traversing feverishly in his dreams a church cellar that reached from home to Uncle Farley's.

For the lengthy shelter of his son's dream cellar, Paul's father at that minute would have been distinctly grateful. Rain had come. It was showering heavily when the car rolled up the driveway.

"Paul's home, Katie?" Mrs. Northrop went directly to the kitchen.

"Yes'm," said Katie crossly. "Eight o'clock. Ate all of his dinner and everything in the ice-box and went to bed."

Marjory and Teddy in a whirl of foolish laughter scuttled dampily up to bed.

"Anything to them," grumbled Mr. Northrop, hanging his coat vexedly over a chair back, "is a wild joke——"

His wife nodded. "Anything different. Here's your smoking-jacket, Henry. I'll just run up and tuck the children in."

"Is Paul asleep?" he asked later.

"I don't know. His door is closed. I—I wanted to tuck him in too, but Paul says it makes him feel like a baby."

"I suspect, Ann," he said, with outhout a masculine glint of satisfaction, "that our beginning Lothario has had to hoof it all the way down from Minnie's. That's what made him so late. I'm inclined to think that he hasn't any money. You remember he spoke in his sleep of 'reasons of a private nature' why he couldn't 'purchase' somebody a sponge. I haven't placed the washed donkey yet, but I will in time. If he bought a pie on Monday after knocking the bottom out of his allowance with that horrible necktie——"

"Miss Spencer!" exclaimed his wife, startled. "I'd forgotten."

"A raisin pie!" he repeated with peculiar emphasis. "In my opinion that pie is the clue to the solution of the week's hullabaloo, tho why he bought it——" He shook his head. "I suppose," he went on after a while, "if he'd gotten rid of his zoology legitimately with my consent he could have slipped out of school by three o'clock, his conscience clear. As it was he had to make capital of his disgust and get out anyway. He badly needed that last period of the afternoon of the week's hullabaloo, tho why he bought it——" He shook his head. "I suppose," he went on after a while, "if he'd gotten rid of his zoology legitimately with my consent he could have slipped out of school by three o'clock, his conscience clear. As it was he had to make capital of his disgust and get out anyway. He badly needed that last period of the afternoon of the week's travel. Love-sick—bah! Depend upon it, Ann, when he gets his allowance to-morrow and begins again to *finey* up to Minnie's, things, zoologically, will quiet down."

"No," said Paul's mother with a sigh. "It won't be so simple. Paul's unrest isn't wholly feigned. Some of it is just—just the miracle of Minnie. He's looking fastidiously through her eyes and boy-like his imagination isn't equal to the strain."

MR. NORTHROP'S eyes narrowed "Ann! That pie of yours— Had it occurred to you that it must have been a sort of Jekyll-Hyde affair? It turned apparently from lemon meringue to raisin on the way down to the church. Mrs. Huff——"

"*Raisin!*" Their eyes met.

"Exactly," said Mr. Northrop. "I think I'll just step in and interview Mrs. Huff."

Caught in an unscrupulous effort to snipe a cat on the fence with a potato, hidden, for the purpose, in a shoe, Teddy with a snuffle surrendered. Five minutes later, all the cards of the week upon the table, Mr Northrop had placed the washed donkey.

A pall of peace lay over the clothes-line in the morning.

"I—I think likely Paul's tired, Grandma," explained Mrs. Northrop. "Teddy, too. Don't wait, Katie."

"A note came to the back door, ma'am," said Katie obscurely. "A boy——"

Mrs. Northrop, reaching for the note, clutched it spasmodically. Her eyes flitting. Up-stairs Marjory had screamed.

"Oh, mama!" she cried, running wildly down the stairs, "Paul hasn't slept in his bed—*all* night. All night, mama! The wind blew his door open and—and he wasn't—there!"

"Not there!" faltered Mrs. Northrop, blanching. "Not there——"

Grandma Northrop, rising, struck the table fiercely with her hand.

"It's those abominable crickets!" she cried indignantly. "Henry, I warned you—— He's run away——"

"Mother!"

Grandma Northrop left the room.

"Mis' Northrop," urged Katie from the doorway, "the boy's waitin' to ride back in the car. He says the note's from Paul."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Northrop sharply. She opened her hand. Paul's father smoothed out the crumpled sheet and read the scrawl aloud.

"DEAR MOTHER," it ran, "I have been obliged to spend the night in the church cellar, account a pie-plate. I will explain. The janitor found me this morning on the curtains. He wants Father to recognize me. Everything's been nailed down since the spoons. Ask father to come in the car and not make a fuss. I am practically exhausted. PAUL."

Mrs. Northrop sat down weakly, her eyes wet.

"I—I better go," gasped Mr. Northrup hurriedly. "Ann, you run up and tell Mother where he is——"

"Henry," begged his wife, wiping her eyes, "*don't* mention Minnie to him! I'll make Teddy understand somehow, that it's best if—if we forget all about her. Paul doesn't think we know. He doesn't want us to know. And he's been through enough."

Paul, sitting stiffly in a church pew, would have endorsed the final sentence fervently. With the exception of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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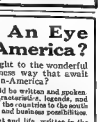

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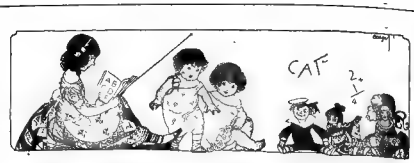

When Love Is Young

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

burning minute when the janitor, in his father's presence, returned to him Miss Spencer's pan, he never recalled in full the details of his rescue. Silent, aloof, sharply conscious of the murmur of voices behind him, he marched out to the car.

"A great many things," explained Mr. Northrop, driving homeward, "have happened since you—since you—left. In a house like ours you can't be gone long and keep up. For one thing, Uncle Farley brought your suit home. Next Miss Spencer telephoned—"

Paul groaned. "I woke up in the night," he said bitterly, "and thought maybe she'd 'phone. I bought a pie, I—still owe her seven cents."

"Teddy told me—some of it. I trapped him." Mr. Northrop glanced at the strained face of his first-born with a qualm of pity. "I don't suppose Ted told me—all the details. He never does. He said that you had thrown the crank into your mother's pie by accident and that later he—ate it. I feel, Paul, that I ought to pay for that pie. If I'd remembered to put distilled water in the battery, the starter wouldn't have failed and you wouldn't have had—to crank—"

PAUL colored gratefully. There was life in his face.

"Now," reflected Mr. Northrop, "with money enough ahead to jitney, he's *bound* to be reasonable. Personally, Paul," he said aloud, "I'm mighty glad this pie is off your mind. Your zoology——"

Paul shuddered. "Zoology!" he cried frantically. "I can never—I can never stand those grasshoppers again!"

"You can," said his father cryptically, "is an extraordinarily far-sighted woman!" He sighed.

Paul had not heard. He was staring dreamily north. After the Saturday's marketing was done, he recalled with a thrill, his mother's car would be his for the day! The thought gave him courage.

To his relief, his mother busy at her desk, made little of his hushed arrival.

"Your bath's ready, Paul," she said, her sweet voice casual. "And hurry, won't you? The marketing list is almost ready. Just as soon as you've had your breakfast—"

Paul stared strangely at the carpet, his mouth working. Ann Northrop knew in the mother-heart of her that for the minute he was just a creatfully little boy who had swung back perilously from the loftiness of adolescence to the tears of long ago.

"Mother," he gulped, "you—you're just a brick!" He rushed up-stairs. It had been astonishingly easy and Paul knew why.

"Well, Ann," said his father later, "you had it right. Jitney or no jitney the feud's still on. At this rate he's bound to think. I'll see Mr. Lee today. Another week like this with Mother on the war-path and Paul running my window every morning pounding at his suit—Darn Minnie!"

If Paul, writing agitatedly on the fly-leaf of a hymn-book, had been practically exhausted, his recuperative powers as he drove up to the Quinn farm in his mother's car at two that afternoon, was little short of a miracle. He had about him a look of inextinguishable vitality and cheer. Minnie, having set to work upon her grandmother earlier in the day, climbed in with a soft little laugh.

"Funny," said Paul dreamily, his eyes on Mr. Quinn's doves, "Most everybody's in twos, isn't it? I mean like this—your mother and father and my mother and father and you and me and the doves and everything." His furtive eyes, shy and tender, swept the demure little figure at his side. "Y'know, Minnie," he said boyishly, "in that gray dress you look exactly like a dove yourself. I wish," he added presently, "that I had on—a—a gray suit—"

"Oh, Paul!" Minnie cried breathlessly, "isn't it—isn't it just too wonderful! I—I'm going to your school in the Fall."

"No!" breathed Paul, as if at last the millenium had arrived. "No!"

"Mama and papa are going to live with gram'ma for a while and I'm to go back and forth on the jitney. Oh, I'm just *wild* to get back to my zoology!"

"Zoology!" said Paul, swallowing. "Zoology! You—never told me. Minnie, did you—did you dissect—grasshoppers!"

Minnie nodded, dimpling.

"Paul, aren't those dreadful old grasshoppers just the funniest things—

"They're a scream!" said Paul.

"Once, I remembered Minnie, with a confusing use of antecedents, "they wrote on the assembly room black-board that—that we *must* keep the laboratory door closed."

"Us, too!" Paul slapped his knee. "Gee, it was a lark. We laughed and laughed. Buna called me the 'liquor lepers' account of the alcohol—"

"Mama thinks the grasshoppers are just horrid, and they are, but papa says you can't mind a little thing like that in science. No real student ever does—"

"I been thinkin' some," said Paul, omitting the date of his start, "of takin' zoology over again next year. As an extra subject, y'know, just for the fun of the laboratory work."

"Oh, I wish you would!"

"I will!" said Paul buoyantly. "I will. Next week I've got to work like scratch tho, or I'll flunk. And if I flunk m' father'll make me take somethin' extra next year. I mean some extra I don't want to take. I'll be up just the same on the jitney."

IT WAS an incandescent Paul who came in to dinner, miraculously on time. His father, carving, stared at his dark and shining eyes.

"Lord!" he sighed. "What a handsome kid he is. I've seen Mr. Lee, Paul," he added kindly. "We've arranged for you to drop zoology now and take an extra subject next year."

Paul nodded back his hair.

"Father," he said conscientiously, "it's just as you said. I—I don't feel that I—ought to waste a whole year's work. I —I'll keep on with it." Mercifully he withheld his plans for the coming year.

Mr. Northrop dropped the carving-knife and looked blankly at his wife.

"Ann," he said hopelessly as Grandma Northrop came in, "I—give it up!"

Grandma Northrop, misinterpreting, seized the knife.

"You never could carve," she said tartly. She found for Paul, as usual, the choicest slice.

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Daughters of the Golden Treasure

What Others Think

DON'T you think this is true—that the good things others say about you are of far more value as evidence than what you say about yourself? No doubt about it, is there? If Hattie Marshall tells Vera Conklin that you are beautiful, it will impress Vera much more than if you boasted of your beauty yourself, wouldn't it?

Well, I am going to be guided by that fact in writing to you this month by letting others tell you of their experiences with our Club. I have never seen such letters as those that have been pouring in lately. From the four corners of the earth they keep coming from happy Daughters who have learned the joys of independence and the bliss of earning money for themselves. I have so many wonderful testimonials in my files just now, that I simply couldn't resist printing some of them this month, so that you who read them may know what others think of our Club and its Treasure Chest. I am now going to withdraw to hide my blushes while some of my dear Daughters tell you their experiences. Here's one all the way from China:

DEAR PRESIDENT: I received the lovely little brooch, for which I thank you. I feel so important and grand belonging to a club like the D. G. T. The words so neatly woven together that one by just looking at it can not tell what the letters stand for, and I feel so happy when I wear it to know that I earned it myself. You must forgive me for not answering sooner, but I just arrived last Monday from Manila. I will do my very best, for it is such a pleasure to work when one know you are your own boss.

Thanking you again and again for the darling little brooch you have helped me to earn, and I sincerely hope that I will be able to get a great many more of the lovely and useful articles stored in your Chest.

A. M. L——, Shanghai, China.

DEAREST PEGGY: I just received the darling D. G. T. pin and I am wearing it this minute.

Peggy, I am crazy to get the pearl ring and become a "G. P."

I don't see how you could know what girls and women want. Spending-money! How did you ever think of the clever design for the pin? I love it.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

G. D——, a First Degree Daughter, Texas.

P. S.—I am in love with the Club.

DEAR PEGGY: I will try for the rest of the tables-silver, for I think the knives and forks are just lovely and I will not be satisfied until I get the whole set. So as soon as the weather moderates, that I can take my baby out, I intend to get on the job again.

Mrs. B——, Canada.

And Still More

PEGGY DEAR: I am so delighted that I have become a second Degree Daughter and have received the most beautiful ring in all the world. I can wish you could have been here when I received it, for I appreciate it more than I could possibly tell you in a letter. It is the richest, most beautiful design that I have ever seen. You were so smart to think of anything so beautiful for us. I have always longed for a pearl, but never did I think of having one so beautiful. All of my friends have admired it so much, one girl even put it on and walked off with it. She said she "just must have it" but I can tell you I didn't let her get very far. I wouldn't be without it for anything. I didn't have to have it altered, for it fits perfectly.

I am so delighted that you have made me a Daughter of the Golden Treasure, and can't begin to thank you enough for the beautiful gifts I have received and all the money, for money is the one thing that surely can come in handy at all times.

Next for my lavaliere, which I am simply wild for. I have a small one set with a cameo, but nothing to compare with the other.

Your happy Guardian,

M. B——, Virginia.

DEAR PEGGY: The lavaliere has come! How shall I thank you? It is the most exquisite thing I ever saw. It is even more beautiful than I had supposed. I was surprised, as I did not expect it so soon. I came home from shopping late yesterday afternoon and called upstairs to my mother, "Is there any mail?" She said "No." I came up-stairs and went into Mother's room and tried on a new pair of shoes that I had bought. Then I went into my own room and sat down, whereupon my sister began to laugh and look over toward the bureau. I suspected something, so I went to look and then didn't I caper around!

Thank you ever and ever so much. Altho I can't express my feelings, I guess that you know what they are.

Best wishes for all the Daughters and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

M. E. H——, Long Island, N. Y.

DEAR PEGGY: The check for $6.50 came and never in my life do I remember anything thrilling me quite as much. To think that I earned it, is too wonderful for words. Thank you, thank you, dear Peggy, for all you and the Club have done for me.

L. C. B——, South Dakota.

DEAR MISS PEGGY: I am so glad I wrote to you and am now making money of my own.

With my first Golden Treasure money I have bought a beautiful dress that I wanted.

MRS. W. E. H——, Texas.

DEAR MISS SCOTT: I received my dessert forks and think they are grand. I want to earn more of the silver just as soon as I can.

MRS. A. C——, Missouri.

What Do *You* Think of Them?

THERE now—what do you think of those letters? Just how do they impress you? Don't you wish you were the fortunate Daughter receiving money, rings, necklaces, and silverware? There is nothing in the world to stop you from doing the very things they have done. Every one of these Daughters read glowing happy letters on this page from others and they, like you, perhaps, wondered if what they read could be true. Then they wisely resolved to write me and find out just how to go about it and how *you* are reading their letters of gratitude. Why don't you write me to-day? and in a very short time others will be reading *your* happy letters on this page.

What Kind of Daughters Succeed?

A GIRL in Michigan wrote me a letter in April containing the question: "What kind of Daughters succeed? I am only nineteen. Is that too young to make money and earn gifts?" In reply I wrote her that age or youth makes no difference when you join the Daughters of the Golden Treasure. I have many successful Daughters who are grandmothers, thousands of them are young brides, including girls of all ages and a tremendous number of schoolgirls. *All of them are just as successful as they wish to be.* Do you know what I mean by that? I mean that if you want anything enough you will do everything in the world to get it. You know the old proverb: "Where there's a will, there's a way." Nothing truer was ever written, and if you really and truly want to earn money for yourself, nothing can stand in the way of your success.

The First Step to Success

MAKE up your mind to write to me to-day. *Then do it.* That will show you that what you will to do, you will do. And that indication, small as it is, of your firmness of decision is what will carry you on to success. Don't be put off. Don't let any circumstance delay you. Just drop me a postal. It will be kept sacredly confidential. Just put on it "How can I become independent?" and I'll know what you mean. As soon as I get it I'll send you full particulars and a complete guide to money-making. But write to-day, won't you?

Peggy Key Scott

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Film is What Discolors

When teeth discolor it means that film is present. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is a stain absorber. When tartar forms it is due to the film. The film clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Remove that film and teeth will glisten in their natural whiteness.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The tooth brush alone does not end film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why the old-way brushing fails to save the teeth.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat that film. Many clinical tests under able authorities have proved it beyond question. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we are supplying a ten-day test free to anyone who asks.

Watch the Teeth Whiten

We ask you to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Until lately this method was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. It has been submitted to four years of laboratory tests. Now pepsin, combined with other Pepsodent ingredients, gives us for the first time an efficient film destroyer.

It is important that you know it. To you and yours it means safer, whiter teeth.

Cut out the coupon—now, before you forget it—and see the effects for yourself.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes.

220

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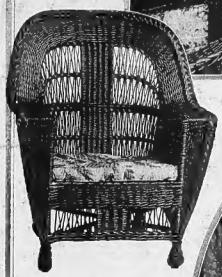

WILLOW takes its place in the country home or bungalow with exceptional grace and charm, and is by no means ill at ease in the town house or apartment; it is either self-sufficient or hob-nobs with Colonial or other furnishings in a very pleasant manner.

For a comfortable living-room, the most suitable willow pieces are those of closely woven design skirted or filled in below the seat, to give a more substantial appearance as well as greater durability.

A davenport, several armchairs, including one or more of the winged variety; several tables of various sizes, at least one with the added convenience of several lower shelves; a book-rack with magazine pockets at the ends; a tea-wagon, a muffin-stand, and a tabouret or two will complete a living-room that will outrival its neighbor in oak or walnut which costs perhaps more than twice as much.

Such pieces may be had stained or enameled in any desired color, and with cushions in cretonne or printed linen of brilliant pattern and bright hues, nothing is more effective.

It is often convenient to have willow pieces made up to order in sizes and designs to meet the needs of the individual.

FURNITURE made of willow is not only well adapted to various rooms in the home, but it is distinctly harmonious for the enclosed porch, being so particularly in keeping with outdoor effects.

A wide spacious porch enclosed in glass with hangings of attractive cretonne may be made comfortable and convenient, with beauty as an added feature, when furnished in willow.

Settees and armchairs, in different shapes, a magazine-rack, tea-tables, and tête-à-têtes, knitting-baskets, flower-boxes, bird-cages with holders for cut flowers, and a stand for an aquarium all find a proper place in the sun-parlor, the place where family and guests find themselves so much at ease, with conversation at high tide.

Willow Combines Nicely with Furniture of a Different Type

The numerous advantages of willow constantly commend it; it is pliant and flexible, combines lightness and strength, is easily handled, and has the merit of being good tho inexpensive.

The Little Table Attached to this Seat Will Make a Safe Haven for the Teacups

This Tea Wagon (on the left), with Its Detachable Tray, Has Many Uses in the Dining-room or Living-room

The Willow Table and Lamp (on the right) Are Very Practical, for They Are Light and Can Be Moved Around Easily

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—and the Weed Chains In the Tool Box *all the time*

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You shouldn't hesitate a moment in hauling them out of the tool box ***at the first drop of rain.*** Use ***Pre***caution as well as ***C***aution ***You*** are to blame if your car skids. ***You*** are responsible if it swings into a pedestrian.

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